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AUDUBON'S STORY OF HIS YOUTH.

INTRODUCTION.

By Maria R. Audubon.

THE following pages of autobiography of my grandfather, John James Audubon, the naturalist, were found accidentally in an old calfskin-bound volume where for many years they had been hidden. They have proved of so much interest to those who have read them or heard them read, that it is deemed well to publish them unchanged, though in one or two instances paragraphs and names which bear on purely family matters have been omitted. Indeed, with the pictured faces of the father who wrote the sketch and those of the two sons for whom it was written looking from the wall of the room wherein the ancient book lies, it has seemed impossible to make any alteration in the quaint phraseology and rather irregular arrangement of incidents; all, therefore, has been left untouched. Those who are mentioned in the manuscript must long have passed away; and it is hoped, therefore, that there is no objection to be raised as to retaining the few names to be found in it.

That a transcript from these pages was part of the material placed by my grandmother, Mrs. Audubon, in the hands of the editor of her Memoir of her husband, is probable from the appearance there of several brief extracts from it, and of a summary of the events here described; but the narrative had never been even privately printed.

Written at a time when the struggle was over, fame and wealth having then come to the man who rose so successfully after such heavy losses and such continuous and unlooked-for misfortunes, the manuscript shows that these things had cut deep into the sensitive heart and mind of him of whom we may surely say

> "No bird that cleaves the air
> But his revealing thought has made more fair."

MYSELF, J. J. AUDUBON.

THE precise period of my birth is yet an enigma to me, and I can only say what I have often heard my father repeat to me on this subject, which is as follows: It seems that my father had large properties in Santo Domingo, and was in the habit of visiting frequently that portion of our Southern States called, and known by the name of, Louisiana, then owned by the French Government.

During one of these excursions he married a lady of Spanish extraction, whom I have been led to understand was as beautiful as she was wealthy, and otherwise attractive, and who bore my father three sons and a daughter, I being the youngest of the sons and the only one who survived extreme youth. My mother, soon after my birth, accom-

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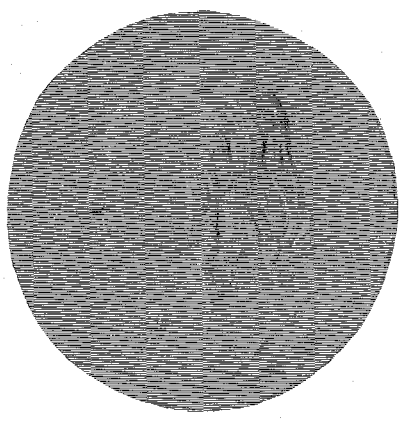
panied my father to the estate of Aux Cayes, on the island of Santo Domingo, and she was one of the victims during the ever-to-be-lamented period of the negro insurrection of that island.

My father, through the intervention of some faithful servants, escaped from Aux Cayes with a good portion of his plate and money, and with me and these humble friends reached New Orleans in safety. From this place he took me to France, where, having married the only mother I have ever known, he left me under her charge, and returned to the United States in the employ of the French Government, acting as an officer under Admiral Rochambeau. Shortly afterward, however, he landed in the United States and became attached to the army under La Fayette.

The first of my recollective powers placed me in the central portion of the city of Nantes, on the Loire River, in France, where I still recollect particularly that I was much cherished by my dear stepmother, who had no children of her own, and that I was constantly attended by one or two black servants who had followed my father from Santo Domingo to New Orleans and afterward to Nantes.

One incident, which is as perfect in my memory as if it had occurred this very day, I have thought of thousands of times since, and will now put on paper as one of the curious things which perhaps did lead me in after times to love birds, and to finally study them with pleasure infinite. My mother had several beautiful parrots, and some monkeys; one of the latter was a full-grown male of a very large species. One morning, while the servants were engaged in arranging the room I was in, "Pretty Polly" asking for her breakfast as usual, "*Du pain au lait pour le perroquet Mignonne,*" the man of the woods probably thought the bird presuming upon his rights in the scale of nature; be this as it may, he certainly showed his supremacy in strength over the denizen of the air, for, walking deliberately and uprightly toward the poor bird, he at once killed it, with unnatural composure. The sensations of my infant heart at this cruel sight were agony to me. I prayed the servant to beat the monkey, but he, who for some reason preferred the monkey to the parrot, refused. I uttered long and piercing cries, my mother rushed into the room, I was tranquillized, the monkey was forever afterward chained, and Mignonne buried with all the pomp of a cherished lost one.



Profile of J. J. Audubon from his Death Mask. (Since destroyed by fire.)

This made, as I have said, a very deep impression on my youthful mind. But now, my dear children, I must tell you somewhat of *my* father, and of his parentage.

John Audubon, my grandfather, was born and lived at the small village of Sable d'Olhonne, and was by trade a very humble fisherman. He appears to have made up for the want of wealth by the number of his children, twenty-one of whom he actually raised to man and womanhood. All were sons, with one exception; my aunt, one uncle, and my father, who was the twentieth son, being the only members of that extraordinary numerous family who lived to old age. In subsequent years, when I visited Sable d'Olhonne, the old residents assured me that they had seen the whole family, including both parents, at church many times.

When my father had reached the age of twelve years, his father presented him with a shirt, a dress of coarse material, a stick and his blessing, and urged him to go and seek means for his future support and sustenance.

Some *kind* whaler or cod-fisherman took him on board as a "Boy." Of his

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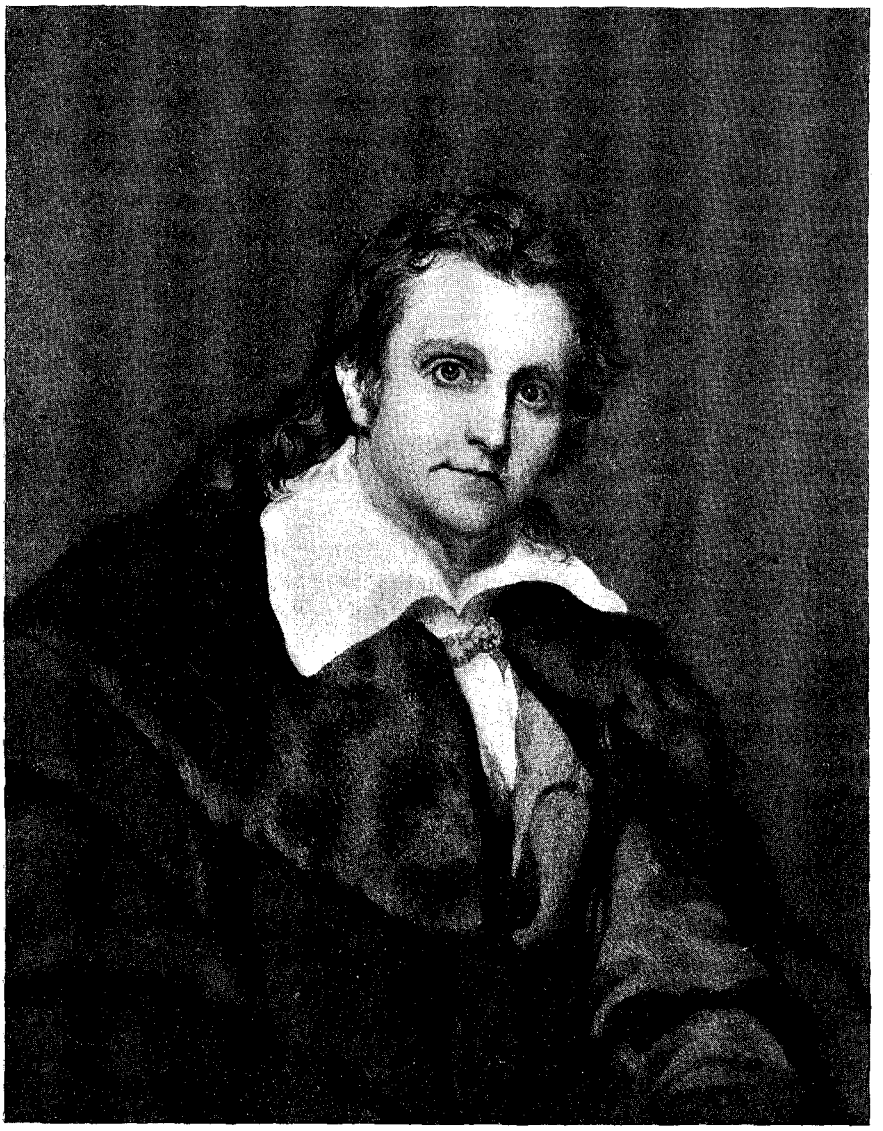

John J. Audubon.

(Reproduced from an engraving by C. Turner, A.R.A., of the portrait by F. Cruickshank.)

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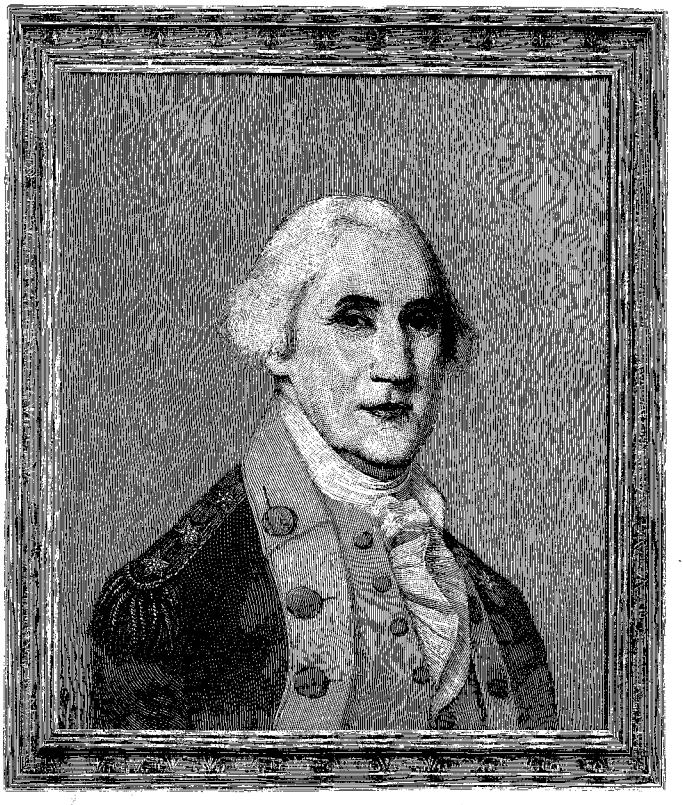
life during his early voyages it would be useless to trouble you, let it suffice for me to say that they were of the usual most uncomfortable nature. How many trips he made I cannot say, but he told me that by the time he was seventeen he had become an able seaman before the mast; when twenty-one, he commanded a fishing-smack, and went to the great Newfoundland Banks; at twenty-five he owned several small crafts, all fishermen, and at twenty-eight sailed for Santo Domingo with his little flotilla heavily loaded with the produce of the deep. "Fortune," said he to me one day, "now began to smile upon me. I did well in this enterprise, and after a few more voyages of the same sort gave up the sea, and purchased a small estate on the Isle à Vâches; the prosperity of Santo Domingo was at its zenith, and in the course of ten years I had realized something very considerable. The then Governor gave me an appointment which called me to France, and having received some favors there, became once more a seafaring man, the Government having granted me the command of a small vessel of war."



General Washington.
(From a portrait presented to J. J. Audubon, by Washington, a few days before going into winter-quarters at Valley Forge.)

How long my father remained in the service it is impossible for me to say. The different changes occurring at the time of the American Revolution, and afterward during that in France, seem to have sent him from one place to another as if a foot-ball; his property in Santo Domingo augmenting, however, the while, and indeed till the liberation of the black slaves there.

During a visit he paid to Pennsylvania when suffering from the effects of a sunstroke, he purchased the beautiful farm of Millgrove, on the Schuylkill and Perkiomen streams. At this place, and a few days only before the memorable bat-

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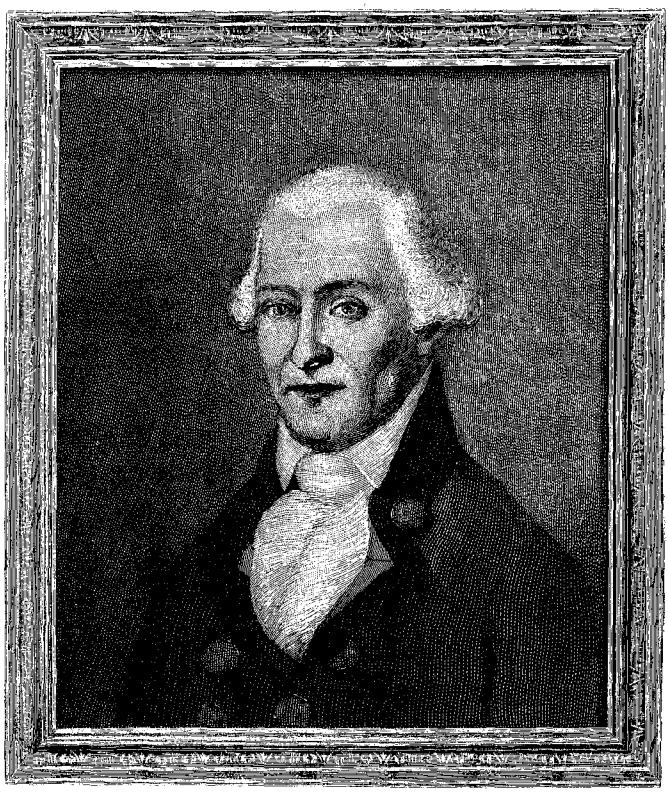
tle (*sic*) of Valley Forge, General Washington presented him with his portrait, now in my possession, and highly do I value it as a memento of that noble man and the glories of those days.*



Admiral Audubon, Father of the Naturalist.

At the conclusion of the war between England and her child of the West, my father returned to France, and continued in the employ of the naval department of that country, being at one time sent to Plymouth, England, in a seventy-five-gun ship, to exchange prisoners. This was, I think, in the short peace that took place between England and France in 1801. He returned to Rochefort, where he lived for several years, still in the employ of Government. He finally sent in his resignation and returned to Nantes and La Gerbertière. He had many severe trials and afflictions before his death, having lost my two older brothers early in the French Revolution; both were officers in the army. His only sister was killed by the Chouans of La Vendée, and the only brother he had was not on good terms with him. This brother resided at Bayonne, and, I believe, had a large family, none of whom I have ever seen or known.

In personal appearance my father and I were of the same height and stature, say about five feet ten inches, erect, and with muscles of steel; his manners were those of a most polished gentleman, for those and his natural understanding had been carefully improved both by observation and by self-education. In temper we much resembled each other also, being warm, irascible, and at times violent, but it was like the blast of a hurricane, dreadful for a time, when calm almost instantly returned. He greatly approved of the change in France during the time of Napoleon, whom he almost idolized.

* The family still own this portrait of General Washington.

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Fatland House on the Schuylkill, Pa., as Rebuilt about 1846.
(The home of Lucy Bakewell, whom Audubon married.)

My father died in 1813, regretted most deservedly on account of his simplicity, truth, and perfect sense of honesty. Now I must return to myself.

My stepmother, who was devotedly attached to me, far too much for my good, was desirous that I should be brought up to live and die "like a gentleman," thinking that fine clothes and filled pockets were the only requisites needful to attain this end. She therefore completely spoiled me, hid my faults, boasted to everyone of my youthful merits, and, worse than all, said frequently in my presence that I was the handsomest boy in France. All my wishes and idle notions were at once gratified; she went so far as actually to grant me *carte blanche* at all the confectionery shops in the town, and also of the village of Coueron, where during the summer we lived, as it were, in the country.

My father was quite of another, and much more valuable, description of mind as regarded my future welfare; he believed not in the power of gold coins as efficient means to render a man happy. He spoke of the stores of the mind, and having suffered much himself through a want of education, he ordered that I should be put to school, and have teachers at home. "Revolutions," he was wont to say, "too often take place in the lives of individuals, and they are apt to lose in one day the fortune they before possessed; but talents and knowledge, added to sound mental training, assisted by honest industry, can never fail, nor be taken from anyone once the possessor of such valuable means." Therefore, notwithstanding all my mother's entreaties and her tears, off to a school I was sent. Excepting only, perhaps, military schools, none were good in France at this period; the thunders of the Revolution still roared over the land, the Revolutionists covered the earth with the blood of man, woman, and child. But let me forever drop the curtain over the frightful aspect of this dire picture. To think of these dreadful days is too terrible, and would be too horrible and

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painful for me to relate to you, my dear sons.

The school I went to was none of the best; my private teachers were the only means through which I acquired the least benefit. My father, who had been for so long a seaman, and who was then in the French Navy, wished me to follow in his steps, or else to become an engineer. For this reason I studied drawing, geography, mathematics, fencing, etc., as well as music, for which I had considerable talent. I had a good fencing-master, and a first-rate teacher of the violin; mathematics was hard, dull work I thought; geography pleased me more. For my other studies, as well as for dancing, I was quite enthusiastic; and I well recollect how anxious I was then to become the commander of a corps of dragoons.

My father being mostly absent, on duty, my mother suffered me to do much as I pleased; it was therefore not to be wondered at that, instead of applying closely to my studies, I preferred associating with boys of my own age and disposition, who were more

John J. Audubon.

(From a painting by his son, J. W. Audubon, about 1841.)

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Victor Gifford Audubon, aged about Thirteen.
(Painted by his father, J. J. Audubon, about 1823.)

fond of going in search of birds' nests, fishing, or shooting, than of better studies. Thus almost every day, instead of going to school when I ought to have gone, I usually made for the fields, where I spent the day; my little basket went with me, filled with good eatables, and when I returned home, during either winter or summer, it was replenished with what I called curiosities, such as birds' nests, birds' eggs, curious lichens, flowers of all sorts, and even pebbles gathered along the shore of some rivulet.

The first time my father returned from sea after this my room exhibited quite a show, and on entering it he was so pleased to see my various collections that he complimented me on my taste for such things; but when he inquired what else I had done, and I, like a culprit, hung my head, he left me without saying another word. Dinner over he asked my sister for some music, and, on her playing for him, he was so pleased with her improvement that he presented her with a beautiful book. I was next asked to play on my violin, but alas! for nearly a month I had not touched it, it was stringless; not a word was said on that subject. "Had I any drawings to show?" Only a few, and those not good. My good father looked at his wife, kissed my sister, and humming a tune left the room. The next morning at dawn of day my father and I were under way in a private carriage; my trunk, etc., were fastened to it, my violin-case was under my feet, the postilion was ordered to proceed, my father took a book from his pocket, and while he silently read I was left entirely to my own thoughts.

After some days' travelling we entered the gates of Rochefort. My father had scarcely spoken to me, yet there was no anger exhibited in his countenance; nay, as we reached the house where we alighted, and approached the door, near which a sentinel stopped his walk and presented arms, I saw him smile as he raised his hat and said a few words to the man, but so low that not a syllable reached my ears.

The house was furnished with servants, and everything seemed to go on as if the owner had not left it. My father bade me sit by his side, and taking one of my hands, calmly said to me: "My beloved boy, thou art now

John Woodhouse Audubon, aged Eleven.
(Painted by his father, J. J. Audubon, about 1823.)

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safe, I have brought thee here that I may be able to pay constant attention to thy studies, thou shalt have ample time for pleasures, but the remainder *must* be employed with industry and care. This day is entirely thine own, and as I must attend to my duties, if thou wishest to see the docks, the fine ships of war, and walk round the wall, thou may'st accompany me." I accepted and off together we went; I was presented to every officer we met, and they noticing me more or less, I saw much that day, yet still I perceived that I was like a prisoner-of-war on parole in the city of Rochefort.

My best and most amiable companion was the son of Admiral, or Vice-Admiral (I do not precisely recollect his rank) Vivien, who resided nearly opposite to the house where my father and I then resided; his company I much enjoyed, and along with him all my leisure hours were spent. About this time my father was sent to England in a corvette with a view to exchange prisoners, and he sailed on board the man-of-war L'Institution for Plymouth. Previous to his sailing he placed me under the charge of his secretary, Gabriel Loyen Dupuy Gaudeau, the son of a fallen nobleman. Now this gentleman was of no pleasing nature to me; he was, in fact, more than too strict and severe in all his prescriptions to me, and well do I recollect that one morning, after having been set to a very arduous task in mathematical problems, I gave him the slip, jumped from the window, and ran off through the gardens attached to the Marine Secrétariat. The unfledged bird may stand for a while on the border of its nest, and perhaps open its winglets and attempt to soar away, but his youthful imprudence may, and indeed often does, prove inimical to his prowess, as some more wary and older bird, that has kept an eye toward him, pounces relentlessly upon the young adventurer and secures him within the grasp of his more powerful talons. This was the case with me in this instance. I had leaped from the door of my cage and thought myself quite safe, while I rambled thoughtlessly beneath the shadow of the trees in the garden and grounds in which I found myself; but the secretary, with a side glance, had watched my escape, and, ere many minutes had elapsed, I saw coming toward me a corporal with whom, in fact, I was well acquainted. On nearing me, and I did not attempt to escape, our past familiarity was, I found, quite evaporated; he bid me, in a severe voice, to follow him, and on my being presented to my father's secretary I was at once ordered on board the pontoon in port. All remonstrances proved

Audubon.

(From a picture made not long before his death.)

fruitless, and on board the pontoon I was conducted, and there left amid such a medley of culprits as I cannot describe, and of whom, indeed, I have but little recollection, save that I felt vile myself in their vile company. My father returned in due course, and released me from these floating and most disagreeable lodgings, but not without a rather severe reprimand.

Shortly after this we returned to Nantes, and later to La Gerbertière. My stay here was short, and I went to Nantes to study mathematics anew, and there spent about one year, the remembrance of which has flown from my memory, with the exception of one incident, of which, when I happen to pass my hand over the left side of my head, I am ever and anon reminded. 'Tis this: one morning while playing with boys of my own age, a quarrel arose among us, a battle ensued, in the course of which I was knocked down by a

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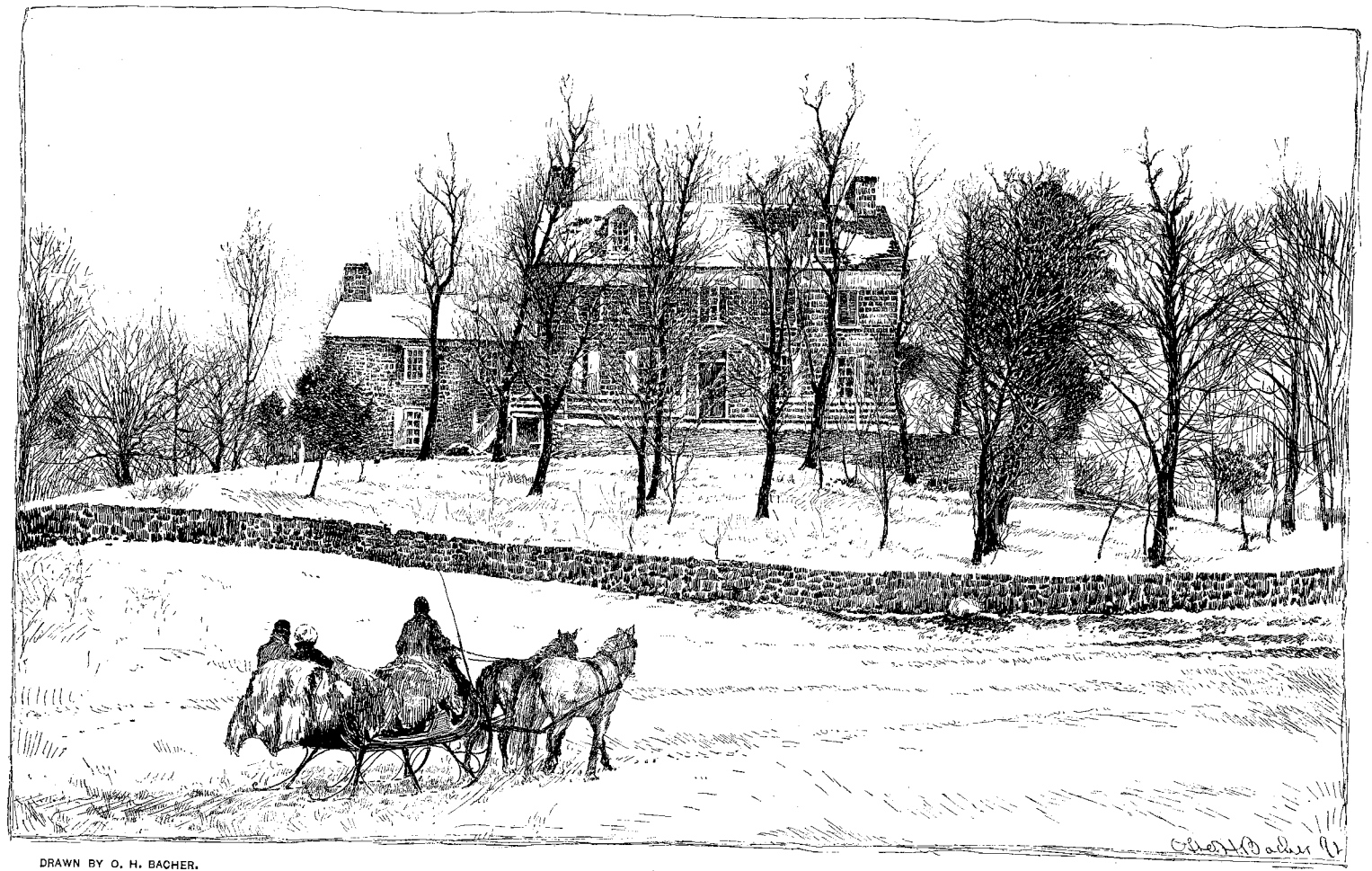

DRAWN BY O. H. BACHER.

Mill Grove, now Audubon's, on the Schuylkill, Pa.—Early Home of Audubon in America.
(From a photograph made in 1884.)

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round stone, that brought the blood from that part of my skull, and for a time I lay on the ground unconscious, but soon rallying, experienced no lasting effects but the scar.

During all these years there existed within me a tendency to follow Nature in her walks. Perhaps not an hour of leisure was spent elsewhere than in woods and fields, and to examine either the eggs, nest, young, or parents of any species of birds constituted my delight. It was about this period that I commenced a series of drawings of the birds of France, which I continued until I had upward of two hundred drawings, all bad enough, my dear sons, yet they were representations of birds, and I felt pleased with them. Hundreds of anecdotes respecting my life at this time might prove interesting to you, but as they are not in my mind at this moment I will leave them, though you may find some of them in the course of the following pages.

I was within a few months of being seventeen years old, when my stepmother, who was an earnest Catholic, took into her head that I should be confirmed; my father agreed. I was surprised and indifferent, but yet as I loved her as if she had been my own mother, and well did she merit my deepest affection, I took to the catechism, studied it and other matters pertaining to the ceremony, and all was performed to her liking. Not long after this, my father, anxious as he was that I should be enrolled in Napoleon's army as a Frenchman, found it necessary to send me back to my own beloved country, the United States of America, and I came with intense and indescribable pleasure.

On landing at New York, I caught the yellow fever by walking to the bank at Greenwich to get the money to which my father's letter of credit entitled me. The kind man who commanded the ship that brought me from France, whose name was a common one, John Smith, took particular charge of me, removed me to Morristown, N. J., and placed me under the care of two Quaker ladies who kept a boarding-house. To their skilful and untiring ministrations I may safely say I owe the prolongation of my life. Letters were forwarded by them to my father's agent, Miles Fisher, of Philadelphia, of whom I have more to say hereafter. He came for me in his carriage and removed me to his villa, at a short distance from Philadelphia and on the road toward Trenton. There I would have found myself quite comfortable had not incidents taken place which are so connected with the change in my life as to call immediate attention to them.

Miles Fisher had been my father's trusted agent for about eighteen years, and the old gentlemen entertained great mutual friendship; indeed, it would seem that Mr. Fisher was actually desirous that I should become a member of his family, and this was evinced within a few days by the manner in which the good Quaker presented me to a daughter of no mean appearance, but toward whom I happened to take an unconquerable dislike. Then he was opposed to music of all descriptions, as well as to dancing, could not bear me to carry a gun, or fishing-rod, and, indeed, condemned most of my amusements. All these things were difficulties toward accomplishing a plan which, for aught I know to the contrary, had been premeditated between him and my father, and rankled the heart of the kindly, if somewhat strict Quaker. They troubled me much also; at times I wished myself anywhere but under the roof of Mr. Fisher, and at last I reminded him that it was his duty to install me on the estate to which my father had sent me.

One morning, therefore, I was told that the carriage was ready to carry me there, and toward my future home he and I went. You are too well acquainted with the position of Mill Grove for me to allude to that now; suffice it to say that we reached the former abode of my father about sunset. I was presented to our tenant, William Thomas, who also was a Quaker, and took possession under certain restrictions, which amounted to my not receiving more than enough money per quarter than was considered sufficient for the expenditure of a young gentleman.

Miles Fisher left me the next morning, and after him went my blessings

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for I thought his departure a true deliverance; yet this was only because our tastes and educations were so different, for he certainly was a good and learned man. Mill Grove was ever to me a blessed spot; in my daily walks I thought I perceived the traces left by my father as I looked on the even fences round the fields, or on the regular manner with which avenues of trees, as well as the orchards, had been planted by his hand. The mill was also a source of joy to me, and in the cave, which you too remember, where the pewees were wont to build, I never failed to find quietude and delight.

Hunting, fishing, drawing, and music occupied my every moment; cares I knew not, and cared naught about them. I purchased excellent and beautiful horses, visited all such neighbors as I found congenial spirits, and was as happy as happy could be. A few months after my arrival at Mill Grove I was informed one day that an English family had purchased the plantation next to mine, that the name of the owner was Bakewell, and moreover that he had several very handsome and interesting daughters, and beautiful pointer dogs. I listened, but cared not a jot about them at the time. The place was within sight of Mill Grove, and Fatland Ford, as it was called, was merely divided from my estate by a road leading to the Schuylkill River. Mr. William Bakewell, the father of the family, had called on me one day, but, finding I was rambling in the woods in search of birds, left a card and an invitation to go shooting with him. Now this gentleman was an Englishman, and I such a foolish boy, that, entertaining the greatest prejudices against all of his nationality, I did not return his visit for many weeks, which was as absurd as it was ungentlemanly and impolite.

Mrs. Thomas, good soul, more than once spoke to me on the subject, as well as her worthy husband, but all to no import; English was English with me, my poor childish mind was settled on that, and as I wished to know none of the race the call remained unacknowledged.

Frosty weather, however, came, and anon was the ground covered with the deep snow. Grouse were abundant along the fir-covered ground near the creek, and as I was in pursuit of game one frosty morning I chanced to meet Mr. Bakewell in the woods. I was struck with the kind politeness of his manner, and found him an expert marksman. Entering into conversation, I admired the beauty of his well-trained dogs, and, apologizing for my discourtesy, finally promised to call upon him and his family.

Well do I recollect the morning, and may it please God that I may never forget it, when for the first time I entered Mr. Bakewell's dwelling. It happened that he was absent from home, and I was shown into a parlor where only one young lady was snugly seated at her work by the fire. She rose on my entrance, offered me a seat, and assured me of the gratification her father would feel on his return, which, she added, would be in a few moments, as she would despatch a servant for him. Other ruddy cheeks and bright eyes made their transient appearance, but like spirits gay, soon vanished from my sight, and there I sat, my gaze riveted, as it were, on the young girl before me, who, half working, half talking, essayed to make the time pleasant to me. Oh! may God bless her! It was she, my dear sons, who afterward became my beloved wife, and your mother. Mr. Bakewell soon made his appearance, and received me with the manner and hospitality of a true English gentleman. The other members of the family were soon introduced to me, and "Lucy" was told to have luncheon produced. She now arose from her seat a second time, and her form, to which I had previously paid but partial attention, showed both grace and beauty; and my heart followed every one of her steps. The repast over, guns and dogs were made ready.

Lucy, I was pleased to believe, looked upon me with some favor, and I turned more especially to her on leaving. I felt that certain "*je ne sais quoi*" which intimated that, at least, she was not indifferent to me.

To speak of the many shooting parties that took place with Mr. Bakewell would be quite useless, and I shall mere-

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ly say that he was a most excellent man, a great shot, and possessed of extraordinary learning—aye, far beyond my comprehension. A few days after this first interview with the family the Perkiomen chanced to be bound with ice, and many a one from the neighborhood was playing pranks on the glassy surface of that lovely stream. Being somewhat of a skater myself, I sent a note to the inhabitants of Fatland Ford, inviting them to come and partake of the simple hospitality of Mill Grove farm, and the invitation was kindly received and accepted. My own landlady bestirred herself to the utmost in the procuring of as many pheasants and partridges as her group of sons could entrap, and now under my own roof was seen the whole of the Bakewell family, seated round the table which has never ceased to be one of simplicity and hospitality.

After dinner we all repaired to the ice on the creek, and there, in comfortable sledges, each fair one was propelled by an ardent skater. Tales of love may be extremely stupid to the majority, so that I will not expatiate on these days, but to me, my dear sons, and under such circumstances as then, and, thank God, now exist, every moment was to me one of delight.

But let me interrupt my tale to tell you somewhat of other companions whom I have heretofore neglected to mention. These are two Frenchmen, by name Da Costa and Colmesnil. A lead mine had been discovered by my tenant, William Thomas, to which, besides the raising of fowls, I paid considerable attention; but I knew nothing of mineralogy or mining, and my father, to whom I communicated the discovery of the mine, sent Mr. Da Costa as a partner and partial guardian from France. This fellow was intended to teach me mineralogy and mining engineering, but, in fact, knew nothing of either, besides which he was a covetous wretch, who did all he could to ruin my father, and indeed swindled both of us to a large amount. I had to go to France and expose him to my father to get rid of him, which I fortunately accomplished at first sight of my kind parent. A greater scoundrel than Da Costa never probably existed, but peace be with his soul.

The other, Colmesnil, was a very interesting young Frenchman with whom I became acquainted. He was very poor, and I invited him to come and reside under my roof. This he did, remaining for many months, much to my delight. His appearance was typical of what he was, a perfect gentleman; he was handsome in form, and possessed of talents far above my own. When introduced to your mother's family he was much thought of, and at one time he thought himself welcome to my Lucy; but it was only a dream, and when once undeceived by her whom I too loved, he told me he must part with me. This we did with mutual regret, and he returned to France, where, though I have lost sight of him, I believe he is still living.

During the winter connected with this event your uncle Thomas Bakewell, now residing in Cincinnati, was one morning skating with me on the Perkiomen, when he challenged me to shoot at his hat as he tossed it in the air, which challenge I accepted with great pleasure. I was to pass by at full speed, within about twenty-five feet of where he stood, and to shoot only when he gave the word. Off I went like lightning, up and down, as if anxious to boast of my own prowess while on the glittering surface beneath my feet; coming, however, within the agreed distance the signal was given, the trigger pulled, off went the load, and down on the ice came the hat of my future brother-in-law, as completely perforated as if a sieve. He repented, alas! too late, and was afterward severely reprimanded by Mr. Bakewell.

Another anecdote I must relate to you on paper which I have probably too often repeated in words, concerning my skating in those early days of happiness; but, as the world knows nothing of it, I shall give it to you at some length. It was arranged one morning between your young uncle, myself, and several other friends of the same age, that we should proceed on a duck-shooting excursion up the creek, and, accordingly, off we went after an early breakfast. The ice was in capital

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order wherever no air-holes existed, but of these a great number interrupted our course, all of which were, however, avoided as we proceeded upward along the glittering, frozen bosom of the stream. The day was spent in much pleasure, and the game collected was not inconsiderable.

On our return, in the early dusk of the evening, I was bid to lead the way; I fastened a white handkerchief to a stick, held it up, and we all proceeded toward home as a flock of wild ducks to their roosting-grounds. Many a mile had already been passed, and, as gayly as ever, we were skating swiftly along when darkness came on, and now our speed was increased. Unconsciously I happened to draw so very near a large air-hole that to check my headway became quite impossible, and down it I went, and soon felt the power of a most chilling bath. My senses must, for aught I know, have left me for a while; be this as it may, I must have glided with the stream some thirty or forty yards, when, as God would have it, up I popped at another air-hole, and here I did, in some way or another, manage to crawl out. My companions, who in the gloom had seen my form so suddenly disappear, escaped the danger and were around me when I emerged from the greatest peril I have ever encountered, not excepting my escape from being murdered on the prairie, or by the hands of that wretch S—— B——, of Henderson. I was helped to a shirt from one, a pair of dry breeches from another, and completely dressed anew in a few minutes, if in motley and ill-fitting garments, our line of march was continued, with, however, much more circumspection. Let the reader, whoever he may be, think as he may like on this singular and, in truth, most extraordinary escape from death, it is the truth, and as such I have written it down as a wonderful act of Providence.

Mr. Da Costa, my tutor, took it into his head that my affection for your mother was rash and inconsiderate. He spoke triflingly of her and of her parents, and one day said to me that for a man of my rank and expectations to marry Lucy Bakewell was out of the question. If I laughed at him or not I cannot tell you, but of this I am certain, that my answers to his talks on this subject so exasperated him that he immediately afterward curtailed my usual income, made some arrangements to send me to India, and wrote to my father accordingly. Understanding from many of my friends that his plans were fixed, and finally hearing from Philadelphia, whither Da Costa had gone, that he had taken my passage from Philadelphia to Canton, I walked to Philadelphia, entered his room quite unexpectedly, and asked him for such an amount of money as would enable me at once to sail for France, and there see my father.

The cunning wretch, for I cannot call him by any other name, smiled, and said: "Certainly, my dear sir," and afterward gave me a letter of credit on a Mr. Kauman, a half-agent, half-banker, then residing at New York. I returned to Mill Grove, made all preparatory plans for my departure, bid a sad adieu to my Lucy and her family, and walked to New York. But never mind the journey; it was winter, the country lay under a covering of snow, but withal I reached New York on the third day, late in the evening.

Once there, I made for the house of a Mrs. Palmer, a lady of excellent qualities, who received me with the utmost kindness, and later on the same evening I went to the house of your grand-uncle, Benjamin Bakewell, then a rich merchant of New York, managing the concerns of the house of Guelt, bankers of London. I was the bearer of a letter from Mr. Bakewell, of Fatland Ford, to this brother of his, and there I was again most kindly received and housed.

The next day I called on Mr. Kauman; he read Da Costa's letter, smiled, and after a while told me he had nothing to give me, and in plain terms said that instead of a letter of credit, Da Costa—that rascal!—had written and advised him to have me arrested and shipped to Canton. The blood rose to my temples, and well it was that I had no weapon about me, for I feel even now quite assured that his heart must have received the result of my wrath. I left him half bewildered, half mad, and went at once

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to Mrs. Palmer, and spoke to her of my purpose of returning at once to Philadelphia and there certainly murdering Da Costa. Women have great power over me at any time, and perhaps under all circumstances. Mrs. Palmer quieted me, spoke religiously of the cruel sin I thought of committing, and, at last, persuaded me to relinquish the direful plan. I returned to Mr. Bakewell's low-spirited and mournful, but said not a word about all that had passed. The next morning my sad visage showed something was wrong, and I at last gave vent to my outraged feelings.

Benjamin Bakewell was a *friend* of his brother (may you ever be so toward each other). He comforted me much, went with me to the docks to seek a vessel bound to France, and offered me any sum of money I might require to convey me to my father's house. My passage was taken on board the brig Hope, of New Bedford, and I sailed in her, leaving Da Costa and Kauman in the most exasperated state of mind. The fact is, both these rascals intended to cheat both me and my father. The brig was bound direct for Nantes. We left the Hook under a very fair breeze, and proceeded at a good rate till we reached the latitude of New Bedford, in Rhode Island, when my captain came to me, as if in despair, and said he must run into port, as the vessel was so leaky as to force him to have her unloaded and repaired before he proceeded across the Atlantic. Now this was only a trick; my captain was newly married, and was merely anxious to land at New Bedford to spend a few days with his bride, and had actually caused several holes to be bored below water-mark, which leaked enough to keep the men at the pumps. We came to anchor close to the town of New Bedford; the captain went on shore, entered a protest, the vessel was unloaded, the apertures bunged up, and after a week, which I spent in being rowed about the beautiful harbor, we sailed for La Belle France. A few days after having lost sight of land we were overtaken by a violent gale, coming fairly on our quarter, and before it we scudded at an extraordinary rate, and during the dark night had the misfortune to lose a fine young sailor overboard. At one part of the sea we passed through an immensity of dead fish floating on the surface of the water, and, after nineteen days from New Bedford, we had entered the Loire, and anchored off Painbœuf, the lower harbor of Nantes.

On sending my name to the principal officer of the customs, he came on board, and afterward sent me to my father's villa, La Gerbertière, in his barge, and with his own men, and late that evening I was in the arms of my beloved parents. Although I had written to them previous to leaving America, the rapidity of my voyage had prevented them hearing of my intentions, and to them my appearance was sudden and unexpected. Most welcome, however, I was; I found my father hale and hearty, and *chère maman* as fair and good as ever. Adored *maman*, peace be with thee!

I cannot trouble you with minute accounts of my life in France for the following twelve months, but will merely tell you that my first object being that of having Da Costa disposed of, this was first effected; the next was my father's consent to my marriage, and this was acceded to as soon as my good father had received answers to letters written to your grandfather, William Bakewell. In the very lap of comfort my time was happily spent; I went out shooting and hunting, drew every bird I procured, as well as many other objects of natural history and zoölogy, though these were not the subjects I had studied under the instruction of the celebrated David.

It was during this visit that my sister Rosa was married to Gabriel Dupuy Gaudeau, and I now also became acquainted with Ferdinand Rozier, whom you well know. Between Rozier and myself my father formed a partnership to stand good for nine years in America.

France was at that time in a great state of convulsion; the republic had, as it were, dwindled into a half monarchical, half democratic era. Bonaparte was at the height of success, overflowing the country as the mountain torrent overflows the plains in its course. Levies, or conscriptions, were the order of the day, and my name being French my father felt uneasy lest I should be

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forced to take part in the political strife of those days.

I underwent a mockery of an examination, and was received as midshipman in the navy, went to Rochefort, was placed on board a man-of-war, and ran a short cruise. On my return my father had, in some way, obtained passports for Rozier and me, and we sailed for New York. Never can I forget the day when, at St. Nazaire, an officer came on board to examine the papers of the many passengers. On looking at mine he said: "My dear Mr. Audubon, I wish you joy; would to God that I had such papers, how thankful I should be to leave unhappy France under the same passport."

About a fortnight after leaving France a vessel gave us chase. We were running before the wind under all sail, but the unknown gained on us at a great rate, and after a while stood to the windward of our ship, about half a mile off. She fired a gun, the ball passed within a few yards of our bows; our captain heeded not, but kept on his course, with the United States flag displayed and floating in the breeze. Another and another shot was fired at us; the enemy closed upon us; all the passengers expected to receive her broadside. Our commander hove to; a boat was almost instantaneously lowered and alongside our vessel; two officers leaped on board, with about a dozen mariners; the first asked for the captain's papers, while the latter with his men kept guard over the whole.

The vessel which had pursued us was the Rattlesnake and was what I believe is generally called a privateer, which means nothing but a pirate; every one of the papers proved to be in perfect accordance with the laws existing between England and America, therefore we were not touched nor molested, but the English officers who had come on board robbed the ship of almost everything that was nice in the way of provisions, took our pigs and sheep, coffee and wines, and carried off our two best sailors, despite all the remonstrances made by one of our members of Congress, I think from Virginia, who was accompanied by a charming young daughter. The Rattlesnake kept us under her lee, and almost within pistol-shot, for a whole day and night, ransacking the ship for money, of which we had a good deal in the run beneath a ballast of stone. Although this was partially removed they did not find the treasure. I may here tell you that I placed the gold belonging to Rozier and myself, wrapped in some clothing, under a cable in the bow of the ship, and there it remained snug till the Rattlesnake had given us leave to depart, which you may be sure we did without thanks to her commander or crew; we were afterward told the former had his wife with him.

After this rencontre we sailed on till within about thirty miles of the entrance to the bay of New York, when we passed a fishing-boat, from which we were hailed and told that two British frigates lay off the entrance of the Hook, had fired an American ship, shot a man, and impressed so many of our seamen, that to attempt reaching New York might prove to be both unsafe and unsuccessful. Our captain, on hearing this, put about immediately, and sailed for the east end of Long Island Sound, which we entered uninterrupted by any other enemy than a dreadful gale, which drove us on a sand-bar in the Sound, but from which we made off unhurt during the height of the tide, and finally reached New York.

I at once called on your uncle Benjamin Bakewell, stayed with him a day, and proceeded at as swift a rate as possible to Fatland Ford, accompanied by Ferdinand Rozier. Mr. Da Costa was at once dismissed from his charge. I saw my dear Lucy, and was again my own master.

Perhaps it would be well for me to give you some slight information respecting my mode of life in those days of my youth, and I shall do so without gloves. I was what in plain terms may be called extremely extravagant. I had no vices, it is true, neither had I any high aims. I was ever fond of shooting, fishing, and riding on horseback; the raising of fowls of every sort was one of my hobbies, and to reach the maximum of my desires in those different things filled every one of my thoughts. I was ridiculously fond of dress. To

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have seen me going shooting in black satin smallclothes, or breeches, with silk stockings, and the finest ruffled shirt Philadelphia could afford, was, as I now realize, an absurd spectacle, but it was one of my many foibles, and I shall not conceal it. I purchased the best horses in the country, and rode well, and felt proud of it; my guns and fishing-tackle were equally good, always expensive and richly ornamented, often with silver. Indeed, though in America, I cut as many foolish pranks as a young dandy in Bond Street or Piccadilly.

I was extremely fond of music, dancing, and drawing; in all I had been well instructed, and not an opportunity was lost to confirm my propensities in those accomplishments. I was, like most young men, filled with the love of amusement, and not a ball, a skating-match, a house or riding party took place without me. Withal, and fortunately for me, I was not addicted to gambling; cards I disliked, and I had no other evil practices. I was, besides, temperate to an *intemperate* degree. I lived, until the day of my union with your mother, on milk, fruits, and vegetables, with the addition of game and fish at times, but never had I swallowed a single glass of wine or spirits, until the day of my wedding. The result has been my uncommon, indeed iron, constitution. This was my constant mode of life ever since my earliest recollection, and while in France it was extremely annoying to all those round me. Indeed, so much did it influence me that I never went to dinners, merely because when so situated my peculiarities in my choice of food occasioned comment, and also because often not a single dish was to my taste or fancy, and I could eat nothing from the sumptuous tables before me. Pies, puddings, eggs, milk, or cream was all I cared for in the way of food, and many a time have I robbed my tenant's wife, Mrs. Thomas, of the cream intended to make butter for the Philadelphia market. All this time I was as fair and as rosy as a girl, though as strong, indeed stronger, than most young men, and as active as a buck. And why, have I thought a thousand times, should I not have kept to that delicious mode of living, and why should not mankind in general be more abstemious than mankind is?

Before I sailed for France I had begun a series of drawings of the birds of America, and had also begun a study of their habits. I at first drew my subjects dead, by which I mean to say that, after procuring a specimen, I hung it up either by the head, wing, or foot, and copied it as closely as I possibly could.

In my drawing of birds only did I interest Mr. Da Costa. He always commended my efforts, nay, he even went farther, for one morning, while I was drawing a figure of the Ardea heriodias, he assured me the time might come when I should be a great American naturalist. However curious it may seem to the scientific world, that these sayings from the lips of such a man should affect me, I assure you they had great weight with me, and I felt a certain degree of pride in these words even then.

Too young and too useless to be married, your grandfather William Bakewell advised me to study the mercantile business; my father approved, and to insure this training under the best auspices I went to New York, where I entered as a clerk for your great uncle Benjamin Bakewell, while Rozier went to a French house at Philadelphia.

The mercantile business did not suit me. The very first venture which I undertook was in indigo; it cost me several hundred pounds, the whole of which was lost. Rozier was no more fortunate than I, for he shipped a cargo of hams to the West Indies, and not more than one-fifth of the cost was returned. Yet I suppose we both obtained a smattering of business.

Time passed, and at last, on April 5, 1808, your mother and I were married by the Rev. Dr. Latimer, of Philadelphia, and the next morning left Fatland Ford and Mill Grove for Louisville, Ky. For some two years previous to this Rozier and I had visited the country from time to time as merchants, had thought well of it, and liked it exceedingly. Its fertility and abundance, the hospitality and kindness of the people were sufficiently winning things to entice anyone to go there with a view to comfort and happiness.

We had marked Louisville as a spot

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designed by nature to become a place of great importance, and, had we been as wise as we now are, I might never have published the "Birds of America," for a few hundred dollars laid out at that period, in lands or town lots near Louisville, would, if left to grow over with grass to a date ten years past (this being 1835), have become an immense fortune. But young heads are on young shoulders; it was not to be, and who cares?

On our way to Pittsburg we met with a sad accident, that nearly cost the life of your mother. The coach upset on the mountains, and she was severely, but fortunately not fatally, hurt. We floated down the Ohio in a flat-boat, in company with several other young families; we had many goods, and opened a large store at Louisville, which went on prosperously, when I attended to it; but birds were birds, then as now, and my thoughts were ever and anon turning toward them as the objects of my greatest delight. I shot, I drew, I looked on nature only, my days were happy beyond human conception, and beyond this I really cared not.

Victor was born June 12, 1809, at Gwathway's Hotel of the Indian Queen. We had by this time formed the acquaintance of many persons in and about Louisville; the country was settled by planters and farmers of the most benevolent and hospitable nature; and my young wife, who possessed talents far above par, was regarded as a gem, and received by them all with the greatest pleasure. All the sportsmen and hunters were fond of me, and I became their companion; my fondness for fine horses was well kept up, and I had as good as the country—and the country was Kentucky — could afford. Our most intimate friends were the Tarascons and the Berthouds, at Louisville and Shippingport. The simplicity and whole-heartedness of those days I cannot describe; man was man, and each, one to another, a brother.

I seldom passed a day without drawing a bird, or noting something respecting its habits, Rozier meantime attending the counter. I could relate many curious anecdotes about him, but never mind them; he made out to grow rich, and what more could *he* wish for.

In 1810 Alexander Wilson, the naturalist—not the *American* naturalist—called upon me. About 1812 your uncle Thomas W. Bakewell sailed from New York or Philadelphia, as a partner of mine, and took with him all the disposable money which I had at that time, and there [New Orleans] opened a mercantile house under the name of "Audubon & Bakewell."

Merchants crowded to Louisville from all our Eastern cities. None of them were, as I was, intent on the study of birds, but all were deeply impressed with the value of dollars. Louisville did not give us up, but we gave up Louisville. I could not bear to give the attention required by my business, and which, indeed, every business calls for, and, therefore, my business abandoned me. Indeed, I never thought of it beyond the ever-engaging journeys which I was in the habit of taking to Philadelphia or New York, to purchase goods; these journeys I greatly enjoyed, as they afforded me ample means to study birds and their habits as I travelled through the beautiful, the darling forests of Ohio, Kentucky, and Pennsylvania.

Were I here to tell you that once, when travelling, and driving several horses before me laden with goods and dollars, I lost sight of the pack-saddles, and the cash they bore, to watch the motions of a warbler, I should only repeat occurrences that happened a hundred times and more in those days. To an ordinary reader this may appear very odd, but it is as true, my dear sons, as it is that I am now scratching this poor book of mine with a miserable iron pen. Rozier and myself still had some business together, but we became discouraged at Louisville, and I longed to have a wilder range; this made us remove to Henderson, one hundred and twenty-five miles farther down the fair Ohio. We took there the remainder of our stock on hand, but found the country so very new, and so thinly populated that the commonest goods only were called for. I may say our guns and fishing-lines were the principal means of our support, as regards food.

John Pope, our clerk, who was a

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Kentuckian, was a good shot and an excellent fisherman, and he and I attended to the procuring of game and fish, while Rozier again stood behind the counter.

Your beloved mother and I were as happy as possible, the people round loved us, and we them in return; our profits were enormous, but our sales small, and my partner, who spoke English but badly, suggested that we remove to St. Geneviève, on the Mississippi River. I acceded to his request to go there, but determined to leave your mother and Victor at Henderson, not being quite sure that our adventure would succeed as we hoped. I therefore placed her and the children under the care of Dr. Rankin and his wife, who had a fine farm about three miles from Henderson, and having arranged our goods on board a large flat-boat, my partner and I left Henderson in the month of December, 1813, in a heavy snow-storm. This change in my plans prevented me from going, as I had intended, on a long expedition. In Louisville we had formed the acquaintance of Major Croghan (an old friend of my father's), and of General Jonathan Clark, the brother of General William Clark, the first white man who ever crossed the Rocky Mountains. I had engaged to go with him, but was, as I have said, unfortunately prevented. To return to our journey. When we reached Cash Creek we were bound by ice for a few weeks; we then attempted to ascend the Mississippi, but were again stopped in the great bend called Tawapatee Bottom, where we again planted our camp till a thaw broke the ice. In less than six weeks, however, we reached the village of St. Geneviève. I found at once it was not the place for me; its population was then composed of low French Canadians, uneducated and uncouth, and the ever-longing wish to be with my beloved wife and children drew my thoughts to Henderson, to which I decided to return almost immediately. Scarcely any communication existed between the two places, and I felt cut off from all dearest to me. Rozier, on the contrary, liked it; he found plenty of French with whom to converse. I proposed selling out to him, a bargain was made, he paid me a certain amount in cash, and gave me bills for the residue. This accomplished, I purchased a beauty of a horse, for which I paid dear enough, and bid Rozier farewell. On my return trip to Henderson I was obliged to stop at a humble cabin, where I so nearly ran the chance of losing my life, at the hands of a woman and her two desperate sons, that I have thought fit since to introduce this passage in a sketch called "The Prairie," and which is to be found in (I believe) the first volume of my "Ornithological Biography."

Winter was just bursting into spring when I left the land of lead mines. Nature leaped with joy, as it were, at her own new-born marvels, the prairies began to be dotted with beauteous flowers, abounded with deer, and my own heart was filled with happiness at the sights before me. I must not forget to tell you that I crossed those prairies on foot at another time, for the purpose of collecting the money due to me from Rozier, and that I walked one hundred and sixty-five miles in a little over three days, much of the time nearly ankle-deep in mud and water, from which I suffered much afterward by swollen feet. I reached Henderson in early March and a few weeks later the lower portions of Kentucky and the shores of the Mississippi suffered severely by earthquakes. I felt their effects between Louisville and Henderson, and also at Dr. Rankin's. I have omitted to say that my second son, John Woodhouse, was born under Dr. Rankin's roof on November 30, 1812; he was an extremely delicate boy till about a twelvemonth old, when he suddenly acquired strength and grew to be a lusty child.

Your uncle, Thomas W. Bakewell, had been all this time in New Orleans, and thither I had sent him almost all the money I could raise, but, notwithstanding this, the firm could not stand, and one day, while I was making a drawing of an otter, he suddenly appeared. He remained at Dr. Rankin's a few days, talked much to me about our misfortunes in trade, and left us for Fatland Ford.

My pecuniary means were now much

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reduced. I continued to draw birds and quadrupeds it is true, but only now and then thought of making any money. I bought a wild horse, and on its back travelled over Tennessee and a portion of Georgia, and so round till I finally reached Philadelphia, and then to your grandfather's at Fatland Ford. He had sold my plantation of Mill Grove to Moses Wetherell, of Philadelphia for a good round sum, and with this I returned through Kentucky and at last reached Henderson once more. Your mother was well, both of you were lovely darlings of our hearts and the effects of poverty troubled us not. Your uncle, T. W. Bakewell, was again in New Orleans, and doing rather better, but this was a mere transient clearing of that sky which had been obscured for many a long day.

Determined to do something for myself, I took to horse, rode to Louisville with a few hundred dollars in my pockets, and there purchased, half cash, half credit, a small stock, which I brought to Henderson. *Chemin faisant*, I came in contact with, and was accompanied by, General Toledo, then on his way as a revolutionist to South America. As our flat-boats were floating one clear moonshiny night, lashed together, this individual opened his views to me, promising me wonders of wealth should I decide to accompany him, and he went so far as to offer me a colonelcy on what he was pleased to call "his Safe Guard." I listened, it is true, but looked more at the heavens than on his face, and in the former found so much more of peace than of war that I concluded not to accompany him.

When our boats arrived at Henderson, he landed with me, purchased many horses, hired some men, and coaxed others, to accompany him, purchased a young negro from me; presented me with a splendid Spanish dagger and my wife with a ring, and went off overland toward Natchez, with a view of there gathering recruits.

I now purchased a ground lot of four acres, and a meadow of four more at the back of the first. On the latter stood several buildings, an excellent orchard, etc., lately the property of an English doctor, who had died on the premises, and left the whole to a servant woman as a gift, from whom it came to me as a freehold. The pleasures which I have felt at Henderson, and under the roof of that log cabin, can never be effaced from my heart until after death. The little stock of goods brought from Louisville answered perfectly, and in less than twelve months I had again risen in the world. I purchased adjoining land, and was doing extremely well when Thomas Bakewell came once more on the tapis, and joined me in commerce. We prospered at a round rate for a while, but, unfortunately for me, he took it into his brain to persuade me to erect a steam-mill at Henderson and to join to our partnership an Englishman of the name of Thomas Pears, now dead.

Well, up went the steam-mill at an enormous expense, in a country then as unfit for such a thing as it would be now for me to attempt to settle in the moon. Thomas Pears came to Henderson with his wife and family of children, the mill was raised, and worked very badly. Thomas Pears lost his money and we lost ours.

It was now our misfortune to add other partners and petty agents to our concern; suffice it for me to tell you, nay, to assure you, that I was gulled by all these men. The new-born Kentucky banks nearly all broke in quick succession; and again we started with a new set of partners; these were your present uncle N. Berthoud and Benjamin Page of Pittsburg. Matters, however, grew worse every day; the times were what men called "bad," but I am fully persuaded the great fault was ours, and the building of that accursed steam-mill was, of all the follies of man, one of the greatest, and to your uncle and me the worst of all our pecuniary misfortunes. How I labored at that infernal mill! from dawn to dark, nay, at times all night. But it is over now; I am old, and try to forget as fast as possible all the different trials of those sad days. We also took it into our heads to have a steamboat, in partnership with the engineer who had come from Philadelphia to fix the engine of that mill. This also proved an entire failure, and misfortune after misfortune came down upon

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us like so many avalanches, both fearful and destructive.

About this time I went to New Orleans, at the suggestion of your uncle, to arrest T—— B——, who had purchased a steamer from us, but whose bills were worthless, and who owed us for the whole amount. I travelled down to New Orleans in an open skiff, accompanied by two negroes of mine; I reached New Orleans one day too late; Mr. B—— had been compelled to surrender the steamer to a prior claimant. I returned to Henderson, travelling part way on the steamer Paragon, walked from the mouth of the Ohio to Shawnee, and rode the rest of the distance. On my arrival old Mr. Berthoud told me that Mr. B—— had arrived before me, and had sworn to kill me. My affrighted Lucy forced me to wear a dagger. Mr. B—— walked about the streets and before my house as if watching for me, and the continued reports of our neighbors prepared me for an encounter with this man, whose violent and ungovernable temper was only too well known. As I was walking toward the steam-mill one morning, I heard myself hailed from behind; on turning, I observed Mr. B—— marching toward me with a heavy club in his hand. I stood still, and he soon reached me. He complained of my conduct to him at New Orleans, and suddenly raising his bludgeon laid it about me. Though white with wrath, I spoke nor moved not till he had given me twelve severe blows, then, drawing my dagger with my left hand (unfortunately my right was disabled and in a sling, having been caught and much injured in the wheels of the steam-engine) I stabbed him, and he instantly fell. Old Mr. Berthoud and others, who were hastening to the spot, now came up, and carried him home on a plank. Thank God, his wound was not mortal, but his friends were all up in arms and as hot-headed as himself. Some walked through my premises armed with guns; my dagger was once more at my side, Mr. Berthoud had his gun, our servants were variously armed, and our carpenter took my gun "Long Tom." Thus protected, I walked into the Judiciary Court, that was then sitting, and was blamed, *only* —for not having killed the scoundrel who attacked me.

The "bad establishment," as I called the steam-mill, worked worse and worse every day. Thomas Bakewell, who possessed more brains than I, sold his town lots and removed to Cincinnati, where he has made a large fortune, and glad I am of it.

From this date my pecuniary difficulties daily increased; I had heavy bills to pay which I could not meet or take up. The moment this became known to the world around me that moment I was assailed with thousands of invectives; the once wealthy man was now nothing. I parted with every particle of property I held to my creditors, keeping only the clothes I wore on that day, my original drawings, and my gun.

Your mother held in her arms your baby sister Rosa, named thus on account of her extreme loveliness, and after my own sister Rosa. *She* felt the pangs of our misfortunes perhaps more heavily than I, but never for an hour lost her courage; her brave and cheerful spirit accepted all, and no reproaches from her beloved lips ever wounded my heart. With her was I not always rich?

Finally I paid every bill, and at last left Henderson, probably forever, without a dollar in my pocket, walked to Louisville alone, by no means comfortable in mind, there went to Mr. Berthoud's, where I was kindly received; they were indeed good friends.

My plantation in Pennsylvania had been sold, and, in a word, nothing was left to me but my humble talents. Were those talents to remain dormant under such exigencies? Was I to see my beloved Lucy and children suffer, and want bread, in the abundant land of Kentucky? Was I to repine because I had acted like an honest man? Was I inclined to cut my throat in foolish despair? No!! I *had* talents, and to them I instantly resorted.

To be a good draughtsman in those days was to me a blessing: to any other man, be it a thousand years hence, it will be a blessing also. I at once undertook to take portraits of the human "head divine," in black chalk, and, thanks to my master, David, succeeded admirably. I commenced at exceeding-

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ly low prices, but raised these prices as I became more known in this capacity. Your mother and yourselves were sent up from Henderson to our friend Isham Talbot, then Senator for Kentucky; this was done without a cent of expense to me, and I can never be grateful enough for his kind generosity.

In the course of a few weeks I had as much work to do as I could possibly wish, so much that I was able to rent a house in a retired part of Louisville. I was sent for four miles in the country, to take likenesses of persons on their death-beds, and so high did my reputation suddenly rise, as the best delineator of heads in that vicinity, that a clergyman residing at Louisville (I would give much now to recall and write down his name) had his dead child disinterred, to procure a fac-simile of his face, which, by the way, I gave to the parents as if still alive, to their intense satisfaction.

My drawings of birds were not neglected meantime; in this particular there seemed to hover round me almost a mania, and I would even give up doing a head, the profits of which would have supplied our wants for a week or more, to represent a little citizen of the feathered tribe. Nay, my dear sons, I thought that I now drew birds far better than I had ever done before, misfortune intensified, or at least developed, my abilities. I received an invitation to go to Cincinnati, a flourishing place, and which you now well know to be a thriving town in the State of Ohio. I was presented to the president of the Cincinnati College, Dr. Drake, and immediately formed an engagement to stuff birds for the museum there, in concert with Mr. Robert Best, an Englishman of great talent. My salary was large, and I at once sent for your mother to come to me, and bring you. Your dearly beloved sister Rosa died shortly afterward. I now established a large drawing-school at Cincinnati, to which I attended thrice per week, and at good prices.

The expedition of Major Long passed through the city soon after, and well do I recollect how he, Messrs. T. Peale, Thomas Say, and others stared at my drawings of birds at that time.

So industrious were Mr. Best and I that in about six months we had augmented, arranged, and finished all we could do for the museum. I returned to my portraits, and made a great number of them, without which we must have once more been on the starving list, as Mr. Best and I found, sadly too late, that the members of the College museum were splendid promisers and very bad paymasters.

In October of 1820 I left your mother and yourselves at Cincinnati, and went to New Orleans on board a flat-boat commanded and owned by a Mr. Haromack. From this date my journals are kept with fair regularity, and if you read them you will easily find all that followed afterward.

In glancing over these pages, I see that in my hurried and broken manner of laying before you this very imperfect (but perfectly correct) account of my early life I have omitted to tell you that, before the birth of your sister Rosa, a daughter was born at Henderson, who was called, of course, Lucy. Alas! the poor, dear little one was unkindly born, she was always ill and suffering; two years did your kind and unwearied mother nurse her with all imaginable care, but notwithstanding this loving devotion she died, in the arms which had held her so long, and so tenderly. This infant daughter we buried in our garden at Henderson, but after removed her to the Holly burying-ground in the same place.

Hundreds of anecdotes I could relate to you, my dear sons, about those times, and it may happen that the pages that I am now scribbling over may hereafter, through your own medium, or that of someone else, be published. I shall try, should God Almighty grant me life, to return to these less important portions of my history, and delineate them all with the same faithfulness with which I have written the ornithological biographies of the birds of my beloved country.

Only one event, however, which possesses in itself a lesson to mankind, I will here relate. After our dismal removal from Henderson to Louisville, one morning, while all of us were sadly desponding, I took you, both Victor and John from Shippingport to Louisville. I had purchased a loaf of bread

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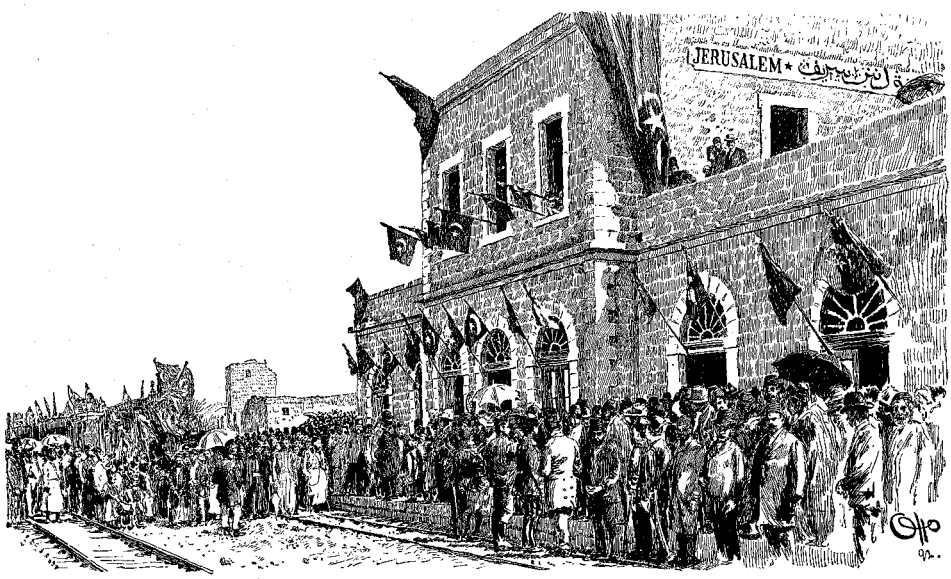
and some apples; before we reached Louisville you were all hungry, and by the river side we sat down and ate our scanty meal. On that day the world was with me as a blank, and my heart was sorely heavy, for scarcely had I enough to keep my dear ones alive, and yet, through these dark ways I was being led to the development of the talents I loved, and which have brought so much enjoyment to us *all*, for it is with deep thankfulness that I record that you, my sons, have passed your lives almost continuously with your dear mother and myself. But I will here stop with one remark.

One of the most extraordinary things among all these adverse circumstances was, that I never for a day gave up listening to the songs of our birds, or watching their peculiar habits, or delineating them in the best way that I could; nay, during my deepest troubles I frequently would wrench myself from the persons around me, and retire to some secluded part of our noble forests; and many a time, at the sound of the wood-thrush's melodies have I fallen on my knees, and there prayed earnestly to our God. This *never* failed to bring me the most valuable of thoughts and *always* comfort, and, strange as it may seem to you, it was often necessary for me to exert my will and compel myself to return to my fellow-beings.

Copied verbatim from the original journal in John J. Audubon's handwriting, 1892.



The Jerusalem Station.

THE JAFFA AND JERUSALEM RAILWAY.

By Selah Merrill.

IF ever an act seemed like sacrilege it is the introduction of a railroad into Palestine, with the sound of whistle and rushing train among the old and quiet hills of Judea. Everybody believes, however, that Providence is guiding the march of civilization, hence there can be nothing unholy in the fact that its advanced guard has reached the walls of ancient Jerusalem. We had already the post-office, the management of which has notably improved during the past ten years; we had also the telegraph; and while one should not expect too much of

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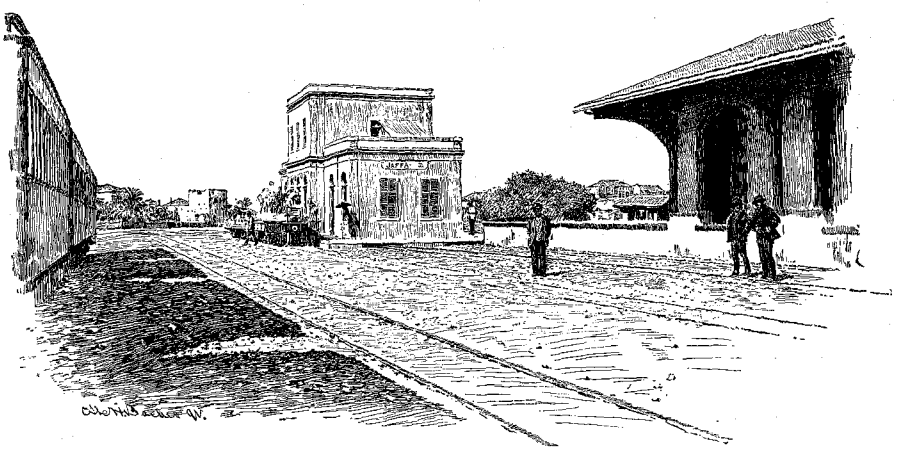
Oriental lightning, and must sometimes be satisfied if it makes a full hundred miles in forty-eight hours, still the natives, both high and low, are gradually waking up to the idea that it means promptness and rapidity—that it is a kind of annihilator of space. But it was reserved for the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and ninety-two to introduce here the railway, with all its strange and stirring life. The present is a kind of "Columbus year" for Palestine, and in commemoration of the opening of this road in the Holy Land, an extra flag might be displayed at the great Chicago Exposition.

During the month of August (1892), tens of thousands of people, for the first time in their lives, have seen a railroad and a train of cars. They have had a revelation, and in the great city as well as in the dirtiest village of the land, wonder is at its height. The excitement can hardly be realized by the inhabitants of other countries, to whom railroads perfected by the highest engineering skill and with lavish expense are objects as familiar and common as a daily newspaper. We forget that, not so very long ago, in our own country we had only bridle-paths and scarcely a yearly post, while railways and steamboats had not even been dreamed of. Let all the world rejoice if this mediæval country is experiencing a sensation which it can hardly comprehend.

The significance of this event is not that fifty-three miles of railway have been built, or that the capital and the seaport have been united by iron rails; it is that this has been done in Turkey, which has always, by all the prejudice and force of its religion, by all the arts of its diplomacy, and by every other means at its command, done all in its power to keep out Western civilization. It is, therefore, a well-aimed spear-thrust in the side of this old despotic, backward-looking government, and may foretoken for it either the dawn of health or the shadows of inevitable death.

But no one can make use of this railroad until he gets into the country, and the process of landing at Jaffa is the same old bugbear that it was before the railroad was built. This process, however, in the large majority of instances, is not at all formidable, but the remaining instances are no doubt rather trying to sensitive nerves. The fact is that Jaffa has no harbor; there is a bit of water protected by a reef of rocks where small boats can be sheltered if they succeed in shooting themselves into it before a storm overtakes them; but steamers and large craft have to stand out to sea for safety. There is evidence that, on the north side of the present town,



The Station at Jaffa, showing also a Part of the Freight Depot.

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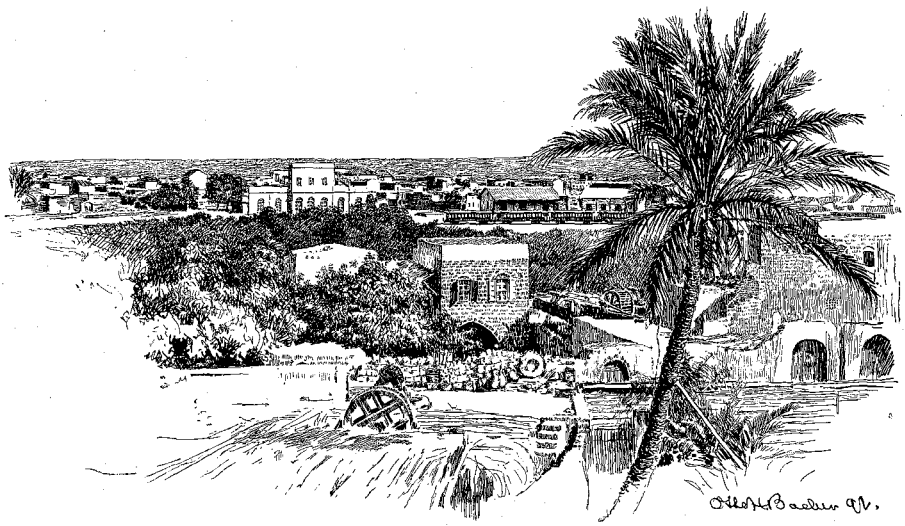
there was, in ancient times, a sort of harbor, small but safe, which is now silted up and covered with orange gardens.



View of the Station at Jaffa from Window of the Jerusalem Hotel.

Outlines of Mediterranean in the distance. The great wheels are over wells from which water is drawn for watering orange gardens.

The great public work most pressingly demanded at the present time is the construction of a breakwater of dimensions sufficiently ample for the protection of shipping of all kinds. The railroad during the slack season of the year—say during the entire summer, from May till October—might employ their forces in carting down one of the mountains of Judea, saying: "Be thou cast into the sea," and thus form an effectual barrier against the mad waves of the winter storms. Since any number of laborers can be obtained for twenty to thirty cents a day, furnishing their own food at that, the cost of such an undertaking ought not to be so great as to prevent its being done.

Delicate women and dignified clergymen who have been tossed from the steamer's ladder into the great bare arms of a stalwart Arab boatman standing in a boat below, while steamer and boat and sea were dancing like captive rubber balls in a gale of wind, think nothing could exceed the discomfort which they experienced; how, then, would they estimate the task of the railroad company, who had to get from ship to shore, in spite of rough seas, all the rails, ties, iron bridges, cars, engines, colossal water-tanks, and everything else that was required in the construction and equipment of the road? The task, however, after much serious risk to life, many mishaps, and some discouraging and costly accidents, was accomplished; but the difficulties overcome only emphasize the great need which Jaffa has of a suitable harbor and landing-place.

The reef just referred to, with its bit of sheltered water, is directly in front of the middle of the town, and the town itself is defended from the sea by a high wall from the top of which the houses begin. Travellers are hoisted up here, but all the materials for the railroad must be got ashore elsewhere. From a safe point on the north side of the town the company built a temporary track of rocks and timber, shored up in the strongest possible manner, so that it might not be swept away by the waves, which ran along in the shallow water

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under the wall of the town till it reached a certain point in the reef of rocks beyond which the water was deep. Hither from the steamers was brought, on strong lighters, the material for the road, and all seemed to be working well; but one night a terrible storm, such as Josephus relates was long ago named by the Jaffa mariners "The Black Norther" ("Wars," iii., 9,3), ruined a large part of this structure; as nothing was to be done but to try again, at great cost of time and money it was rebuilt, and finally served the purpose desired. Certain things, as, for instance, the boilers of the engines, were dumped into the sea, and, like great captive monsters, were easily towed to land. Everything that could be constructed thus was made in sections, and engineering skill contrived to handle these so that at last the materials were all landed without serious injury.

Jaffa rises from the sea not in rugged outline, but round as a Roman arch, and is girded with a vast belt of green, made up of gardens, orange-groves, palm-trees, wells and water-courses, and white cottages just visible beneath luxuriant shade; and looked at from either sea or land, it well deserves its ancient Hebrew name of "beautiful." Without patient human industry, however, all this would retrograde so that it would soon be described as "a little barren hill in the midst of a sandy waste."

The town is Mohammedan. It possesses also a considerable population of Jews, but it is to the large Christian element that its present prosperity is chiefly due. It can boast of excellent hotels, hospitals, and schools. It has an unfailing vegetable market in Port Said, where great Indian ships are constantly passing to and fro. Of its enormous orange crop, forty millions to sixty millions are sent every year to Egypt, Europe, and London—enough to make thrice glad the children in half of the cities of the American Union. It sends abroad annually from four hundred thousand to six hundred thousand dollars' worth of native soap, making one wish that the people of the country would afford to use a little more and sell a little less; while its exportations of wheat, barley, maize, olive-oil, wine, and other commodities, together with its imports, make its commerce mount up into respectable millions.

Both north and south of Jaffa the coast is one continuous sand-bank, broken as points into low hills, running parallel to and a short distance back of the water limit. Through this bank the road must go, and a vast quantity of sand had to be removed before a proper roadway was secured. Passing for a mile or a mile and a half through these gigantic walls of sand, along the line of the road, we suddenly look out on to gardens and cultivated fields, beyond which a broad plain stretches, apparently without limit, toward the blue and far-distant hills. That is the Plain of Sharon, rich as the heart of man could wish, and justly famous in the Sacred Books; and when, even now in spring-time, this great plain spreads out its flower-covered acres beneath the loveliest sky, the beholder forgets, for the moment, that he is in a land of ruins and desolation.

It is interesting to note that the different plans for the construction of a railroad between Jaffa and Jerusalem extend back over nearly forty years, although they did not take definite shape until about the year 1860 to 1863. The wild country between Jerusalem and the Plain of Sharon was not then known as it is at present, and the difficulties in the way of selecting the best route can hardly be appreciated. There was then only a camel path, or rather several of them, between the two places, none of which seemed suitable for the line of the proposed railroad. Some advocated what may be called the middle route, not essentially different from the present carriage road; others thought a more southern route the best; while the majority considered the northern route the only feasible one. This was the line of the old Roman road from Jerusalem to Cæsarea; it passed close by Mizpeh, the home of the prophet Samuel; it crossed the great battle-field where Joshua routed the army of the Five Kings (Joshua x.); it went down the mountain by the Pass of Beth Horon, where, in A.D. 66, the Twelfth Legion, under Cestius, was cut to pieces by the

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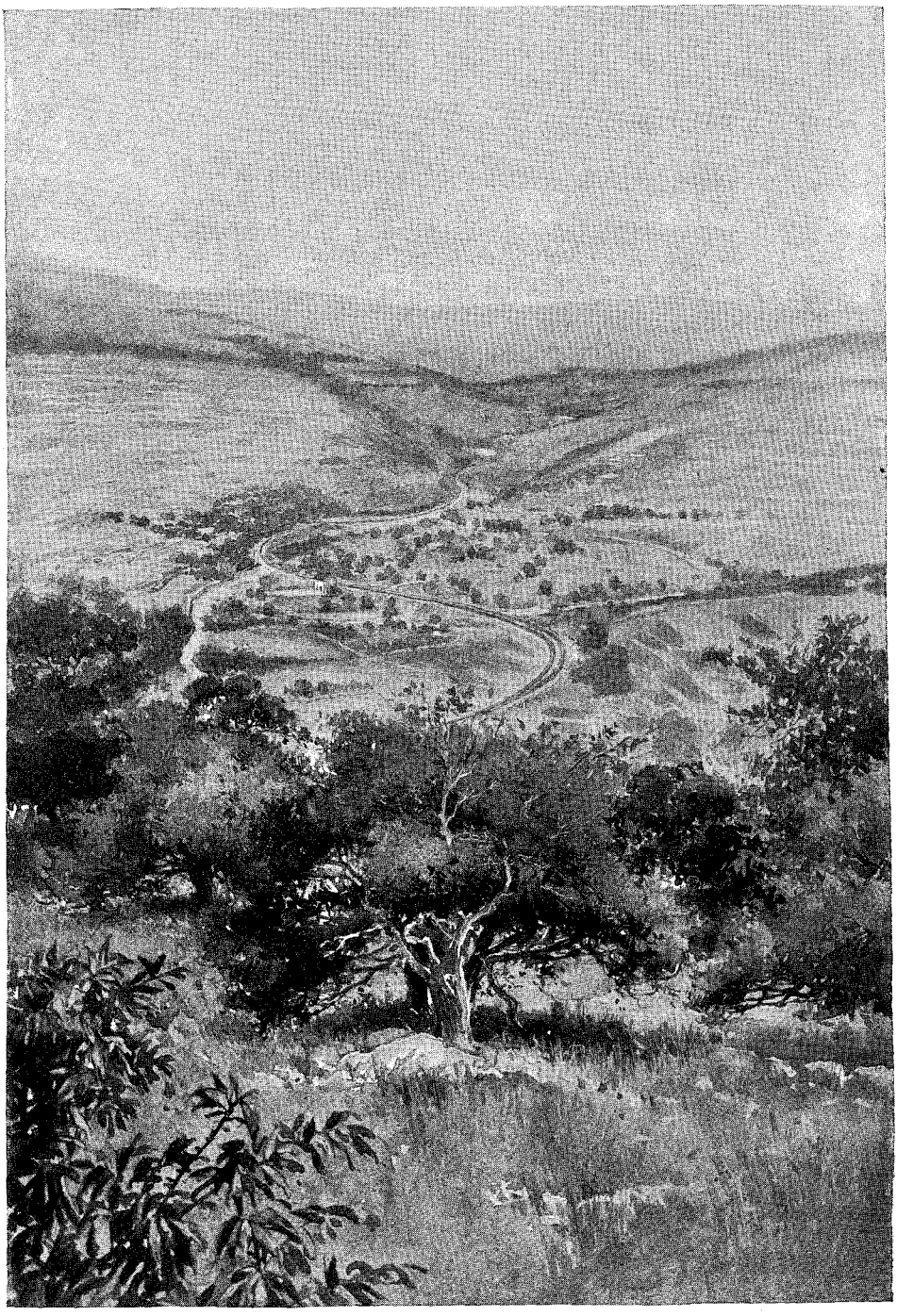

DRAWN BY V. PÉRARD.

View *from* Bittir *looking* North up the Valley of Roses toward Jerusalem, showing the Bittir Station.

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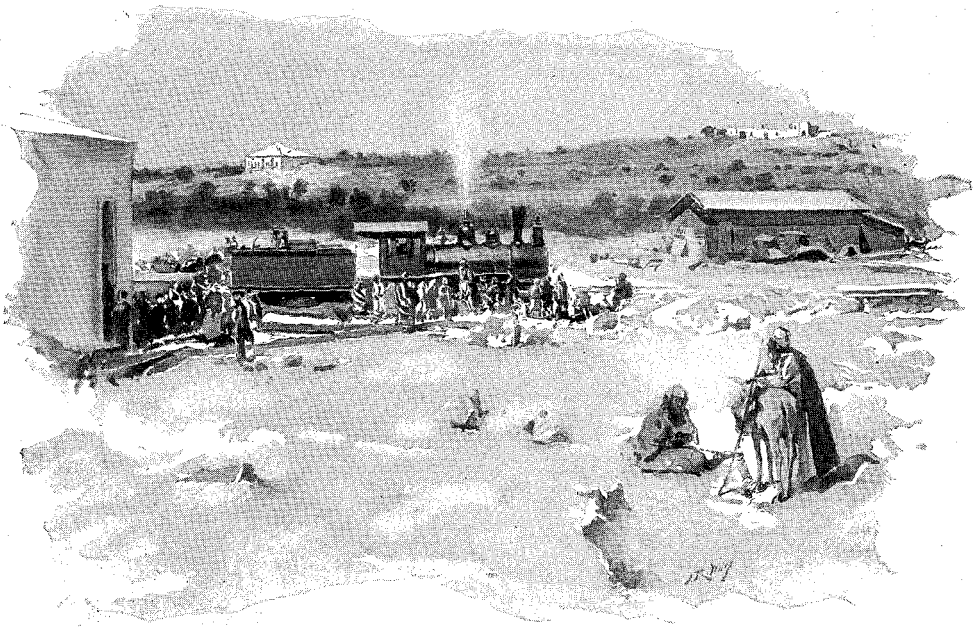
infuriated Jews; it touched Lydda, where "saints" then "dwelt" (Acts ix. 32), a class that has long since disappeared from the country; and it was the road by which Paul went as a prisoner with an escort of four hundred infantry and seventy cavalry—in such state, in fact, that one might justly call it his last triumphal march away from the Holy City (Acts xxvii.). It was proposed to cross the plain in an easterly direction from Jaffa, climb the foot-hills till the pass just mentioned was reached, and thence approach Jerusalem from the north. This route had historic interest and sentiment in its favor, and it was more than once carefully surveyed. French engineers were in the country in 1874–1875, with special reference to marking out the railway line along this route, and the scheme appeared then so certain that individuals began to think of investments along that line in anticipation of the road being built.



At the Jerusalem Station.

Arrival of the first through train from Jaffa on Saturday, August 27, 1892, at 10 A.M.

What is now about to be related is a fragment of hitherto unwritten history, in which Americans should take not merely a curious interest, but a bit of honest pride.

There was a man here named Charles F. Zimpel, a Prussian by birth but a naturalized American citizen, who, in 1860 to 1863, surveyed the different routes carefully, and decided to lay down the line of the proposed road along what has before been mentioned as the southern route. Mr. Zimpel was a man of excellent education, and of very versatile talents. In early life he had received a thorough military training. He was regularly graduated as a Doctor of medicine and also of philosophy. He had a special liking for pharmaceutical studies, took a practical interest in railroad engineering, and had withal a passionate love for the Holy Land. He was never married, he travelled extensively, and the year 1852 found him in Palestine examining with enthusiasm its many places of interest. In 1853 he published a book entitled "Neue öertliche topographische Beleuchtung der heiligen Weltstadt Jerusalem." The next seven or eight years he spent in the United States, devoting himself exclusively to the work of surveying and constructing railroads. He came thence to Jerusalem, having accumulated con-

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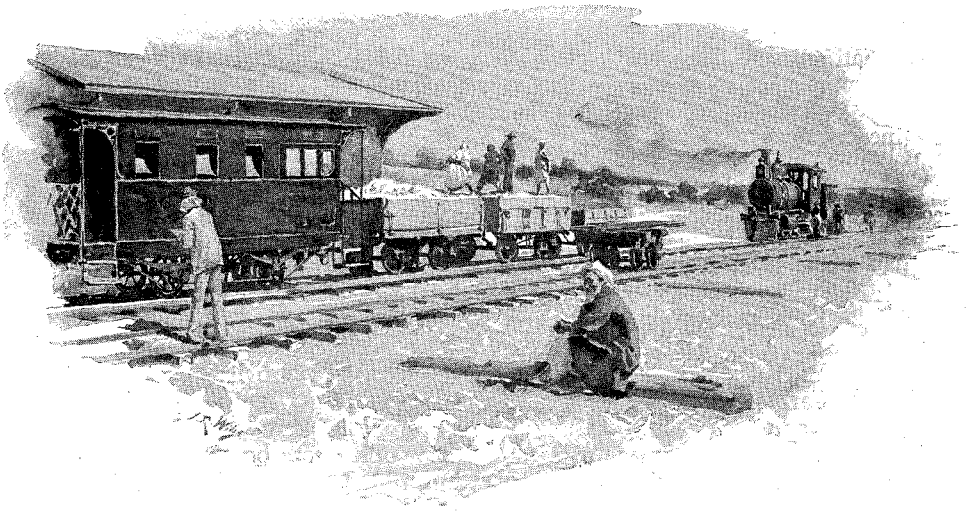
siderable means, and surveyed and mapped out the railroad as has been described. He spent a year in Constantinople trying to obtain a "concession" for building the road, but without success. He returned to Jerusalem and to the practice of medicine, chiefly to the compounding of medicines. About this time it was noticed that he had become somewhat eccentric, and as an "experimenting pharmacist" he discovered some wonderful remedies which he called Sunlight Pills, and Jerusalem Life Extract, in which he himself had great faith. He had also much to say about the "hundred and forty and four thousand" of St. John's Revelation, and his hope of being worthy to be numbered among them. Not long after he went to Italy, and died at San Remo. Dr. Zimpel (simple, as most people thought him at last) was at rest, and his railroad scheme was practically forgotten.

Thirty years after this Sunlight-Pill man had been in a land made one of perpetual sunshine and song by the presence of the Master whom he loved, other men entered into his labors. Within thirty months past, men backed by French capitalists have come to Palestine and, rejecting the northern and middle routes, have actually built a railroad following minutely Dr. Zimpel's plan. The only variations are at two points, one near Jaffa and the other near Ramleh, both on the flat land, where the change was simply a matter of convenience. Dr. Zimpel's survey made the road eighty kilometres in length, while the road as built is eighty-six and one-half kilometres. The significance of having chosen the best route may be emphasized in the reader's mind when it is stated that two-thirds of this road is on the plain and one-third in the mountains, which must be climbed in order to reach Jerusalem, two thousand five hundred feet above the level of the sea.

What has been said is but a brief and imperfect tribute to the memory of this well-nigh forgotten man, and if full honor were to be done to one to whom, as in this case, honor is so justly due, stronger and much more fitting words should have been chosen.

Without its entering at all into the projectors' or the builders' plans, the construction of this road has had a kind of international character. A French company with French capital has built the road on Turkish soil. Turkey also gave the concession, has a commissioner to see that its terms are carried out, and has the honor of having the company bear its name, Imperial Ottoman, etc.



Train Preparing to Leave the Jerusalem Station at 3 P.M., August 27, 1892, the Day of its First Arrival.

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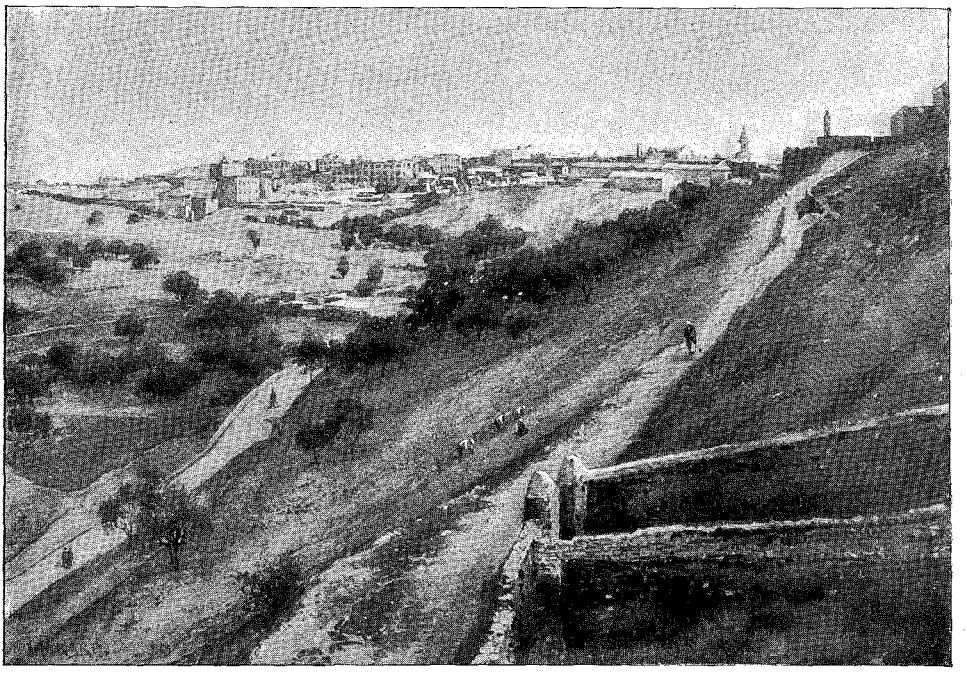

View of Jerusalem Coming from the Station through the Valley of Hinnom along the Carriage Road under the West Side of Mount Zion.

Besides the money, the ties, the cars, and half the rails came from France. She also furnished surveyors, engineers, laborers, and cooks. Belgium furnished half the rails and half the coal. The other half of the coal came from Cardiff, which appears to have been England's share. Poland furnished at least one engineer. Switzerland furnished several engineers, very skilful men, and the engineer-in-chief of the planning and construction of the road was Gerold Eberhard, a Swiss gentleman who has had eight years' practical experience with railroading in Panama. Switzerland has likewise had a worthy representative in Mr. John Frutiger, a gentleman from Basel, long a prominent banker in Jerusalem, and noted for his benevolent spirit — now unfortunately laid aside from active duties by an incurable disease—who in the early stages of the history of this road did more than any other individual, both by his means and by his influence, to secure from the Turks the concession or permission to build — a favor which that government was exceedingly unwilling to grant. Italy furnished engineers and laborers; Austria likewise furnished both. Laborers were furnished by Egypt, the Soudan, and Algiers; little Greece furnished cooks. And if the United States must share with Germany the man who first surveyed and mapped out the road and afterward made Sunlight Pills, America is ahead of the Fatherland, in the fact that the engines thus far purchased by the company for the road were all made by the Baldwin Locomotive Works, in Philadelphia. Poor Palestine must not be omitted from the list, although she belongs to Turkey; she sacrificed some of her beautiful orange-groves and vineyards, and many of her ancient olive-trees; she furnished provisions for men and animals; hers were the beasts of burden for all heavy work; and many of her people, from both plain and mountain, toiled during the storms of winter and the severe heat of summer, cutting down hills and filling valleys, to prepare this new highway of the nations.

The company experimented with different classes of laborers, and nearly all had one fault, namely, that of laziness. The Arabs on the plain could handle

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readily its alluvial soil, which was free of stones, but in the rocky hills they were worthless. Several hundred Italians were imported, a kind of picked-up job-lot, and only about one hundred of them proved to be serviceable workmen. The Algerines and Egyptians, especially those that were accustomed to work on the Suez Canal, were more efficient than the natives of Palestine. But when the plain was crossed and the real struggle with nature was begun in the hills of Judea, none of these workmen were equal to the task before them. Men were needed who were accustomed—as their fathers before them had for generations been accustomed—to work in stone, and some of the mountain villages furnished just this class. The stone-masons of Bethlehem and of the neighboring town of Beit Jala, slowly but successfully cut a path for the iron rails through mountains of rock.

Barracks were provided where the workmen could sleep, but they furnished their own food. Twice a week doctors visited the various camps to render any medical service that might be needed; but on the flat land between Ramleh and the mountains a considerable number of men died.

When the chief engineer was asked if the laborers ever had a holiday, he smiled and said that they took the law into their own hands; for the next day after pay-day a majority of the men were never seen on the road.

The wages of these workmen were not such as to tempt laborers in prosperous America, for the Arabs on the plain received thirty to thirty-five cents a day, the Egyptians and others received forty to fifty cents a day, and the men who could work in stone received seventy cents to one dollar a day.

But steam is up and the bell rings, and we must "take the cars for Jerusalem." How strange the words sound. They call the cars "American" because they open at each end, but they are divided into compartments, and this, together with the arrangement of seats, makes them quite unlike our cars. On our way we shall cross the track of armies, we shall touch great battle-fields, we shall pass places of wonderful historic interest, we shall see beautiful Sharon and beyond it a wilderness of picturesque hills, and if all goes well we shall arrive at "The City of David."

Between Jaffa and Jerusalem, exclusive of these, there are five stations. That at Jaffa is a neat structure, and together with the freight depot, the engine house, the great water-tanks, and the tracks with cars and engines standing upon them, presents a scene unfamiliar to Eastern eyes. On the plain we pass close to Beit Dejan, a name which takes us back to the days of the Philistines. Here and there villages appear in the landscape, some of them situated on eminences and others hugging the ground so closely that the eye needs a little practice to distinguish them readily.

Twelve miles from Jaffa we reach our first stopping-place, Ludd, the Lod of the Hebrews and the Lydda of Roman and Christian times, and which at a later period bore the name of Diospolis. Its tall palms are an attractive feature of the modern town. Just before reaching the place, we notice on our left a magnificent tree which has a singular history, hitherto unwritten, connected with Napoleon and his Syrian campaign of 1799.

When all Europe trembled at this name it is no wonder that the simple people of Syria and Palestine regarded his arrival as their Doomsday, and both mountaineers and dwellers in the plain were filled with terror. Old people still remember hearing their fathers tell of the startling rumors that swept over the land when the Great Conqueror actually stood on the sands at Jaffa. As the news of deeds then and there enacted reached their ears, the hearts of ruler and peasant alike were filled with the gloomiest forebodings. Their fate was sealed, and it was only a question of time before it would be decided, they thought, who or what would survive the invasion of this hostile and victorious army.

After Jaffa, on the direct road to Jerusalem, the next important town was Lydda, rich in soil and gardens, interesting in historical traditions, and rejoicing in material prosperity; and it was supposed to be inevitable that this would be the first point to suffer from the invading foe. The village is situated in the midst of a great plain, and

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has always been noted for its olive-groves. Far beyond the limit of the town, and likewise in 1799 of the olive-groves themselves, although the groves have at present reached and gone beyond this limit, there stood a tree which to the people of Lydda and of all that region is a tree of fame. The tree, sacredly guarded from harm, stands, as we saw from the cars, with gracefully rounded top, its branches spreading eighty feet and at their extremities reaching nearly to the ground, its thick foliage affording a delightful shade from the sun, or shelter even from the rain, sound and flourishing as though it were yet in the vigor of its early life, a conspicuous object to one passing on the main road from Lydda to Jaffa, and only a few hundred yards from the new railroad. This is the tree known to everybody as Tul-wa-ir-ja' a, pronounced Tul-wir-ja' a.

The tree is a thorn-apple called by the natives in different parts of the country Sidr, Dom, or Nubk, which grows near Jericho and elsewhere to an enormous size. Everyone of its thorns is double, one part to stab and one part to hook with, and woe to one's clothing if it accidentally comes in contact with these savage boughs. The natives manage, with long iron hooks, to cut off the twigs and branches which they pile into fences around their gardens or houses, and against men or animals nothing could form a more effective barrier.

The Arabic name just given by which this tree is known, is not easily translated into English, that is, so that it will sound poetical and pretty; but literally it means "Look and Come back," or "Look and Return." From this tree the vast plain for many miles toward Jaffa was open, so that one could see at a great distance any large object like an approaching body of men, and every hour messengers were sent out from the town to this tree to see if Napoleon and his army were approaching, and to return and report, so that from earliest dawn to latest twilight there was a constant succession of watchmen coming in to assure the inhabitants—it so happened, for Napoleon did not penetrate the country toward Jerusalem—that the dreaded man was not in sight. Look and Return, or Look and Come Back is, in a land full of dead monuments, a beautiful and living monument of remote but once thrilling events.

About Lydda and the next station, Ramleh, two miles distant, there are at least twelve square miles covered with olive-groves. At intervals during this short ride we get glimpses between the trees of the town of Ramleh and its conspicuous tower, that of the Forty Martyrs, a name justified by both Christian and Mohammedan tradition. From its lofty windows both Crusading and Moslem conquerors have looked out over the broad plain, anxiously scanning the horizon on all sides for an approaching foe. The word Ramleh means *sand*, "The Sandy," but since human industry has made the region fertile this feature is no longer apparent. It strikes an American as a little singular that the railway station at this place should be close to the graveyard—suggesting unfortunate emergencies which sometimes arise in railroading experience.

Still across the rich prairie-like country, we come after ten miles to Es Sejed, a place of no special interest, except that here is a spring and the engine is supplied with water. This question of water is after all one of vital importance, and was one of the serious difficulties to be considered and overcome in the construction of the road. At Jaffa there is a well, another at Ramleh, but after this spring at Es Sejed there is no water till Bittir is reached. From Bittir, water is brought to the station at Jerusalem, eight miles distant, and stored in great tanks, as there is no natural supply at the Jerusalem end of the route.

In a country dotted with places of historic interest it would be idle to attempt to indicate them all; but Gezer may be pointed out, once a royal Canaanitish city and the scene of many battles; likewise the forever memorable valley of Ajalon; the great hills which guard the Pass of Beth Horon; Latrun, once a stronghold and somehow connected with robbers; and hidden just behind Latrun are Beit Nuba, where Richard the Lion-hearted camped with his army in A.D. 1192, and Amwas, the Emaus of Josephus, where the Fifth Legion was stationed till, at the command

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of Titus, it moved up through the mountains to join his other forces in the siege of Jerusalem.

Seven miles farther brings us to a station called Deir Aban. We are now near the mountains, but the valley is still broad and rich, and the thirty-one miles of plain between this point and Jaffa suggest what the country under a better government might become. Here crossed the Roman road leading between Nicopolis or Amwas and Eleutheropolis, now Beit Jibrin. The region is rich in biblical interest. We are in the country of Samson, and probably near the place both of his birth and of his burial; and in a land where there are twenty foxes to one jackal, and where hundreds of them are caught every year, we may be allowed to suppose, contrary to the opinion of "learned commentators," that the former, and not the latter, were the instruments of his vengeance upon the Philistines.

A few minutes beyond Deir Aban we find our vision suddenly impeded in every direction by bold and rugged mountains. The ride of fourteen miles to the next station, Bittir, is through wild and romantic scenery, of which even Switzerland might be proud. The gorges, the cliffs, the peaks rising skyward, the masses of broken rock, the deep cuttings for the road-bed, the bridges, the few clusters of olive-trees deep in the valley or clinging to a little earth far up on the mountain side, make a picture in which there is an endless charm. In the Alps there is in winter an abundance of ice which helps to disintegrate the rocks, and which forms streamlets of beauty; in the waterless Judean hills the rocks look old and time-worn, barren and dry. In the Alps the patches of earth in valley or on mountain side are made fruitful and attractive by untiring and skilful industry; in the Judean hills neglect is everywhere apparent and the result is desolation. Were the same kind of skill and persistent energy spent here every year that is spent in the Alps, this aspect of desolation would in a large measure be removed. At the same time, unassisted nature does all in her power to remedy these defects, and those travellers who are so fortunate as to see Palestine in the spring may think the description just given to be overdrawn.

At Bittir the mountains recede or bend round in such a way as to form a vast natural amphitheatre in the middle of which the town is situated. Below the village are large vegetable gardens for supplying the Jerusalem market—gardens most attractive to the eye in this worn-out land. The view down the gorge to the west and up the valley for miles to the north, its superb air, and the fact that its fountain affords an unfailing water-supply, mark this as the place for a summer hotel—the delightful retreat of Jerusalemites from their city's stifling and dusty atmosphere. Rising far above the town is a long oval ridge covered with ancient ruins, admirable as a place for defence, and called the Ruin of the Jews. It is the traditional site of the city and stronghold Bethar, where, in the second revolt against Rome, A.D. 132–136, Bar Cochab and his brave followers made a memorable resistance against the Roman troops, but at last were compelled to yield, the famous Hebrew patriot himself perishing in the final slaughter.

Eight miles farther still, through picturesque scenery, and we shall be at our journey's end. When we entered the mountains near Deir Aban, we were in the great Wady Es Surar, which toward the sea is called Nahr Rubin, and northwest of Jerusalem Wady Hannina. It is not uncommon for a valley to be called by different names in the different sections of its course. A little more than half-way to Bittir we turned into Wady Es Sikkeh, although it appears to be a continuation of Wady Es Surar, and from Bittir to Jerusalem, Es Sikkeh is called Wady El Werd—the Valley of Roses—on account of the great quantity of roses that are raised there. In this valley, within a distance of four miles, there are three copious springs of the freshest, sweetest water that the country affords. What a pity that it cannot be brought to Jerusalem, since it could be done at a moderate expense.

The last two miles of the road before it reaches Jerusalem cross the Plain of Rephaim, or Valley of Rephaim, which means the Valley of Giants. On the west side of this plain, and close to

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the railroad, are some colossal heaps of stone, known as The Seven Ruins—Es Seba Rujum. No one knows who placed them there, and the imagination gives them an exaggerated importance. The practical explanation of their existence is in the tradition that the Plain of Rephaim was once covered with gardens, of which there is now no possible trace, and that these stones were gathered from the soil, that its cultivation might be the more complete and perfect. These hills the railroad company have purchased, laid a track to them, and are using the small stones of which they are entirely composed to bed down their main track. How accommodating the old inhabitants were to place these millions of cubic feet of stones just where they would be most convenient for use in these modern times. The Valley of Roses has now broadened out and joined the Valley of Giants—the one suggestive of ancient heroes and contending armies, and the other of fragrance, beauty, and peace. Conquerors have come up this way to Jerusalem, and on this very ground King David more than once beat back the Philistine invaders. A new conqueror is now at the gates of the city, not to destroy life, but as the servant of man.

We are now at the Jerusalem station, which is 2,480 feet above the level of the station at Jaffa, and we have made the journey in three hours and a half. Two years and a half have been occupied in building the road, and the cost of it was not far from $2,000,000. Four dollars will buy a round-trip ticket, first-class, good for two days, from Jerusalem to Jaffa. On Sunday, August 21st, an engine came within a few hundred yards of the Jerusalem station, but the track to it had not then been laid, and it was not until Saturday, August 27th, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, that the first through train from Jaffa, with engine and passenger cars, actually arrived at the station. This is stated as official information, partly for the reason that some persons like to be exact in such matters, and partly because the report has, either through oversight or carelessness, been widely circulated that the first train arrived at Jerusalem on Sunday, August 21st, which is not historically correct. The formal opening of the road to the public was on Monday, September 26th, when a dinner was given by the company, through its President, Monsieur Collas, who, with several distinguished engineers, had come from Paris for the occasion, to one hundred and fifty invited guests, at which the after-dinner speech-making was, to an American, a notable failure, chiefly because it was done by Turkish officials, who appear to have no skill in that line. The Sultan was praised several times during the evening, a thing which, to those who knew with what difficulty the concession to build the road had been wrung from him, seemed somewhat out of place.

Objection was made by the local government to the station being located on the site first asked for by the company, quite near the city; hence the present site was chosen, about one mile from the town. This is close to the German colony, and the land, a little less than nine acres, the property of the Greek Convent, cost $25,000; a fact which shows that Jerusalem, notwithstanding its great poverty, has land on which a high value is set, especially when a railroad company is the purchaser. This colony, with its gardens, vines, and tall cypress-trees, its pretty cottages with tile roofs, its church and commodious school-house, all indicating good taste, enterprise, and thrift, presents a striking contrast to the neglected and untidy appearance of all the Jewish colonies that have been planted in Palestine. From the station we take a carriage for the city, of the newer portion of which we have all the way a good view, and, passing the valley of Hinnom, reach, in a few moments, the Jaffa Gate, just inside of which is the Grand New Hotel, admirably managed, spacious and richly furnished, where a majority of the visitors to the Holy Land find a most comfortable home during their temporary stay.

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THE ONE I KNEW THE BEST OF ALL.

A MEMORY OF THE MIND OF A CHILD.

By Frances Hodgson Burnett.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE PARTY.

THE Christmas holidays were a time of great festivity, and they began with the "Breaking-up." The "Breaking-up" was a magnificent function, and was the opening and event of the season.

"We're going to break up in two weeks," little girls of different schools said to each other; "when are *you* going to break up?"

The Breaking-up was the delightful ending of the school days, and the rapturous beginning of the holidays, and it was properly celebrated by a party given by the ladies who were the proprietresses of the school.

It was a glorious social event, looked forward to through all the year, but it was not entirely given up to the frivolous caperings of emancipated youth. It had, indeed, a utilitarian significance and importance in the minds of the hostesses. It was, in fact, not all cakes and ale, though cakes were plentiful and ale—in the form of negus and lemonade—flowed freely.

Not only the "young ladies and gentlemen" of the scholastic establishment were invited, but their Mammas and Papas, and it was the Mammas and Papas who were the serious feature of the entertainment. The Papas did not always appear, but no Mamma was ever absent unless subdued by mortal illness. Nothing less would have kept one away. Papas were deterred by much less serious reasons.

Only an ex-pupil, chastened by the seriousness of years, could possibly describe the splendor of the scene. Until thus chastened, his adjectives would get the better of him.

Something magic was done to the entire establishment, which gave it a beautiful, awe-inspiring air of not being the same house, and of having nothing whatever to do with lessons; in fact, with anything at all but approaching holidays. Carpets were taken up, furniture was moved from one place to another, or whisked out of sight when it was in the way. Holly was hung and wreathed about pictures, there were pink and white paper roses, and from the centre of the ceiling of the transformed drawing-room there hung candidly a fine piece of mistletoe. Round this room, against the wall, sat the Mammas and such stray Papas as had been overcome by a sense of paternal duty or by domestic discipline. The Mammas were always attired in their most imposing frocks. They were frocks about which there was nothing frivolous—black, or gray, or purple, or brown silks or satins; and if they wore caps — which they usually did — their caps were splendid. My impression is that the English mamma of that day dressed at twenty as she did at fifty, and that gayety and youth expressed themselves merely in caps, which ventured on white lace, and pink or blue

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ribbon, instead of black lace and purple or dark red. All Mammas appeared the same age to the Small Person, and were alike regarded with the reverence due to declining years. They formed an imposing phalanx at the "Breaking-up."

"What are you going to wear at the Party?" every little girl asked every other little girl some time during the weeks before the festal occasion.

What one wore was an exceedingly brief white, or pink, or blue, or mauve frock, exceedingly beautiful stockings, exceedingly new slippers, and an exceedingly splendid sash — and one's hair was "done" in the most magnificent way. Some had crimps, some had curls, some had ribbons, some had round combs. The Small Person had rows and rows of curls, and a round comb to keep them out of her eyes.

The little boys had Eton jackets, broad and spotless collars, and beautiful blue and red bows for neckties. It was also the fashionable thing for the straight-haired ones to be resplendently curled by the hairdresser, which gave a finishing touch to their impressively shining and gala air.

The pink and blue and white frocks and sashes only added to the elated delight of the little girls, I am sure. They enjoyed their slippers and tiny white kid gloves (they had only one button then), and were excited by their little lockets and necklaces, but I do not think the boys enjoyed their collars and new jackets, or ever forgot that their hair had been curled, until they reached the supper-room and were handed oranges and tipsy-cake.

But these exhilarations were not reached until the serious business of the evening was over. It was very serious to the Small Person. She disliked it definitely, and never felt that the "Breaking-up" had begun until her share of it was over. To walk into the middle of the room, to make one's most finished little courtesy, and then, standing, surrounded by a circle of Mammas in their best caps, to "say a piece of poetry," was not an agreeable thing. I do not think her performance ever distinguished itself by any special dramatic intelligence. I know she was always devoutly glad when it was over and she could make the final courtesy and hastily retire. She also felt the same sense of relief when she had struck the last chord of the show "piece" she was expected to play upon the piano, and reached the last note of her exhibition song. When one reflects that each music pupil was called upon for a like performance, and that numberless careful recitations were given, it is, perhaps, not unnatural that Papas were not plentiful. But not a Mamma flinched.

But after all this was over the Christmas Holidays had begun. The short frocks and sashes danced quadrilles and round dances with the Eton jackets and spotless broad collars. There was a Christmas-tree in the school-room and upon and beneath it were such prizes as meritorious efforts had gained for accomplishments or good conduct. In the dining-room there were sandwiches and cake and oranges, and crackers with mottoes within expressive of deep and tender emotions. One jumped very much when they went off, and the daring exchanged mottoes with each other. Cowslip wine flowed freely, and there was negus with bits of lemon floating in it—in fact, one felt one's self absorbed in the whirling vortex of society, and wondered how grown-up people, to whom Parties were comparatively every-day affairs, could possibly walk calmly on the surface of the earth. The Breaking-up was a glittering—a brilliant thing.

And it was only the beginning.

All through the three weeks' holiday there were other entertainments almost as brilliant. They would have been quite as brilliant only that they were not the Breaking-up. Every little boy or girl, whose Mamma could indulge in such a luxury, gave a Christmas Party. They were all called Christmas Parties during these holidays. And through all these festivities the Small Person was conscious of a curious fatality which pursued her, and which is perhaps worth recording because it was a thing so human, though she did not in the least comprehend its significance.

Each time that a note arrived "hoping to have the pleasure" of her company—and that of her sisters and broth-

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ers—wild exhilaration reigned. Everybody began to be excited at once. A party seemed a thing it was impossible to wait patiently for. It got into one's head and one's body, and made one dance about instead of walking. I do not think this resulted from anticipation of the polkas and games or the negus and tipsy-cake, or was absolutely a consequence of the prospect of donning the white frock and sash and slippers — it was the Party that did it. Perhaps young birds who have just learned to fly, young ducks in their first plunge into a pond, young chanticleers who have discovered they can crow, may feel something of the same elation and delight. It was the Party!

And when such eventful evenings arrived what a scene the Nursery presented! How intoxicating the toilette was—from the bath to the snapping of the clasp of the necklace which was the final touch! How one danced about, and broke into involuntary outbursts of romps with one's sisters! How impossible it was to stand still while one's hair was curled, and how the poor nurse and governess reproached, reasoned, implored for decorum, and at intervals appealed to one's Mamma, who came in intending to restore order with a word, and entering amid the chaos of frocks and sashes and unbridled rapture, was overwhelmed by its innocent uncontrollableness, and said, without any real severity at all:

"Now, *children!* You really *must* be quiet and let yourselves be dressed! You will *never* be ready for the Party!"

The last awful possibility usually restored order for a few seconds, but it was impossible that it should last long. Nature was too much for one.

The picture of the Nursery on such occasions is one of those which remain to me. The bright fire, which danced itself, the numberless small garments scattered about, the Party frocks whose sacredness entitled them to places apart which seemed quite like Altars, the sashes lying on top of them, the three unrestrainable small persons darting about in various stages of undress, the nurse pursuing them with a view to securing buttons or putting on slippers, the mirror in which one saw reflected an excited, glorified Party face, with large, dancing eyes, and round cheeks which were no other shade than crimson or scarlet. These are the details.

But the clasp of the necklace snapped at last, the small white glove was buttoned, the small wrap enfolded one's splendor, and the minute after one was rolling through the streets, going to the Party.

And then one was standing upon the steps and the front door was opened, revealing a glittering scene within, where numberless muslin or tarlatan frocks and Eton jackets passed up and down the enchanted staircase, or hesitated shyly until some hospitable person took charge of their timidity.

To-day—even in the manufacturing towns in England—the entertainments given to youth are probably not of a nature as substantial as they were then. They were not matters of mere ices and fruits and salads then. By no means. The Small Person herself, who was the proprietor of a noble and well-rounded appetite, was frequently conscious of staggering a little under the civilities of hospitality. The sad, the tragic truth which is the sting of life—that one can have Enough, and that after it one wants no more — more than once touched her with a shade of gentle, though unconsciously significant, melancholy. She realized no occult illustration and thought it a mere matter of cakes.

First there was tea. One sat with all the Party at long tables. There were very buttery muffins and crumpets and Sally-lunns, and preserves and jellies and marmalade, and currant cake, and potted shrimps and potted beef, and thin bread-and-butter and toast, and tea and coffee, and biscuits, and one was asked to eat them all, whether one was capable of it or not.

"Have another piece of muffin, dear," the mamma of the occasion would say, with pressing bounteousness. "Oh, come, you *must*, love—just one piece—and some more strawberry jam; you have not made a good tea at all. Jane," to the parlor-maid, "muffins and strawberry jam for Miss Frances." And her voice was always so amiable, and it was

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so hard to persist in saying, "No, thank you, Mrs. Jones," with all the Party looking on, that one tried again until it could only have been through a special intervention of Providence that appalling consequences did not ensue. And then when that was over one went into the drawing-room, which was decorated with holly and mistletoe, and where the party frocks and the Eton jackets at first exhibited a tendency to fight shy of each other and collect in polite little groups until somebody grown up interfered and made them dance quadrilles or play "Hunt the Slipper" or "Old Soldier." After that they began to enjoy themselves. They were not precociously conventional young persons. His first awkwardness worn off, the Eton Jacket had no hesitation in crossing the floor to the particular White Frock seeming desirable to him.

"Will you dance this waltz with me?" he would say. Upon which the White Frock would either reply:

"Yes I will," or, "I've promised Jemmy Dawson," in which latter case the Eton Jacket cheerfully went and invited somebody else.

There were a great many polkas and schottisches. These, in fact, were rather the popular dances. They were considered better fun than quadrilles. The Party danced them until it became quite hot, and the Eton Jackets were constrained to apply handkerchiefs to their heated brows. To subdue this heat and sustain exhausted nature, trays of lemonade and negus and oranges and little cakes appeared, borne by servant-maids in Party caps with ribbons. It was not supposed that a Party could subsist on air—and supper would not be announced until nearly eleven. The oranges were cut in quarters and halves so that they might be easily managed, the negus was usually in a resplendent bowl with a ladle in it.

Then the dancing began again and there were more games and the festivities became more and more brilliant. The White Frocks whirled about with the Eton Jackets, they were candidly embraced under the mistletoe, the grown-up people looked on and commented upon them in undertones and sometimes laughed a great deal. Sometimes in dancing past a group one heard someone say, "Emmy dances very well," or "How pretty Marian is!" or "Very fine boy, Jack Leslie!" And if one were Emmy or Marian or Jack one blushed and tried to look as if one had not heard.

It was generally in the midst of this whirl of frocks and sashes, the gay strains of the dance-music, the chattering, laughing voices, that the Small Person found herself beset by that fatality which has been referred to. It was a curious thought which gave her a sense of restlessness she did not like.

She was very fond of dancing. She was an excitable Small Person, and the movement, the music, the rhythm of it all exalted her greatly. She was never tired and was much given to entering into agreements with other White Frocks and Eton Jackets to see which could outdance the other. It was an exciting thing to do. One danced until one's cheeks were scarlet and one's heart beat, but one never gave up until some one in authority interfered.

Having stopped—laughing and panting and standing with her hand against her little side as she watched the kaleidoscopic whirl, the music and voices and laughter filling her ears, she so often found she was asking herself a question, "Is *this* the Party?"

It seemed as if something in her insisted on realizing that the joy looked forward to with such excitement had absolutely materialized.

"Is this *really* the Party?" she would say mentally. And then, to convince herself, to make it real, "Yes, this is the *Party*. I am at the *Party*. I have my Party frock on—they are all dancing. This is the Party."

And yet as she stood and stared, and the gay sashes floated by, she was restlessly conscious of not being quite convinced and satisfied, and of something which was saying,

"Yes — we are all here. It looks real, but somehow it doesn't seem exactly as if it was the *Party*."

And one does it all one's life. Everybody dances, everybody hears the music, everybody some time wears a sash

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and a necklace and watches other White Frocks whirling by—but was there ever anyone who really went to the Party?

CHAPTER IX.

THE WEDDING.

A "GROWN-UP young lady" was a very wonderful being. She wore a long frock, sometimes with numbers of flounces, she went to church in a bonnet made of tulle and flowers, or velvet and little plumes, she had rings on and possessed a watch and chain. It was thrilling to contemplate her from afar. It seemed impossible that one could ever attain such dazzling eminence one's self. She went to Balls. No one knew what a Ball was, but it was supposed to be a specially magnificent and glorified kind of Party. At Balls grown-up gentlemen in dress suits, and with rare flowers in their buttonholes, danced with the young ladies who wore ethereal dresses, and perhaps wreaths, and who carried bouquets. These resplendent and regal beings talked to each other. One did not know what they talked about, but one was sure that their conversation was at once sparkling, polished, and intellectual beyond measure, something like grammar, geography, and arithmetic set with jewels of noble sentiment and brilliant repartee. Only the most careful application to the study of one's lessons, one's morals, and one's manners could fit one to presume to think that in coming ages one might aspire to mingle with such society.

The proprietresses of the school at which the Small Person spent her early educational years were young ladies. But no one in the school would have been irreverent enough to realize this. Representing as they did education, authority, information of the vastest, and experience of the most mature dignity, one could not connect the insignificance of youth with them. One of them was perhaps twenty-three, the other twenty-four or five, and though neither wore caps, and both wore ringlets, as the Mammas all seemed of equal age, so these two young ladies seemed to be of ripe years. One day, indeed, there was a grave discussion among the little girls as to what age these dignified persons had attained, and one of them heard it.

She was really a rounded, sparkling-eyed, rather Hebe-like little creature, with a profusion of wonderful black ringlets. It was the hour of ringlets.

"And how old do you *think* I am?" she inquired of one of her pupils.

She was looking at them from behind her table, with rather amused eyes, and suddenly the Small Person who was regarding her became subtly conscious of a feeling that it was possible that she *was* younger than the Mammas. "How old?" said the girl who had been asked. "Well—I should think—of course I don't know, but I should *think*—about forty."

It was interesting but seemed rather unnatural that their friends and companions seemed to be *real* young ladies. Was it possible that there were real young ladies whose recreation consisted in talking about Roman emperors, the boundaries of Europe, the date when Richard I. began to reign, Lindley Murray's impressions on the subject of personal pronouns and the result of the "coming over" of William the Conqueror? Could it be that when they took tea together they liked to be asked suddenly "Who was the first King of all England?" or "What is Macclesfield noted for?" or, "Where are the Oural Mountains?"

It seemed as if it would be more than human nature could endure to have such delicate questions as these pressed and dwelt upon, in combination with muffins and thin bread-and-butter, but what else *could* they talk about? Uneducated flippancies were impossible.

A faint suggestion of other possibilities was shadowed forth in the imaginative mind of the Small Person by her introduction one day to two pink silk dresses. They were shown to her by the little sister of the two teachers, and they were to be worn by these sedate persons to a Ball.

The ladies were the elder daughters of one of the *un*widowed gentlemen in reduced circumstances. He had be-

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gun life as presumable heir to an old estate and fortune. Fate had played him a curious trick which disinherited him, and ended in his living in the Square, and in his daughters keeping a "select seminary for young ladies and gentlemen." But they had relatives on whom Fate had not played tricks, and there were some young ladies in beautiful little bonnets, who were their cousins, and who came to see them, in a carriage, and were considered radiant.

"The carriage from Grantham Hall is standing before the Hatleigh's door," some child would announce to another. "Let us go and walk past. It is Miss Eliza who is in it, and you know she's the prettiest. She has a lavender silk frock on and a lace parasol."

There were legends of marvellous enjoyments at Grantham Hall. Perhaps they were all results of the imaginations of tender years, but they continually floated in the air. Perhaps the younger sisters were rather proud of the possession of cousins who went to Balls and had such bonnets.

But it is a fact without doubt that the two pink silk frocks were preparation for some gala event at Grantham.

The Best Friend was one of the younger sisters (their name was legion), and it was she who first imparted to the Small Person the thrilling confidence that Sister and Janey had each a beautiful pink silk frock to wear at the party at Grantham.

"They are both lying on the bed in the spare bedroom," said the Best Friend. "The party is to-night, and they are all ready to put on. I wish Sister would let me take you in to look at them."

The little lady who was supposed to be forty was always called "Sister." She was the eldest of a family of nine. On being appealed to she was sufficiently indulgent to give permission to the Best Friend to exhibit the festal glories.

So the Small Person was taken into the spare bedroom. It was no trivial incident. The two pink silk frocks lay upon the bed, the waiting wings of two brilliant butterflies, at the moment setting copies in a chrysalis state. They had numberless tiny flounces "pinked out" in lovely little scallops round the edge, they had short puffs for sleeves, and they had low bodices with berthas of tulle and tiny rosebuds around them.

The Small Person positively blushed with admiration and rapture. How *could* Sister, being attired in a thing like this, lift her dark eyes to the grown-up gentleman waltzing with her and say to him, with proper firmness:

"Fifteen from fifty-seven and how many remain?"

The Small Person felt it would be impossible, though she knew nothing whatever of the circumstances under which it was not impossible for a very bold grown-up gentleman to say:

"My charming Sister, my education has been neglected, but if you will give me the fifty-seven and permit me to take the fifteen away, I will endeavor to calculate."

It might easily have been Sister and Janey who were the principal features of the two marriages which were the first nuptial ceremonies appearing upon the stage of the Small Person's existence. But it was two of the cousins who were the brides—two of the young ladies from Grantham Hall.

Rumors of the approaching ceremonies being whispered in the schoolroom, the most thrilling interest was awakened. The prospect was more exciting than the Breaking-up itself. There was something at once festive and imposing about it. Opinions as to the nature of the ceremony were numerous and varied. No one had ever attended a wedding, and yet somehow nearly everyone could supply some detailed information.

Whispered conversation on the subject could not be wholly repressed, even by authority. From some mysterious reliable source it was ascertained that the principal features of the sacred contract were that the grown-up young lady wore a singularly resplendent and ethereal white frock, that she was wreathed with orange-blossoms and adorned with a white veil accompanied by a splendid bouquet and a grown-up gentleman.

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The grown-up gentleman was not dwelt upon particularly; one always asked of the bride, "Is she pretty?" but nobody ever inquired if he was pretty. He seemed immaterial, so to speak, and when not slurred over he seemed somehow to be regarded with some slight vague distrust.

Every pupil knew what the bride was going to be dressed in, what her veil was made of, what flowers were to compose her bouquet, but no interest whatever was felt in the possible costume of the grown-up gentleman.

The Small Person, while interested in him as a mystery, was conscious that he was regarded as a sort of necessary flaw in the occasion. The Story gave him interest to her. She had never seen him, but recollections of Ernest Maltravers, Quentin Durward, and the Master of Ravenswood gave him a nebulous form. The wedding was to be a double one, the two sisters being married at once, consequently there were two grown-up gentlemen involved, and it was rather soul-stirring to hear a vague rumor that one of them—who was very handsome, having dark eyes and a straight nose—was not smiled upon by the bride's papa, and that he had forced his way to the altar through serious parental opposition. He was not considered a sufficiently staid and well-to-do grown up gentleman. There were suggestions of the Master of Ravenswood in this.

"I wonder if they like each other very much?" this sentimental little Person rather timidly inquired.

But no one seemed to know anything beautiful and romantic about it, so she combined with his straight nose and dark eyes the misfortunes and attributes of all the heroes in the "Sécretaire," and found it thrilling that he was on the point of leading to the shrine the veil and the orange-blossoms, and thus being made happy forever after.

What a morning it was when the wedding took place. There were no lessons. The two young teachers were to be among the bridemaids. They were to wear veils and wreaths themselves, and several of the most decorous little girls were going to the church to look at them. They went in a body, attired in their best frocks and feeling quite light-headed with their exalted sense of anticipation.

The sun was shining brilliantly, everything was shining brilliantly one felt. The cabs and omnibuses seemed to rattle by with a gay, rather reckless air, the passers-by moved more briskly than usual, in fact there was in the atmosphere a suggestion that everybody and everything must be going to a wedding. Everybody of course must know about it and be interested, indeed there were evidences of interest in the fact that as people passed by they nearly always glanced at the open church door, and a few rather shabby persons having loitered about the entrance, their number continued adding to itself until they formed a waiting group.

The Small Person and her companions waited also. Nobody could have thought of going into the church until the carriages had arrived and they had seen everybody get out, not to mention the fact that being inexperienced they were timid and lacked the courage to take any bold steps. They stood very much in awe of an official in a sort of gown who was known as the "Parroter," and whose function it was to show people to pews on Sunday and look pained and annoyed when little boys sneezed too frequently or dropped things.

"Perhaps the Parroter wouldn't let us in," said someone. "Dare you ask him?"

But nobody dared do anything until the bridal party arrived. It seemed as if it would never come. The waiting in the street seemed to last hours and hours, and was filled with tumultuous agitations caused by false alarms that the carriages were coming.

"Here they are! Here they are!" somebody would cry. "I'm sure that's a carriage turning the corner down the street. Don't you see it?" And then everyone became elated and moved nervously for fear she had not a good place, and pulses quickened and hearts beat—and the carriage probably turned out to be a cab. They wandered up and down restlessly to make the time pass more quickly, and one or two bold spirits even went and peeped into the

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church, but retired precipitately at the approach of the "Parroter." The Small Person — after what appeared to her some sixteen hours of suspense and agitation—was pervaded by an awful secret fear that at the last moment Quentinravenswoodmaltravers had been forever tabooed by his bride's family and there would be no wedding at all.

But at last, at last the bells began to ring that loud, gay, hilarious wedding-chime, the bell-notes seeming to race and tumble over each other in their hurry to be joyful.

There was something curiously intoxicating about it. It was the Party over again — only more than the Party. The Small Person looked up at the bell-tower and the blue sky behind it. What exquisite blue sky! What soft little fleecy white clouds! What a beautiful day! "Happy is the bride that the sun shines on." Someone had said that, and the sun was shining! The carriages were there and the crowd about her was stirring with excited curiosity. But she saw only vaporous whiteness and flowers and dowager's rich colors, with blots of grown-up gentlemen. The sun was shining, the bells were chiming, the church was filling. Happy was the bride that the sun shone on. But all brides were happy! The sun always shone on them. What a strange, delightful, exalting event it was to be married!

She never knew how she was led or dragged or hustled into the church. Some other little girl more practical and executive than herself managed her. But presently she was there, ensconced in a high pew in the cathedral grayness. The church was a cathedral and impressed her deeply. She felt religious and wondered if she ought not to say her prayers. She was not calm enough to see detail—she was too emotional a Small Person, and this was the first time she had seen anyone married. The vaporous whiteness, the floating veils and flowers were grouped about the altar, the minister seemed to be taking the brides and the grown-up gentlemen to task at some length. He called them Dearly Beloved, but appeared to address rather severe warnings to them. The Small Person had a vague feeling that he was of the opinion that they would come to a bad end if not admonished in time. She hoped they would not—particularly Quentinravenswoodmaltravers, whose straight nose she had been too deeply moved to single out from the rest. For a moment or so she felt that it was so solemn to be married that it was almost conducive to low spirits. But she cheered up after the minister appeared to have relented and let them off and they moved away to the vestry. Then there was a stir among the spectators, which soon became a bustle, and she was led or dragged or hustled out into the sunshine and the renewed joyous clangor of the bells.

There was a great bustle outside. The crowd of lookers-on had increased, and a policeman was keeping it back, while the carriages stood in line and closed up one by one as the floating frocks and veils, and dowagers' velvets and satins, and blots of grown-up gentlemen filled them, and were driven away. The Small Person watched it all as in a dream. The bells raced and clamored, the sun shone brighter than ever. She was only a Small Person who had really nothing to do with these splendors and who no more contemplated the magnificent prospect of being married herself than she contemplated being crowned in Westminster Abbey. Such glories as these were only for grown-up people. But they were beautiful—beautiful!

The young ladies who had been married—in full panoply of white satin and wreaths and veils—were each handed into a carriage by the grown-up gentleman they belonged to, who got into the carriage also.

After they had all driven away, the bells had ceased their clamor, and the crowd dispersed, one sharp-eyed little person made a most interesting statement:

"I saw in as their carriage drove past," she announced, "and he had Miss Grantham's head on his shoulder."

"Which one was it?" inquired the Small Person. She was *sure* it was Quentinravenswoodmaltravers.

And inquiry proved that it was.

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CHAPTER X.

THE STRANGE THING.

It seems inevitable that each individual, in looking back to childhood and the school-room, should recall distinct memories of certain children who somehow stood out from among their fellows, made prominent or set apart a little by some beauty, strength, or cleverness, or some unattractiveness or disability. There is, perhaps, in every school-room, the girl or boy who is handsome, who has fine eyes or splendid hair, the one who learns lessons with amazing quickness, the one who is specially well-dressed and has an air of well-being, the one who is dull or common-looking, the one who *is* somehow commoner than anyone else, the one who has an easy, fearless manner, and is suspected of being the "favorite" of those in authority, the one, poor child, who is physically ugly and unpleasant, and cannot rise against the fate which has treated him so cruelly.

The Small Person knew each of these types. She was not consciously an aristocratic little Person, but she had an intense, silent dislike to, and impatience of, the "common" ones. She found them antipathetic to a degree which was trying, as one of them happened to be amusing and another really good-natured. She continually tried to adjust herself to them, but the "commonness" always interfered. It made the good-natured one ridiculous and the amusing one odious and unprincipled. Among the younger ones there was a little boy who impressed her without actually being interesting. He was not clever, he was not pretty, he was not engaging. He was an inoffensive little fellow, and set apart in her imagination by a mysterious unfortunateness. As I look back I think it possible that he was really a shy and gentle little fellow, on whom one's maturity might look with great tenderness. The Small Person felt a vague kindliness for him, though she was not at all intimate with him.

"He is very delicate," people said of him, and she could not but regard him with a sort of curiousness. She was not delicate, no one belonging to her was delicate. She belonged to a family of romping, red-blooded creatures, and the idea of being "delicate" seemed mysterious as well as mournful.

And he had such a strange, unnatural look. He was slight and insignificant, light-haired and gray-eyed, and he had a peculiarity marked among the groups of plump and rosy juveniles about him—instead of being pink or rose-colored, his cheeks and lips were bluish purple. They were distinctly far from the normal color. They were not red at all, and sometimes they looked quite violet.

"What a queer color Alfie's lips are," was often said. "Isn't it funny! They're blue, and so are his cheeks."

And then someone would say wisely, and rather proud of the superior knowledge:

"It's because he has heart disease. I heard Miss Janey speaking about it. He may die quite suddenly."

And then someone would know stories of people who had died suddenly, and would relate them, and a sense of awe would pervade everybody, as it always did when Death was spoken of—though it was so impossible, so *impossible* that any of themselves could die. People did die, of course, people who had lived to be quite old, or who had caught scarlet fever in some phenomenal way, but somehow they seemed to belong to a world quite far off and quite different to the one in which one's self lived—to the world of the Nursery and the Square, and the School-room where one did one's sums wrong and could not remember the date of Henry VIII.'s marriage with Anne Boleyn. Oh, no, that would be too incongruous!

It gave the Small Person a curious feeling to try to realize that the plain, quiet little boy with the blue lips might *die—die* quite suddenly. Once she gave him a new slate-pencil because of it, though she did not tell him why, and was perhaps scarcely definite herself about it. She used to forget her geography in looking at him questioningly when he did not see her.

It must have been one of the "common" ones who one morning came to her, wearing an air of excited elation in

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her consciousness of having startling news to impart, and who greeted her with—

"Have you heard about Alfie Burns?"

"No," she answered; "what about him?"

"He's *dead*," said the news-bearer. "He wasn't at school yesterday—and he died this morning."

So the Strange Thing came among them into the school-room—among the forms and desks and battered books, making itself in an unreal way as real as the ink-stands and slate-pencils. It had come to Alfie Burns, with his little ordinary face and lank hair, and yet it still remained *impossible*. It had come to Alfie Burns—but it could not come to any of the rest of them. Somehow he must have been "different." He was "delicate" and had that queer color. At any rate he was "different" now, and seemed impossible, too. There was a curious intense craving for detail among the older ones. Everyone wanted to know *how* he had died, and if he had *said* anything. In the books of memoirs the little boy or girl always said "last words," which were a sort of final scriptural or instructive effort. They were usually like this:

"Father," said James, between his paroxysms of agony, "try to be a better man that you may meet me in Heaven."

"Brother Thomas," said Mary Ann, faintly, "do as mother tells you and obey your Sabbath-school teacher."

"Please do not swear any more, Uncle William Henry," said little Jane, as her mother wiped the death-damp from her brow. "I shall be in Heaven in a few minutes and I want you to come."

Remembering these things one wondered what Alfie's "last words" had been. It would have seemed almost impossible that anyone could die without last words. Wicked people always expired in frightful torment, using profane language or crying for mercy or writhing with remorse because they had not been better before they were taken ill. Alfie had been a sort of indefinite, insignificant little boy. He was not naughty but his goodness had a passive negative quality and he never reproved or instructed anyone. So it was difficult to adjust one's self to the situation, and imagine how the Strange Thing would find him when it came.

And nobody knew any detail. There seemed to be none. He had died, and of course it was supposable that his parents had cried, and we knew he would be buried. And though the event was discussed and discussed from all points of view this was all anyone knew.

No one had ever been to his house or seen his parents. They were quiet business people who did not belong to the Square, and, as far as the school seemed to know, he had no brothers or sisters and must have had a rather dull life. He did not seem to have any particular companions or to invite people to his house to play or to have tea with him.

According to all orthodox beliefs—and in an innocent way nothing could have been more orthodox than all the school—he had gone to Heaven and was an Angel.

This the Small Person found a tremendous problem to grasp. I know that it pervaded her for days, and I wonder why she did not talk about it to somebody grown up. Perhaps it was her infant English habit of reserving her sentiments and emotions, combined with her secret consciousness that she was so little and that the grown-up people were so big that they could not really understand one another's point of view. Of course to people who knew all about Death and Heaven and Angels her remarks would seem silly and trivial—perhaps even disrespectful. She did not ask anything, but was oppressed and permeated by a vague sadness and sense of unexplainable things.

Heaven was a place without laws or boundaries. Anything could be done there—if one once got in—and everything was there. There was a Great White Throne, there were streets of gold, and walls built of "all manner of precious stones." The stones she remembered principally were the chalcedony and sardonyx, sardius, chrysolite, beryl, and chrysoprasus, because they had strange names and she wondered what color they were. And there was a Woman on a "scarlet-colored beast, full of names of blasphemy, having seven heads and ten horns," and

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though she was in Heaven she was "drunken with the blood of the saints." And there were Dragons and Beasts, and there were Elders and Pale Horses and Golden Candlesticks and Golden Vials. And the Beasts were full of eyes before and behind and had six wings each, and the horses had breast-plates of fire and jacinth and brimstone, and heads of lions, and fire and smoke came out of their mouths. It was all in Revelations and so it was true. Heaven was like that, and Alfie Burns had gone there—out of the school-room and the atmosphere of inkstands and copy-books, from making mistakes in his sums and cleaning his slate with an unsavory "slate-rag" or sponge, from looking yearningly out at the other slates on the roofs to see if it was raining and there was no prospect of playing. And now suddenly he was an Angel and wore wings. Wings seemed as impossible as the Strange Thing which had happened to him. It was so difficult to adjust them to his little blue-lipped face and small, insignificant figure which his clothes seemed always rather too large for.

"But he would be quite different," the Small Person persisted obstinately to herself as her only consolation. "He would be quite different and he would be dressed in white robes."

The draperies she tried to see him in were something of the nature of a very voluminous, very white night-gown—but at all events they were "quite different." The interest of all this is that what we begin with at seven we seem to end with at seventy. How are we less vague—what more do we know? Nothing—nothing—nothing, but that whatever it is—wherever it is—it is "quite different."

In the years which lie between we have learned more geography, more astronomy, we have learned that the blue is space and the clouds are vapor, but what more definite, but that we clamor for something, we plead for something, we *must* have something, we *ought* to have something "quite different."

Somebody—probably it was the executive, practical little girl, who had had the energy and ability to hustle the vague Small Person into the church at the Grantham wedding—somebody proposed that two or three select ones should go to Alfie's home and ask to be allowed to "see" him.

The Small Person was awed. She wanted very much to see him — what was left of him after he had become an angel. "His soul has gone to Heaven, his body is only dust," that was what was always said. She somehow wanted to look at the poor little body which was only dust.

"Perhaps we oughtn't to go," she said, timorously. "Perhaps they won't like us to see him."

But she was taken. Somebody else had been and nobody had seemed to dislike their going. The Small Person, I have frequently reflected, was always *taken* to places. She was not a strong Small Person, except in unsuspected powers of keeping quiet under some strong emotions, and in possessing a certain silent steadiness of purpose when she meant to do a thing. Perhaps her strength was and always has been that she quite unconsciously looked as if she meant nothing while she really meant a great deal. But that was probably far less a moral or mental quality than a gift amiably bestowed by Nature in a lavish moment. The leading spirits took her to the place under their charge. Afterward she did not seem to remember anything about the house, even its entrance or stairway—anything but a certain dull, dreary little front parlor in it. This was most likely because she remembered the little dismal room and what was there so strangely well.

It was such a dull, unpicturesque room, small and unadorned, and dreary beyond measure. At least so it seemed to the Small Person, though she saw no detail of it but a stiff horsehair-covered sofa against a wall. On this sofa lay something covered with a white sheet. This was what they had come to see. Somehow the room, the sofa, the whole atmosphere of the colorless dulness seemed like the little unornamental fellow himself, with his lank hair, his ill-fitted clothes, and his mild, small, unattractive, bluish face. The person who had taken charge of them

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drew the white sheet away, and the Small Person saw the Strange Thing for the first time, with an awful sense of desolateness and depression.

Even the Strange Thing had not left the poor little fellow beautiful. He seemed to have grown very long; he was clothed in an awesome garment of bluish white flannel, with ornamentation of ugly stamped scalloped edges; in accordance with some belated grewsome fashion he had on a strange muslin night-cap, whose stiff crimped frill border made an unlovely setting for his poor little still bluish face. It looked more dusky than ever in its strange blue color, and his lips were almost violet. A line of lifeless gray showed itself under the not entirely closed lids.

The Small Person stood and looked down at this with a rather awful feeling. She did not know what she had expected to see, but this made her heart beat with dreary throbs. It was not that she was exactly frightened, on the whole she was not as frightened as she had expected to be when she came face to face with the Strange Thing, but she felt an indescribable awed dreariness. She also wondered why she did not begin to cry. She had imagined that at the sight of the Strange Thing one would inevitably begin to cry. She wondered if it was because she had no heart that she did not. Ought one really to sob bitterly at the sight of a little boy one had not known at all well, and of whom one chiefly remembered that he had heart disease and blue lips.

"He is an Angel," she kept insisting, mentally. "He has gone to Heaven."

The girl who had taken her to the house whispered to her, telling her to touch him. She had touched him herself, and so had the others. This appeared to be part of a ceremony. The Small Person shrank very much. She felt that it would be an awful thing to do. And yet she had heard so much about a certain strange coldness—colder than anything else—not the same thing as any other coldness—as "cold as Death." There was a fearsome longing to know what it was like. And if one touched what the Strange Thing had left, one did not dream about it. One could not bear the thought of dreaming of the small room, the horsehair sofa, and the poor little unlovely object with the frilled muslin cap and eyelids not quite closed.

She put out her hand and touched the unsmiling cheek.

"As cold as Death!" It was not as cold as she had imagined it would be. Not as cold as ice or as cold as snow—and yet—and yet—it was unlike anything else—a soft chillness which somehow seemed to hold no possibility of its ever being warmed. What she carried away from the dreary little room when she left it was the memory of that soft chillness and a sort of wonder at herself because she had really seen the Strange Thing.

"Poor little Alfie," the executive child said. "I'm very sorry for him, but he's better off." The general opinion expressed was that everybody was "sorry" for him. It would have been unfeeling not to be sorry. There was also the greatest possible stress laid on the fact that he had gone to Heaven, and these sentiments were regarded as so incontrovertibly proper that it would have occurred to no one to find their connection incompatible. Curious as it may seem, I do not remember that the Small Person herself did. An unquestioning acceptance of all axioms was the feature of the period, and she was so full of the mystery of the Strange Thing itself that she could contemplate nothing less, though she knew that she gained nothing by contemplating that.

But though she had seen it and so had the others, though they had looked down at its rigidity, and touched its coldness with their warm hands, though it had come into their very midst — to Alfie Burns, who was nobody particular, and who had played and done his sums wrong just like the rest of them—they knew it could not come to any of themselves; they did not say so, of course, but they were quite secure in it, and were not afraid at all.

For the Small Person, perhaps, it was well that it was not very long before it came again. I do not know how long. But the second time it wore another face, and was touching but not grewsome. And it was better to see that it might

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be so, than to remember always the grimness of the ugly, dreary room—better for anyone, far, far better for a child with a vivid mind.

In the school there was a department for younger children, quite little ones, who learned their alphabet and played kindergarten games. They had a room of their own and a teacher of their own. There were some attractive mites among them, and "the older ones," as the others called themselves with a feeling of great maturity, had favorites and pets.

There was a tiny one who was the pet of all—such a pretty pet and such a laughing one! She was three years old and had golden-brown eyes and little nut-brown curls on her small round head. She was a merry thing, full of dimples, and her brown-gold eyes were large and love-compelling, and had long curling lashes. The child pet of a school full of girls is a much loved thing. This one was adored. Her lovers never tired of praising her prettiness, her quaint little movements, her eyelashes, her curls and eyes. She was a little lovely one, and her tiny name was Selina.

"Look at her!" everyone would exclaim when a Kindergarten game was being played. "Oh, see how pretty she is when she puts her teenty elbow on her knee and leans her cheek on her hand to show how the laborer rests. She keeps opening her eyes and laughing. She can't keep them shut."

This very game was played one Friday afternoon, and she was at her very prettiest and quaintest. Earlier in the day, it was remembered afterward, she had been a little dull and had not seemed quite herself, but in the afternoon she had brilliant rose-colored cheeks, and her merry eyes were like stars.

"Isn't she a sweetie?" said the girls. "Isn't she a little rogue? Look at her peeping under her eyelashes."

When the Small Person came to school on Monday morning the door was opened for her by one of the elder girls of the family. She had a curious shocked look in her eyes.

"Has anyone told you?" she exclaimed. "Have you heard about it?"

"Heard what?" the Small Person faltered, startled by her expression.

"Little Selina is dead! Pretty little Selina!"

And so the Strange Thing came again!

This time the difficulty was to *believe* it—to feel that it *could* be true.

"Little Selina!" the Small Person gasped. "She—she *can't* be! Who told you? On Friday she was playing the Haymaker game and she kept peeping—she could not keep her eyes shut—and we laughed so! *Selina!*"

"It's quite true," was the answer. "She was ill then, though she had such red cheeks. Janey said she hadn't seemed bright in the morning. They say she hadn't been quite herself for a day or so. She died at six this morning, and they sent word by a servant. She *was* crying, poor girl!"

What a Strange Thing it was!

In the school-room the children looked at each other amazed. They were *amazed*—that was it. Each new comer uttered the same exclamation, "Selina?" and then "*Selina!*" As if it were too incredible. They kept telling each other how merry she had been when she played the Haymaker game, how rosy her cheeks had looked, how roguishly she had laughed. They kept repeating that she was such a pretty little thing and everybody loved her. And somehow there was a tendency even in the common ones to look bewildered and thoughtful, and exclaim, in a puzzled, questioning undertone, "Selina! *Selina!*"

The Small Person found she was saying it to herself all through the day. It had seemed extraordinary that Alfie should be taken away, even though they had all known about the heart disease. It had been extraordinary because the Strange Thing seemed to have nothing to do with such people as themselves—to be only possible to people somehow quite remote and unlike them. But there seemed a reason why Selina should not be taken, the reason of *herself*, her pretty, buoyant, dimpling, vivid self. What had the awful thing to do with that! It was unnatural.

"Selina! *Selina!*"

I think it was the velvet-eyed little

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Best Friend and her younger sister who went with the Small Person to the child's home, to see her, as they had seen Alfie. It was the first time they had ever been to the house. The children saw very little of each other away from the school-room, and Selina only appeared on the small horizon when her nurse brought her to the front door and left her to pursue her tiny studies.

Of this house, also, the Small Person never remembered anything afterward but one room, which has remained a picture hung in the gallery of life.

It was not a large room. It was a nursery bedroom, perhaps, though there was no bed in it, only a little cot standing in the middle of it, and prettily draped with white.

Everything in the room was white, covered with pure white, hung with white, adorned with white flowers — mostly white rosebuds—very tender little ones. It seemed like a little chapel of snow, where one felt one must breathe softly.

And under the snowy draperies of the small cot, among rosebuds which seemed to kiss it with their petals, there was another little white thing lying.

Selina—*Selina!*

Ah, little love! how pretty and innocent and still the Strange Thing had left her. It could not have hurt her. She was not changed, only that she was somehow lovelier. There were rosebuds in her hands, and on her pillow; her eyelashes looked very long as they lay upon her cheek, and in a still, strange little way she was smiling. In the white room, among the white flowers, looking down at her fair child-sleep through tears, one was not the least afraid.

The Small Person was vaguely glad of something, and somehow she knew that she was not "sorry for her." She looked, and looked, and looked again, with tenderly brooding eyes. She did not want to go away. If the Strange Thing only left one a soft, white creature in a white room, among flowers, and smiling like that, at what it had showed one, it was not so awful. What a pretty, pretty smile—as if she was keeping a little secret to herself.

"May we kiss her?" the Small Person asked, in a low voice, timidly.

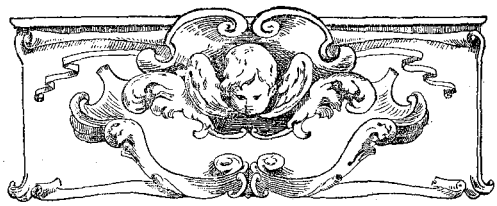
"Yes, dear," was the answer.

And she bent over and kissed the round cheek where the dimples used to play. And the coldness was only the soft coldness of a flower.

And afterward they went away, talking together in low, tender, child whispers. And they told each other again what a pretty little thing she had been, and that everybody had loved her. And the Small Person remembered how in the game she had made everybody laugh, because she could not keep still, and could not keep her eyes closed. But now—now, she was quite still, and she could keep her pretty eyes shut.

And this had been done by the Strange Thing.

(To be Continued.)



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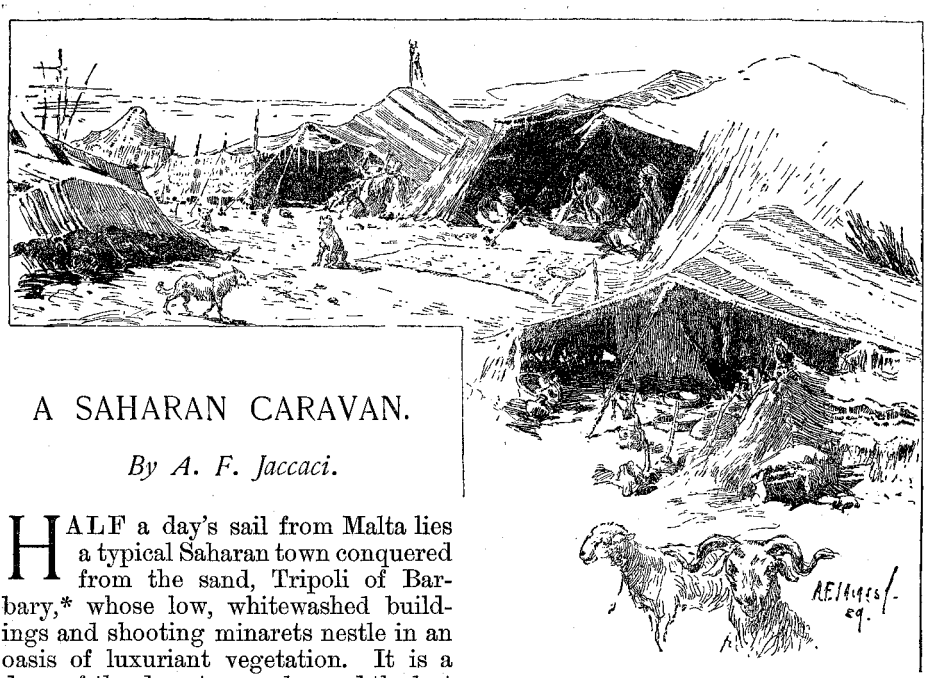

A SAHARAN CARAVAN.

By A. F. Jaccaci.

HALF a day's sail from Malta lies a typical Saharan town conquered from the sand, Tripoli of Barbary,* whose low, whitewashed buildings and shooting minarets nestle in an oasis of luxuriant vegetation. It is a door of the desert; pass beyond the last palm-trees, and in a few minutes' hand-gallop you are lost among undulating dunes, where warm winds, faint as outblown breaths, fret the sand into whimsical wavelets. One cannot conceive of a more sudden and striking contrast. The scorching sun blazes vengefully over a dreariness where the sparrow of the solitude would die for want of a blade of green. You stand between infinities of earth and sky, stricken before a nature—mute, vast, impenetrable.

In our lands Nature breaks her lines, draws closer her horizons, lowers her pale skies, makes herself almost human to speak to the heart; it is sometimes as if she murmured tender words and crooned to us. But in Africa she remains ever a pitiless divinity; and how fragile are the traces of human life on this yellow sea of the desert: some scattered bones, little funeral heaps of stones, or a flitting Bedouin encampment, a passing caravan—realities but for a short time, then trembling blurs on the horizon, soon fading away; but while the reality lasts it has an infinite beauty. A great caravan in march is a superb spectacle, alas! too infrequent now in northern Africa. At first Arabs alone can detect it, a mere speck lost in a dusty halo, whence it emerges at length, a tawny-colored mass possessed of a strange motion, the swarming of a thousand lives in one. Here and there silhouettes of straggling camels stand profiled, like hieroglyphics, on the fiery sky, as, insensibly trailing its snake-like curves, the convoy advances. Hours after being sighted, it passes in slow defile, led by a vanguard of blooded camels, whose gait and bearing have an air of arrogance not customary to that race of proletarians, the chieftains seated aloft in their floating burnooses, alert of eye, with gun in hand, statuesque guardians of the convoy-treasure. Behind them the camels of burden, exhausted less by loads than with the fatigues of the journey, their legs and croppers bald and scarred by blows, straggle forward languidly, thrusting out the tongue as they press their huge, spongy feet in the yielding ground. What resignation in their soft, staring eyes! Verily, no philosopher knows better than these poor brutes how inane are the revolts against inexorable fate. Near at hand walk the drivers, their emaciated features savagely illumined

*See SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE for January, 1890, pp. 37–52.

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by eyes of fire, and white, gleaming teeth piercing their parched lips. Of all who started with the caravan, how many have fallen by the way, abandoned to agonize alone in the desolation?

Huddled at the tail of the convoy, usually comes *la note comique*, a band of peasants of the oasis who have joined it for protection. The men placidly mounted on little donkeys, like so many Sancho Panzas, their wives following on foot, bent under the weight of children and bundles carried indiscriminately on their backs. Often does the traveller behold in like fashion the famous courtesy of the desert, of which so much is made in poetry. When that medley of humanity has passed, leaving no trace, the impression of the solitude is gloomier than before.

There are few callings that present as many dangers and difficulties as that of caravaneer; yet, there seems to be in the emotions of that wild and exciting life a powerful fascination, for, once tasted, none can abandon it. Though the caravaneers are received enthusiastically on their return (the first welcome set to music, so to speak, with the shouts of friends and the shrill *yu! yu!* of the women), they cannot remain long in town, seized by nostalgia, they soon are forced to turn their faces desertward again. I did not need personal memories of a caravan experience to urge me to seek these men in their Tripolitan caravansaries; my sympathy was fully aroused at the sight of the wasted faces, and I would willingly spend hours in the little cafés, sitting cross-legged in a corner, to hear them fight the old battles over again in stories of adventure told in that peculiarly quiet, impassive manner of the Oriental that doubles the pathos.

Since the decline of the slave traffic, the great caravans of the Sahara (and it is of these alone I intend to speak) have a purely commercial object. They carry from the distributing towns of northern Africa the merchandise needed in the "Country of the Blacks," and return with the valuable products found there. Caravaneers start on journeys of years' duration, exactly like the sailors of old who, launching their ships to the uttermost shores of the world in quest of the best markets for the buying and disposing of their cargoes, sailing virtually unprotected by international laws or men-of-war, were obliged to rely for success on their own force and clever handling. They are, as a matter of course, smart traders, but they must also be ever ready and ingenious in fighting the difficulties of nature and the dangerous Touaregs, those desert birds of prey. With physical vigor, they must have moral courage able to resist the depressing influences of the solitude, and the feelings of impatience inevitably arising from constant and enforced community. They must have rapidity of decision, an extreme patience with servants and beasts, both equally difficult to manage. Above all it is necessary that they should be masters of the art of duplicity in which all Easterners are adept; an art enabling them to slip with ease through the arbitrary and treacherous entanglements put in their path by guides, sheiks of tribes they cannot avoid meeting, and by negro kinglets in whose territory they have to travel.

The first steps in organizing a caravan are usually taken by a number of merchants, who form a partnership to that effect; they consult the best sources as to the articles actually most in demand in the Soudan,* buy or order them, after having given due consideration to the important question of bulk and weight. Their chief difficulty lies in the choice of the right man to command the expedition. If the chief is not respected, there are no sentinels at night, there is no vanguard by day, and arriving at a well, all are disorderly, the first comers greedily helping themselves, and disturbing the water so that mud only is found by those who come later. In bad passes, where there is more imminent danger of meeting plunderers, the necessity of order is still more felt. Little advantage results from the use of the Winchester repeating rifles, with which all are armed, unless there be perfect unity of action. Where forty brave, reckless men are placed under the direc-

* I use Soudan in the sense of the country south of the Desert.

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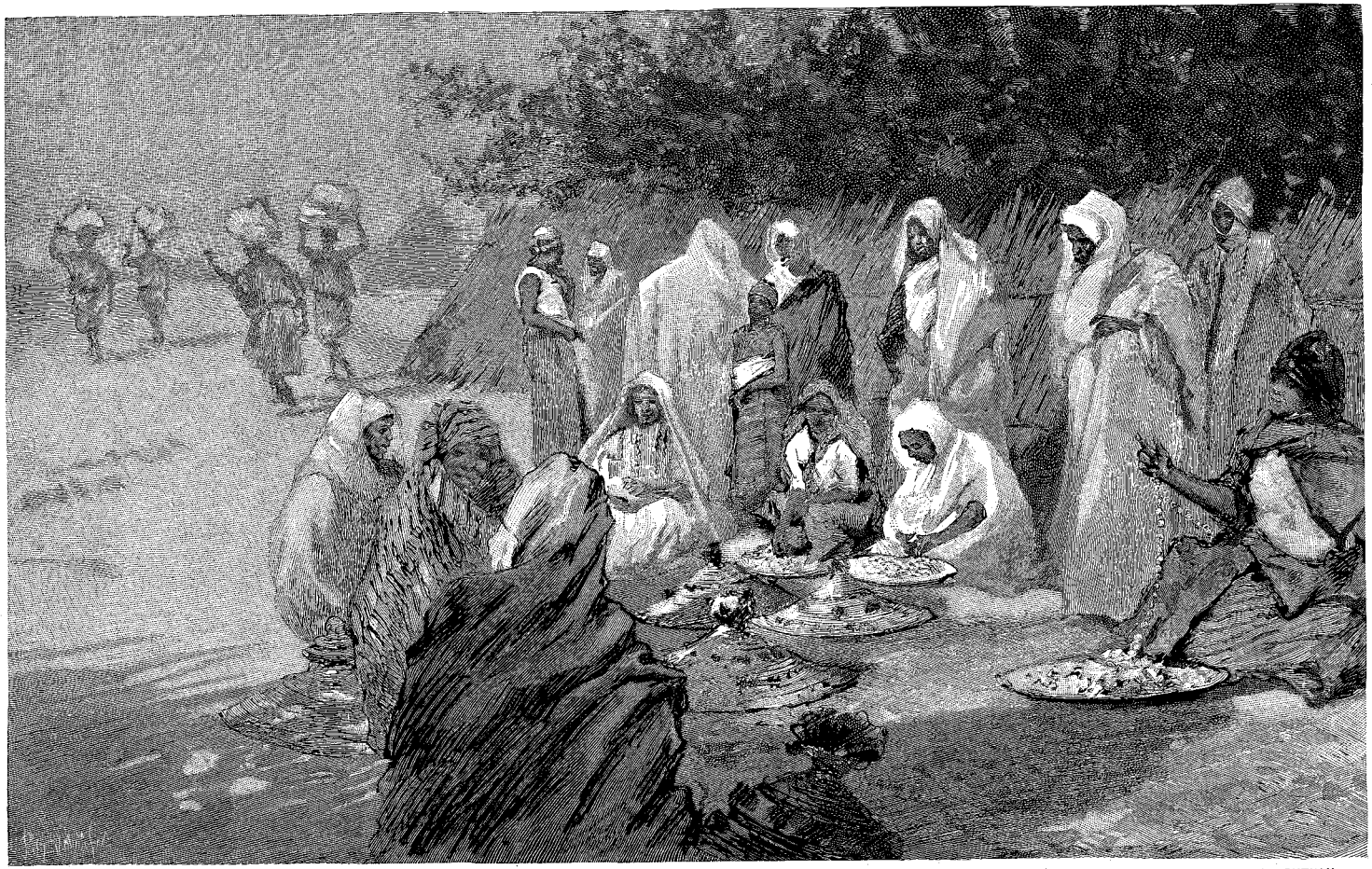

DRAWN BY A. F. JACCACI. ENGRAVED BY PUTNAM.

Counting "Cauris"—a Small Shell used as a Medium of Exchange.

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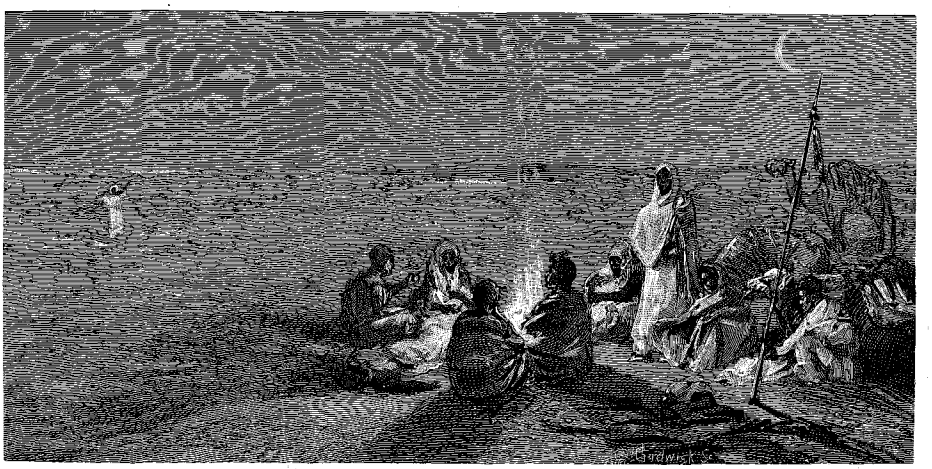

Around the Watch-fire.

tion of an able and trusted chieftain, the danger is much lessened. Touaregs do not fight for the pleasure of fighting, but for the booty; should they meet with an intelligent and vigorous resistance, they think it no shame to turn their backs. After all, these banditti are, when you get to know them, plain business folks who live on rapine like many among us live on trade and a little rapine. When the profits they hope to reap from their transactions seem out of proportion with the risks to be incurred they simply look out for another and better chance.

Ever since the beginning of our era, when the camel (*camelus dromedarius*) was first introduced as a beast of burden into Africa, that long-legged model of ugly usefulness has been the one means of communication between the Mediterranean shores and the interior. Camels of burden carry an average of three hundred pounds, at the rate of about two miles an hour—which is not slow progress, considering the difficult nature of the ground and the usual day's march of sixteen hours. For such journeys only the most robust animals are chosen, and as many again are taken to provide relays for the tired and wounded, to replace the dead, and when necessary to carry water for the use of all. A period of training prepares them to support thirst and hunger; though, in regard to the former, I must prick a bubble of current exaggeration: The ordinary camel can go no more than three days without water. He can do better as to hunger, Providence having given him a hump, that protuberance of fat on which he lives during fast days; when the hump is greatly diminished, it is evident the beast has reached the limits of his endurance.*

The chief selects besides a driver for every dozen of camels, the troop (some forty men for a caravan of one thousand five hundred camels), composed of what is properly called the caravaneers—Jacks-of-all-trades, who turn their hands to anything and are soldiers, merchants, diplomatists, drivers, as occasion demands. They are a hard, wide-awake set, of whom the chief must be the intellectual superior, considerate, familiar, in good comradeship with all, until the moment comes when he has to show a steel hand within the velvet glove. Under such leadership the many pull together like one, none question when ordered, all will lie collectively and glibly. They are united by the experience of common danger, the instinct of common preservation, and more than anything, by that attribute of their turbulent natures, a childish pride in an association with a celebrated leader.

Preparations proceed slowly in the drowsy East, a year being often consumed before the caravan is equipped.

* The full-blooded camels called *maharis* are an exception to the rule. After a month's careful training they can trot an average of seventy miles a day, for six or seven days, with no water and almost no food. But they need a period of recuperation of some two months or more after such courses.

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At last, water-bottles made of a whole pigskin and earthenware jugs are filled with oil and dried in the sun; dates are pressed into regular saddle-cushions, softening the jolts for the outer man before they satisfy the wants of the inner man. The loads are packed and repacked, every little defect carefully remedied; an important matter, since an ill-adjusted burden quickly impairs the usefulness of the beast. When all is ready, a week is spent in feasts and "*fantasias*," while the camels, abundantly fed, are left to a last "*dolce far niente*" amid the paraphernalia of merchandise and utensils. The huge convoy is first set in motion on a trial jaunt, stopping at a little distance from the town to wait for the laggards. From there finally it starts, in a compact mass of some thirty camels abreast, presenting the same appearance as a regi-

A Caravan Chief.

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ment marching in column of companies. Business has now begun in earnest.

That great Sahara, which is not only a desert of sand as commonly supposed, but a very diversified region, presents patrol in the intense cold. The chiefs sleep with heads on saddles and rifles at hand, ready to spring at any alarm. Mats and blankets are used by none, the burnoose serves as both, besides be-

Making "Couscouss"—Black Bread.

but few routes, staked by wells and used by all caravans. Routes here mean simply directions, since no marks of travel are visible, and an idea of their crookedness may be gathered from the fact that they turn around obstacles, never surmount them.

Much time is given, in the first stages of the journey, to a close study of the needs and peculiarities of men and beasts in order to obtain a maximum of speed and endurance. An effort is always made to reach a well for the evening halt; a small convoy sent in advance marks out the camp and prepares the water for equal and judicious distribution. When night comes, four equidistant watch-fires flame up at the angles of a vast square formed by the camels clogged and massed around the pyramid of loads; swathed forms lie in the warmth, while half a mile away sentinels ing the day costume. When, in a corner of the sky, hydrangea tints announce the slow coming of the day, a man runs around, stick in hand, waking the sleepers in an effective if rude fashion; a few moments of dusting burnooses, loading camels, and the huge mass is on its way long before the rosy fingers of Aurora appear in the east.

From Tripoli the two great objective southern points are Bornu and Wadai. For a month's journey toward them, as far as Fezzan, there is but one route, which passes at first through a *serir*, desert of stones most trying to the camels' feet and in which wearisome progress is made; later it enters extensive plateaux covered with the vigorous *halfa* (sparto), a wild grass whose sharp blades are another trouble. Then sandy spaces alternate with rocky ones traversed by the abrupt depressions of

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ancient river-beds. The subterranean waters find an outlet in the Fezzan, and oases appear. The town of this populous district, Moursouk, is built near what was once the last fortified post of the Romans; things have changed so little since, that the last outpost of Turkey is to-day but a short distance south of it. This first month has been a period of training, and the fortnight spent here puts the camels into the best form to resume their journey.

The proverbial hospitality of the Sahara does not flourish on the tracks of caravans; were it otherwise, the tribes encamped on the way would have to spend treasures in entertaining. Each one therefore carries his own provisions, "*chacun à son goût;*"—plenty of tea, for coffee is not drinkable in this torrid climate, even by men one could fancy moulded in bronze, so hardy and robust they are; dates, olives, and a sauce of coarse olive-oil mixed with red pepper. "*Couscouss,*" black bread, is found only at villages; camel and ewe milk is a great luxury, and meat a rarity for

Negro Type of the Wadaï.

feast days, when some nomad sheik treats the travellers. Then it is that the poor fellows sigh for Barbary and the delicious way the Moors have of roasting a whole sheep on fragrant leaves. In the Sahara, the host snatches

Negro Type of the Bornu.

the pieces from boiling water and throws them in the direction of his guests. If not caught on the fly, they fall on the ground. No matter! quickly picked up and brushed with a burnoose often dirtier than the ground, the repulsive morsels are devoured without condiment, forks, or knives. And when nothing but bones remain, there is a general assault of courtesy in passing them over to the tribe women usually crouched at the tent door and the wretched females enjoy the next days in nibbling at these dainties.

From Mourzouk the road leads from valley to valley, where Bedouins wander with their meagre flocks; there are frequent halts at oases which make the caravaneers call this the best part of the trip. I had lived in a little oasis far from the coast, and could fully realize what that "best" meant. It is true that time and the hours fly in these African gardens—fly! leaving no trace in the crushing monotony of a drowsy climate. To Arabs, whose acme of blissful life is sleep and dreams, that may be

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happiness, but to us it is nothing else than living death. The memory of my oasis days still broods over me, and I can feel again that atmosphere of calm and immobility where the agitations of the world were unknown, smell the warm, heavy exhalations of that luxury of vegetation burdened with the perfume of orange and jasmine and see the creeping life of snakes, scorpions, insects shining in every iridescent color . . . and scarcely a sound to trouble the enervating silence.

Late in the day, the sun hurrying to the horizon sends a golden light through the leafage. The Saharans squat before their huts; noisy tam-tams wake the echoes, and the grave, deep tones of the *târge** accompany the strangely modulated cantilenes. Then the moon, with a splendor unknown to our latitudes, throws the scene into an enchanted world of silvery, mellow light, and black, impenetrable shadows. Day after day, the same spectacle, the same impressions. Who shall ever describe the eternal sadness of that land of Ham!

difficulties of the trip begin, small caravans frequently wait months in order to join large ones and travel with more security.

Casting our lot for Bornu, we enter at once into the *ghouds*, the moving dunes, hurrying through them for three whole days and nights, with pauses just sufficient for feeding. After a night's rest at a well, the convoy is wedged for another three days in a narrow gorge cleaving in twain the naked rocks whose precipitous sides shoot far above us. We trail up and down a chaos of bowlders and sharp rolling stones, each choosing for himself the safest spot to place his hesitating foot; and as the camels cannot move in the dark, we camp where we find ourselves at sunset. By day much time is lost in repairing the rags bound round the camels' feet to prevent their being cut and bleeding to death—a precaution taken also when the sand, overheated by the burning sun, scorches like hot iron. At length we reach a spring somewhat remarkable (as the caravaneers insist, with the tone of bigots telling of mira-

A Bedouin Sheikh.

The limits of the Fezzan are reached at Ghatroum, where the single route branches away in the two directions of Bornu and Wadaï. As here the real

* A sort of primitive guitar with two strings.

cles), that its water is as red as blood. Despite the sanguinary color it is good, and men and beasts drink with avidity. But *Arrâhh!* Forward! seventy stumbling, painful hours to the blessed oasis of Zaahia, and—with a sigh, quivering

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the whole length of the caravan—one and all throw themselves down for an imperative rest.

We find at Zaahia a new sort of human habitation. Far behind we have left the comparatively comfortable town dwellings, passed *gourbis*, the mud huts of villages, and the nomads' low tents, to come now to the haunts of the Troglodytes—miserable holes scratched in the ground, fitter for beasts than men. The farther we go, the more dangerous will become the country, infested by marauders, and we shall see these Troglodyte lairs dug high into the perpendicular face of hills or down in wells, accessible only by ladders. The influence (slightly more than nominal) of the Turkish Governor of Tripoli stops here, now we are at the mercy of tribes and marabouts (chief priests of monasteries) who claim ownership rights to the tracts we are about to traverse. Fortunately neither reporters nor telegraph exist in that perfectly impracticable country to bulletin our movements, and so we may be lucky enough to pass unnoticed by such self-appointed toll-gatherers. It is not that their demands are ruinous, but, like constant drops of water on the stone, many of them will wear away purse and patience. Yet, a tranquil journey being better than doubtful fights, it is sometimes well to comprcmise ; the more so if the caravan is headed south, for it must return—as these plague-flies of the desert well know.

Sheiks of tribes, who dub themselves "sultans," lord it over some well amid the filthy camel's-hair tents of their clans, clustered around a tattered banner. Poor as Job, vainglorious as bantam roosters, they nevertheless return the customary compliment of cheap cotton goods and trinkets by a welcome offering of milk and "*couscouss.*" But what precious time is wasted in the exchange, what mortifying formalities and flatteries are exacted by the petty potentates !

The hours crawl slowly under an increasing burden of harassments — day after day, in the stale flatness spreading from the feet to the circling sky line, or among the ridges overtopped by mountain peaks, giant sentinels of the waste. The beasts have an expectant look ; water is growing constantly scarcer, and when found is but a disgusting compound. Beyond El Bolma, the searching gaze grows also in the eyes of our

Caravaneer.

men ; hands grip tighter the guns, every nerve is strained ; it is fear of the stealthy Touareg. Caravaneers mounted on their coursing camels scour for miles around, parties gallop along neighboring summits, interrogating the horizon ; at night, half of the men watch while the others sleep in their saddles, and in the short halts no fires are lit despite the icy coldness of the night. The animals' mouths are tied, every noise hushed ; the whole great body seems to creep on its belly to avoid detection.

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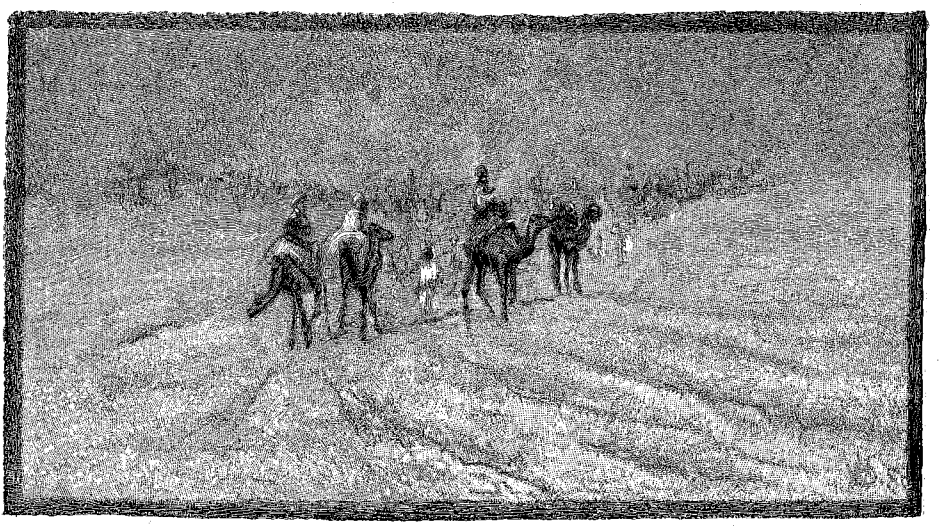

Caravan on the Move at Night.

In the "*ghouds*" the heavens are not less scanned than the earth, for they hold an enemy worse than the Touareg —the "*khamsin*," that has but to show its lead-colored signals in the southern sky to send the affrighted caravan rushing in mad haste to the nearest eminence. Heavy yellow clouds, twisting into strange and awful shapes, rise slowly at first in gathering might, until it is an overspreading opaque mass shot from under with livid reflections. The air grows hot and hushed. There is a pause—then the first formidable gust strikes like a monstrous whip at the palpitating creatures stretched at full length, their heads wrapped in clothes. Snatched from the ground, the sand whirls riotously in dense spirals, levelling the dunes and piling elsewhere huge undulations. Twenty minutes at most, and the gigantic rush and swirl have passed, but in half that time entire caravans have been annihilated.

Some three months are consumed in crossing the Sahara proper. Toward the seventeenth degree of latitude north we enter the region of rain, a border-land between the furnace-like dryness of the desert and those fetid swamps, stagnant waters saturated with fever miasmas, and tall, herbous vegetation full of torrid sap of the Soudan. This border-land, weighted with immobile vapors under the unnatural glare of a pale sun, is abundant in running waters and pasturage where the camels can recuperate their dwindled humps.

My caravaneers' narratives (as ingenuous as those told to Herodotus of old when gathering information about the peoples in whose territory he could not travel) were, no doubt, Eastern expressions of the truth—fancifully seen truth! That stamp of their race, the love of the marvellous, is a remarkable trait in these men; a trait not to be weakened by promiscuous experience nor advancing years. How often have I heard them dwell lovingly on those queer bulls of the border-land, that live on nothing but wind, since they are seen standing motionless for hours, their heads stretched toward it! Yet among the rubbish there are bits of precious information, like this, for example: That the apes are human beings like ourselves, with the one difference that they do not talk. And do you know the reason why? Because they are afraid lest, hearing them speak, and finding out they were men, we should force them to work like the negroes!

The lion, called the king of the desert, probably because that is the place where he is not to be found, becomes now a dangerous foe, forcing us to completely change our tactics. No more sneaking is possible if we want to save our camels. Huge fires are built around

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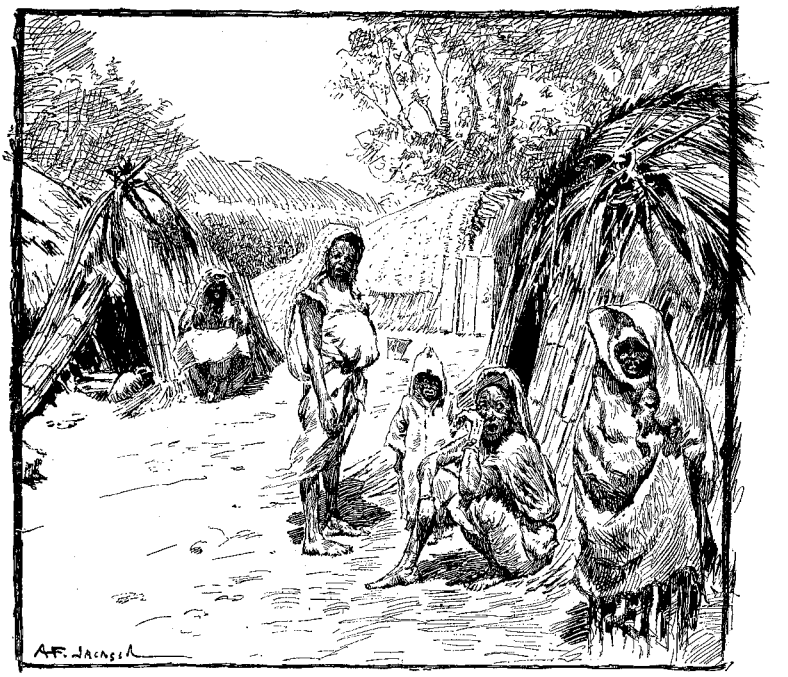
the encampment, and an infernal din made to frighten him away, yet it is seldom that he does not seize on some valuable morsel. At the noise the Touaregs are down upon us from an unexpected corner; halting suddenly at a safe distance, they dismount and wait. We want peace at all cost, for we need guides, the country being intricate. Some of our chiefs go and lay before them our *teskras* (papers), which they can't read, and a new burnoose. He who lays his hand on that burnoose will be our guide to the limits of his tribe's territory. The first words of this unique interview are then uttered by him—the amount of our toll, immediate payment of which seals the contract. And at that his companions speed away without having so much as opened their mouths. The Touaregs keep their contracts, as a rule, so from that quarter there is little danger; but we may find ourselves in the way of negro nations on the war-path, or meet *ghaswas*, the great hunts in which whole tribes take part, in search of human game. It would be bad fortune indeed to fall in with these, since, as an incidental and profitable diversion, Faithful never hesitate to attack, kill, and plunder other Faithful less strong and with more treasure-trove. That this kind of war is severely condemned by the Koran, does not make any difference. In fact, the great occupation of Islam-Africa is war; tribes fight tribes; families, families; and everyone everybody else. Perhaps the Sacred Book, carefully interpreted, has the pro and the con.

We change guides from territory to territory as far as Shat, on Lake Tchad. In these last weeks, no matter how carefully the members of the caravan have been chosen, many disputes have arisen; the monotony and fatigues of the journey leading the men to busy themselves with each other, attaching extreme importance to trifles, and little piques, born in the first days, have grown into deep and violent hatred. Now, *El 'ham do'l Illah!* Allah be thanked! all is forgotten, blown away with the gunpowder of the great fantasia celebrating our safe arrival. It is as a boyish explosion, in which all join with boyish enthusiasm; kissing and complimenting, dancing and revelling, mark this, our grandest day. Attracted by the fuss, the big Kafir ne-



In a Wadaï Village—Types of Huts.

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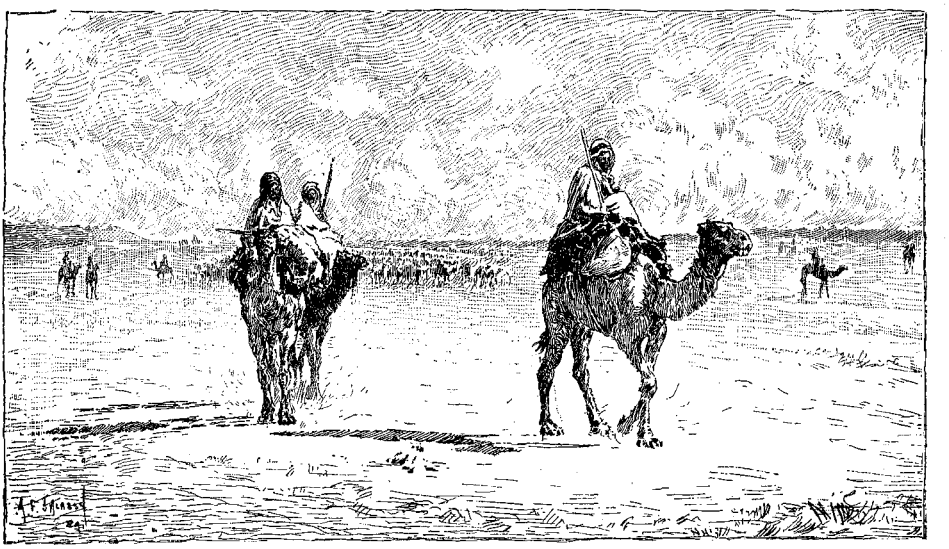
groes, their nude breasts covered with dangling shells, come in their arrow-like pirogues from the myriads of islands



On the March—Daytime.

studding the lake. What a relief it is to gaze again into good-natured, laughing faces. Their shrill cackling, their stealing propensities are overlooked, nay, enjoyed! for these are the first fellows we have met who fear us. And imagine our cheer! ten chickens and any amount of fish for one pin; a knife is an instrument beyond value, and these negroes would barter their whole possessions, wives included, to obtain one.

After having despatched to the Sultan of Bornu a courier announcing the purely commercial purpose of the caravan, and the nature of the cargo, we stride on rapidly, fording large rivers. At the mile-wide Yaô men and loads are ferried in boats, while the camels indulge in a fantasia of their own, swimming about in deep water, tantalizing their drivers, but paying, poor brutes, a tithe to the crocodiles.

It would be impossible to know of the numerous villages hidden in the thickness of mighty growths, but for the peculiar and characteristic noise which taps the flight of time all through the extent of that Equatorial world. It is the clatter of wooden pestles pounding millet into a pap, "*couscouss*," the basis of negro food. Peeping through the palisades of dry palm branches, above which the coned roofs, fancifully sloped, cut bizarre figures against the green, we catch sight of swarms of women engaged in that monotonous work. About the low doors of the little bee-huts, india-rubber children creep to gaze wonderingly on us as we accompany the patriarch of the village to the guests' quarters. The good fellow's face is a vast grin of delight that we should honor his hospitality, and we assume the rôle of "grands seigneurs," returning worthless trinkets in exchange for bulls and cows. The climax to our importance is reached when, at a short distance from the town of Bornu, we receive the Sultan's answer to our message in the shape of a formidable dinner—a thousand dishes at least! ejaculate my caravaneers, patting their stomachs. And the stomach of the Arab is like that of the ostrich, able for weeks and months to subsist on a minimum of most unwholesome stuff; but when opportunity offers its elasticity and capacity are simply marvellous.

We'd better leave them to their orgy till the next morning early, when, with finery and shining guns, they move on toward the capital. Soldiers wait at the gates, taking our merchandise and carrying it to the bazars, while our cara-

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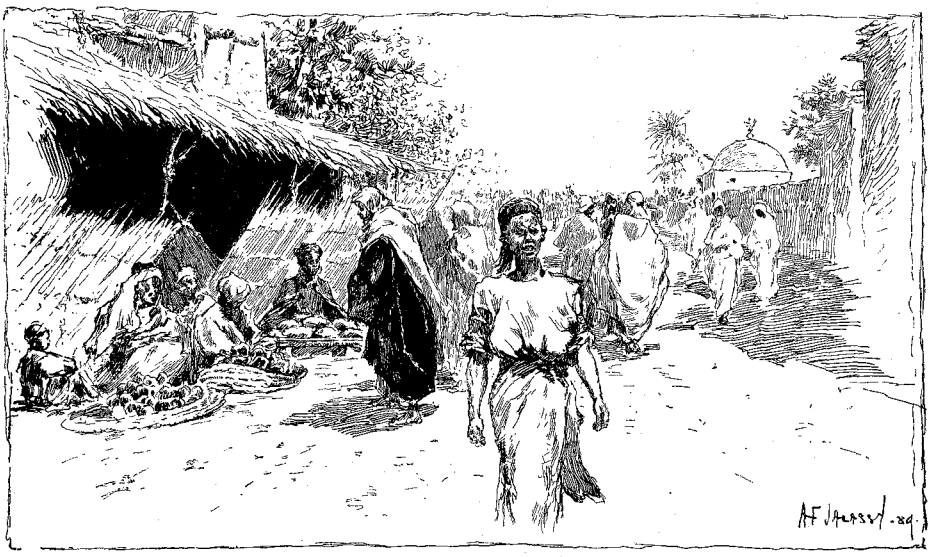
vaneers present themselves before the Sultan, surrounded by his whole court in the palace yard. No matter what the



Market in a Saharan Village.

powder costs! this fantasia must make a dazzling impression, for beware if the *griots* * should be dissatisfied. The much-feared personages, dressed in long white robes covered with curious tracery, and holding in their hands their implements of trade—wonderful amulets which cure all imaginable ills—stand up as cold and imperturbable as stone statues. At last, deigning to reward our men's frantic yells and mad antics, they mutter a few words of satisfaction, to which the Sultan acquiesces by a sign. Three days more of enforced idleness, and if all goes on smoothly, we are allowed to offer presents, and receive in exchange the permission to remain and trade. Future movements are influenced by the facility with which we can dispose of our gaudy Manchester cottons, black and red cloth, burnooses, coral, Venetian beads, discarded European uniforms and guns, and acquire gum, gold powder, skins, and especially elephant and rhinoceros tusks. Bornu is the entrance of the Black Country, a distributing and commercial centre of great importance, not only on account of its position, but because of the perfect protection it affords foreign as well as native merchants. Probably for that very reason, the most advantageous transactions do not take place in Bornu, the caravans coming to it as to a sort of headquarters where, after necessary information has been collected, detached parties are organized to scour the country.

Our leader has heard good reports from Bir el Malhem, and decides to go there. Leaving the bulk of our beasts and merchandise under the care of a responsible lieutenant, we retrace our steps with about a hundred camels, under as strong an escort as we can muster, until we have left the sinuous Yaô far behind. Crossing range after range of arid, tenantless plateaux, we pass through an unhealthy district full of marshy lakes, on whose shores great black vultures and bald storks walk gravely; while amid the dense tufts of mangrove there are sudden gatherings of monkeys to look cautiously at our little troop striding by. . . . Miserable villages of fetichists begin to appear, their swarms of coned huts grouped closely, making gray spots on the yellow sand. In the distance, over *chotts* † shimmering in the sun like sil-

* The *griot* is a combination of the saint, the quack doctor, and the minstrel.

† Dry salt-water lakes.

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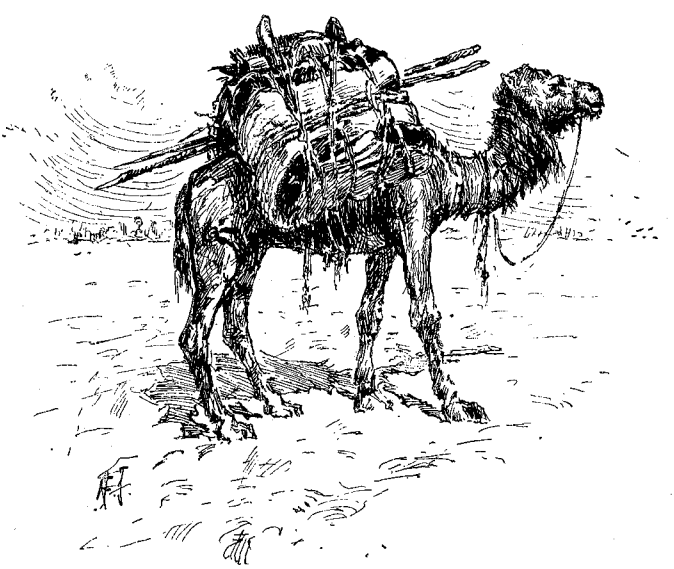
ver ribbons, rise thin trembling vapors, and in their midst fanciful landscapes take shape, grow, and vanish, to reappear again in ever new and enticing tableaux. A strong wind, as hot as the blast of an oven, blows incessantly. . . . But we must be constantly on the alert. The rich salt mines of the *chotts* usually attract a crowd of pillagers, recruited among the worst races of the Sahara, and we come across many of these banditti, handsome fellows in dark-blue robes, their heads uncovered, and long curly hair falling on their shoulders. As soon as they see us they know who we are, and what weapons we carry, and they keep at a respectful distance. When they don't, we never hesitate to begin fire. No doubt their intentions are of the worst, but what can they do with lances and a few flint-guns?

We pass near what was, ten years ago, the most prosperous village of the interior, when its surrounding desert, scoured by hunters, had the monopoly of furnishing the finest ostrich feathers to the world — a single camel-load of these best feathers fetching as high as $50,000 in Tripoli. All that is but a memory now—the many-times told tale of history again repeated in the ruin of an inferior race through the spirit of enterprise developed by a superior one. The British colonists of the Cape have succeeded in domesticating the ostrich; prices have fallen in consequence some fourteen hundred per cent., leaving no profit to the Tripolitan merchants, who had to pay, besides the hunters, heavy tributes to negro kinglets, and the enormous risks and expenses involved in a Saharan journey.

After a month's march we arrive at Zendar, the thriving metropolis of a small kingdom, stopping to give valuable presents to its sultan, and pay a heavy toll for the privilege of going farther and coming back. Ten days more among thickly populated towns, inhabited by a hard lot of Touaregs who live comfortably on the raids they make among their negro neighbors, and we reach our goal, Bir el Malhem. While waiting at the gates, fine copper-colored women, with a single piece of cloth by way of dress and a profusion of tinkling ornaments of brass, and nude children, lithe and supple like young satyrs, come trotting on little hump-back cows and forming a great circle of which we are the centre, sneer at and insult us. The sultan is a negro *marabout* enriched by the donations of the Faithful, who believe that he is miraculously carried in pilgrimage to Mecca every year. Yet he has behaved treacherously with many



A Burden Carrier.

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caravaneers, and although treating our friends as guests and inviting them to his table, they eat with their arms at hand, and as the Spaniards say, "their beards on the shoulder;" and it is in the same fashion they carry on trading. Caravaneers often told me:

"Allah is great and Mohammed is his prophet, but 'Sidi Vinster'* is our truest friend!"

In the Soudan, when business is done between people of good commercial standing and well known to one another, *senait*, letters of exchange are used; but in general the *cauri*, a small shell of the Atlantic seaboard, is the means of exchange—five thousand *cauris* are worth a *bottera*, the obsolete silver florin of Maria Theresa, which has found its way among the Arabs and is now coined for their use. The value of the *cauri* to the *bottera* is fictitious, however, as in reality no negro wants to give the precious shells for silver. Customers send their slaves with date-matting baskets containing fifty thousand *cauris*, the contents are thrown on the ground and counted over and over, employing any amount of those two cheap African commodities, slaves and time.

Three months, at least, of complete rest are necessary to put the camels in shape for the return journey. If two-thirds of them reach Tripoli, the caravan has been exceptionally fortunate. Indeed, the risks of such an enterprise as I have described are so enormous that, with the opening of strong European stations in Central Africa, trade will naturally seek the easy water-ways of the West Coast, and the great Saharan caravans, already much reduced since the depreciation in price of ostrich feathers, will become a thing of the past.

THE MAN IN RED.

By T. R. Sullivan.

THE fourteenth of July, in the year of our Lord 1790, was a date in French history deliberately predestined by the nation to be one that all nations should remember. Days and weeks had been spent in preparing for that sublime Feast of the Federation, which meant to an enthusiastic army of devotees the dawn of a new Golden Age on earth. Their scheme for fixing the world's attention was skilfully devised, brilliantly executed; and when the moment came, its solemn rites around the altar of the Fatherland so impressed themselves upon every beholder that no picturesque detail of the pageant went unrecorded. The notes of that time have served their turn with many a chronicler in ours, and again and again has that vivid scene upon the stage of the Champ de Mars slowly unfolded itself from dawn to sunset for our benefit. We know how the impatient populace danced a farandole while the long procession of deputies filed into place through the triumphal arches; how Talleyrand, with all his acolytes, celebrated mass under huge censers which a pelting rain extinguished. We have seen the clouds disperse, and all the gay colors of the feast grow gayer in the clear light of afternoon. King and President, side by side under one canopy, take the same oath, at Lafayette's signal, to the braying of trumpets and the boom of cannon. The little blue-and-gold gallery where Marie Antoinette sits is suddenly steeped in sunshine. She accepts the omen, and, rising, presents the Dauphin to the people, whose answering shout is one of loyalty eager to assert itself. The King turns toward her radiant, his persistent optimism justified at last, overcoming even her forebodings. That high hope, so lately formed and still but half-admitted—her hope in Mira-

* "Sidi Vinster," Mr. Winchester. Meaning the rifle.

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beau—revives now, and is confirmed by the people's voice, under this smiling heaven, auspiciously serene. "The monarchy is saved!" was the last assurance of the giant tribune at their secret interview in the garden of St. Cloud ten days ago. The King believes in Mirabeau's assurance, entreats her to believe. And in this last hour, as the hymn of praise brings the long day's ceremonial to its triumphant end, she does believe. *Te Deum laudamus!* It must be so. The miracle has been performed. The ever-threatening danger has melted away like the cloud, and the promised era of gentleness and prosperity is really begun.

But there must be no more mistakes. One, of a serious nature, it appears, has been made already on this very day of days. Instead of taking part in the parade of the morning, the King drove to his appointed place, in semi-state, through the quiet streets of the Faubourg St. Germain; and now a rumor comes that his motive for this was misinterpreted, and that certain deputies attribute his absence to distrust of the people. Their suspicion must be removed, and the mischief remedied before it has time to spread—the sooner the better; to-night, if such a thing be possible. And, in truth, nothing is easier. These same deputies are to reassemble, later on, at the Château de la Muette, in the Bois de Boulogne, for a splendid banquet. The King will appear there, in all the state imaginable, with the Queen. It is she, herself, who makes this suggestion, who is anxious to do her part, provided only that an interval of rest at the Tuileries be granted her. The plan is hastily approved. A feast upon such a scale will of necessity last on till midnight; the essential thing is the attendance of the royal party; its schemes for arrival and departure are insignificant details. So, with at least three hours to spare, it being not yet seven o'clock, the Queen drives back along the river quays and across the Pont Royal, scarcely conscious of fatigue, lighter of heart than she has been for many a day. The sun, slowly setting, transfigures the ancient city, and she finds unfamiliar beauty in what was before the gloomiest of prison precincts. Everywhere the house-fronts, festooned and garlanded, blend tricolor and fleur-de-lis into a sign of general rejoicing. Even the huddled mass of buildings in the square of the Carrousel looks almost lovely to her as she turns from it into the Cour Royale. Her own apartments, opening toward the garden, on the ground floor of the half-dismantled palace, are filled with golden sunlight. Outside, workmen are engaged in throwing strings of colored lamps from tree to tree; others, with the same cheerful task in hand, swarm upon the façade itself; she can hear their voices as the orders are given and the work progresses. Her own voice has a note of merriment in it; her own face can but reflect the spirit of the hour, since even that forbidding one of the gray old Tuileries for once is made to smile.

She laughs lightly when her ladies-in-waiting, the Countess d'Adhémar and the faithful Madame Campan, exclaim that all she wears is ruined. In honor of the day she is dressed in white, with knots of tricolor ribbon here and there. The rain has soiled and spotted her from head to foot; the colors have trickled down and run together; there is a deep purple stain across her throat—it will never come out, never in the world. Oh, yes! time will wear it away, she assures them. For to-night it can be concealed by other ribbons, jewels, anything. If not, what does it matter? The people have put on the fleur-de-lis. She has dyed herself with the colors of the people. Compliment for compliment, hers is the more graceful one of the two. All this wreckage is worth something, at least; let it be sold and the money given to her kind friends the people, for whose sake she will wear white again—all white, of course, but for these same three colors. She is not hungry, though she will make a pretence of dining—here quietly, with Madame Elisabeth and her dear Lamballe. Let all be ordered and arranged and set in train at once. There is no time to lose.

Yet the long summer twilight is but half over when all is accomplished, excepting only certain finishing touches to the coiffure, left, as usual, for Ma-

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dame Campan to adjust at the last moment. Her companions at table note with delight that never since the good Trianon days has the Queen looked so well, so free from care. The deeper lines of her face seem mysteriously to have been smoothed away; the color comes and goes in her cheeks, and her eyes sparkle like a girl's. When the King sends word that he has returned, and that they are to leave the palace at ten o'clock, she forces herself into sudden gravity; then dismisses her attendants, one and all, to be recalled in due season; now she desires nothing but to rest awhile alone. They take their leave; and she, returning to her boudoir, stops an instant before the mirror—an instant which makes her first impatient, then thoughtful, since the glass is so small that it is impossible to see herself there at full length. With a sigh she remembers that this was not so at Versailles. Versailles! When will it be their home again? Very soon, perhaps. The possibility no longer seems remote in the altered temper of the time. This comfortless place is but a temporary lodging for the week's festivities. Already they are permitted to live at St. Cloud. Permitted? How long has it been the habit of royalty to apply that word to its own case? Her use of it now, though only in thought, makes her turn from the meagrely furnished walls and sigh once more. And then she smiles as she recalls her answer to the little Dauphin, who said that all here was ugly, on the night of their first arrival: "My son, Louis XIV. lived in it." Yes, but not under these conditions.

After all, the ugliness has its redeeming features. This outlook over the garden, for example, with the mellow sky through the branches, is more than beautiful. How enchanting it will be, an hour hence, when all these tiny lamps are lighted! She wonders if they go on, across the Place Louis XV., along the Champs Élysées; then, as the trees intercept her view, she moves from window to window, at each step drawing a little nearer the broad walk, and is disappointed to find that she can see but half its length in the last room of her small apartment. She will not be balked so. The adjoining rooms are reserved for the King, though he rarely uses them; the last will bring her almost to the central point of the garden-front, the great Pavillon de l'Horloge itself. She finds the door under the tapestry, knocks, and, getting no answer, turns the rusted handle timidly and goes in. All here is formal, stately, bare and still. The windows, wide open, lead into a high arcade supporting a terrace at the first-floor level. There are rows of lights, and a ladder against one of the arches, from which the Queen perceives that this architectural feature is to be accentuated by the decorations of the night. Passing on to the last window she steps out into the arcade, and clasps her hands in astonishment. The arch commands an uninterrupted vista not only of the garden but also of what lies beyond it—the swing-bridge, the square, the statue of Louis XV., the great avenue leading straight out to those wooded heights against the sky. All is a mass of color. The trees are hung with mottoes and emblems; at the bridge a huge triumphal arch has been set up, and through it she sees flags and streamers and pyramids of lanterns stretching on interminably. As she looks her eyes fill with tears of thankfulness. The sight is wonderful indeed, but its significance is more, much more to her, than the sight itself. Dear foreign land grown kind and lovable, as in her brightest days! She has found great joy in it, great joy remains. "The monarchy is saved!"

A bell breaks the silence. It is only the clock overhead recording the hour. She counts eight strokes; then three-quarters chime out musically. She turns to go in, and stops, startled by heavy steps on the terrace above, and the sound of two rough voices in excited speech.

"Impossible, Pascal!"

"I swear to you I saw him."

"Where?"

"There, in the Salle des Gardes."

"Idiot! It was some officer of the household."

"In that dress—with that look upon his face? It was the phantom."

"Pascal, you are a coward."

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"My God, no! I fear no living man. But *that!* To-night, of all others!"

"*Chimères!* Give me the torch! It is time to light the lanterns."

The footsteps pass; the voices grow confused and die away; but their strange dispute has darkened all the prospect. Night descends, making the distant sky colorless, the soft air damp and cold. Yet the trembling woman shivers there a moment longer, hoping to hear more; then, with the weight of an icy hand upon her heart she rustles back through the staring, empty rooms. The Queen's mind is tinged so deeply with the superstition of the age that even the nightmare of a dream has often assumed to her fearful importance; and the words she has just overheard ring in her ears now, not to be silenced. What has he seen, here in the palace, this workman, this Pascal? Pascal! The repetition of his name gives her a new thought, a swiftly formed resolve. She crosses her apartment to the door of the antechamber into which she looks cautiously. A page is there alone lighting the candles. The door creaks a little; and he turns with the taper in his hand, the light from it trailing down upon his scarlet-and-gold dress, upon his boyish features. He has been for some time in her service, and, recognizing her at once, comes forward respectfully.

"Maxime, there are men at work—on the terrace, fronting the garden."

"Yes, your Majesty."

"Go up, then, and find one who is called Pascal—Pascal, remember. Go quietly and quickly; it is important; tell no one, and bring him here to me."

He is off at a bound with no thought but to obey, no trace of surprise. While he is gone she is disturbed and restless, wandering from room to room in search of her fan, her handkerchief, her purse; stamps her foot impatiently at finding nothing; then finds all at once, and, coming back to the salon, chooses a seat near the window, but carefully turned away from it. There she has established herself with an air of absolute composure when the page knocks and she bids him come in. He waits, at a sign from her, just within the door but not within hearing, while she motions the man who follows to draw nearer that the last gleam of daylight may fall upon his face.

He has been warned that this lady is the Queen, and he approaches in a kind of timorous curiosity, as if, dreading each step, he were still impelled to take it. Then he stops instinctively at a proper distance, and twists his woollen cap with awkward, embarrassed hands. He wears a blouse, but it is fresh and unwrinkled. He is young too, and by no means ill-looking, with a fine light in his clear, brown eyes. All this she observes at a glance, while his look changes to one of open admiration for the lovely presence into which he has been ushered incomprehensibly. It is plain to her that the presence overawes yet fascinates him; equally plain that he is asking himself what this being from another world than his can want with him.

"You are called Pascal?" she begins, in a low voice.

"Pascal, yes, Madame; Pascal Boucher, lately of Vaud, in Switzerland—now of Paris, with respect to her Majesty."

"You are employed here—for the illumination?"

"For the little lamps, yes, Madame. I have helped to put them up. I remain until the last is lighted."

She trembles a little, for in this second speech his intonation has identified him. He is, unquestionably, the man who spoke upon the terrace. Then, drawing open her purse, she finds a louis and offers it.

"This is for you. It is in your power to earn more than that by doing me a trifling service."

"Oh, Madame, I thank you!" His cheeks flush with pleasure as he stoops with outstretched hand which her own just touches. He pockets the gold piece and stands erect, as before, twisting his cap again in amazement and perplexity. "Madame cannot doubt. In what manner can I serve her Majesty?"

"By answering truthfully a single question. What did you see above there in the Salle des Gardes?"

The movement of his hands suddenly stops. And though his eyes, apparently, have not swerved a hair's-breadth,

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they no longer meet hers; moreover, from being alert, their expression has altered upon the instant into a fixed and staring one.

"In the Salle des Gardes," he repeats, slowly. "Madame, I do not understand—I have seen nothing."

"Nevertheless you declared otherwise just now to your comrade. Standing below, I overheard your talk and his. Scarcely five minutes have passed; you must remember it. Once again I ask you what you saw there through the window."

"Madame heard imperfectly, or it was not I who spoke. In the Salle des Gardes there is no one—nothing."

He speaks with the utmost calmness, yet still avoids her look, and she knows that he is lying deliberately. Why? She cannot imagine, but a certain determination in him convinces her that his mind is made up and that he will not change it.

"It means that you refuse to tell me."

"Her Majesty misunderstands," he returns, in a tone of peculiar gentleness; "it means that I cannot tell her this thing she asks—that I, who speak to her, have no more to tell."

She opens her purse again; then, with a second thought, tosses it aside and bids him to be gone. But he still waits, fumbling in his pocket for the coin already his.

"If her Majesty will permit me to return this, which I have not earned——"

The Queen interrupts him to decline it with a gesture. "Strange!" she whispers, less to him than to herself. "Here is an honest man who is doing me a great wrong unconsciously; who will not comply with one poor request—nay, though I entreat him."

"Oh, Madame, forgive me!" he implores, earnestly, with a mournful, troubled look. "I am the humblest of your servants, but of them all the most faithful. I would die to keep a word, a breath of harm from you. Believe me when I say this, believe—believe that I have seen nothing."

"I must believe you. Put up the money. You will accept it in remembrance of me."

"So long as I live, Madame, I shall never part with it."

Once more his gaze meets hers and does not waver; there is something deeper than admiration in it now; it expresses mingled pity and devotion, as he moves backward toward the door, lingers a moment, lays his hand upon his heart, bows and goes his way. The Queen looks after him, wondering. She is sure that there were tears in his eyes.

Then all at once she seems to understand him better. He has erred from a kindly motive. He is hiding something from her that he fears would give her pain. But still her question is unanswered. Why should he pity her? What is it that he hides?

She must know—she will know. Since direct means have failed her, indirect ones shall be tried. After a little thought she despatches the page for Madame Campan, and once more retires to her boudoir, the most habitable of the rooms assigned to her. The hangings are from the Gobelin loom; the principal one, in which the famous scarlet dye of the manufactory predominates, representing the bridal of Neptune and Amphitrite. The dressing-table, with its mirror and candle-branches, stands between the windows. Close by is the harmonica—that pretty toy which the German invented and Franklin perfected—an arrangement of musical water-glasses upon which she has learned to play. It suits her purpose to do so now. And, accordingly, Madame Campan finds her picking out a favorite air—the trio from Grétry's opera of "Zémire and Azor."

She breaks off with a playful smile. "Ah! it is time for the coiffure; so much the better. I have been singing to myself as I looked at the garden. Is it not beautiful?"

"Yes, Madame; but the façade—you must see that. All its ugliness is gone. It is covered with twinkling lights; truly, a palace in fairyland! Who would ever have thought they could make so much of this forsaken place?"

Speaking, she lights the four candles at the glass, while the Queen sits before it, idly watching her and then glancing up toward the darkening walls.

"Yes, my dear Campan," she answers, "we were better off in the Trianon, it must be confessed. But there we had

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no history, and here its shadows gather round us. At times they have a charm for me. One may see, I think, too much of summer sunshine. Tell me, is not this the oldest part of the palace?"

"I have been told so, Madame. Madame will wear these pearls?"

"Yes, decidedly. What strange things, then, in all the years, these walls have seen and known! the thoughts of kings, their hopes and great designs, unaccomplished, all lost, forgotten—elbowing each other here together through the past, like troops of phantoms!"

"Phantoms! Oh, no, indeed, Madame. There are none here, I hope."

"Why not, since it amuses me to think so? It is the twilight hour to which such ideas are suited. And I am so gay to-night that I could dance a farandole, as those merry souls did this morning on the Champ de Mars. If I am to sit quiet under your hands, you must control my spirits. Tell me some tale of those who have lived and died here; all the better if it be a ghostly one. To begin with, whose room was this?"

"I do not know, Madame; if there are tales about it, a cleverer tongue than mine might tell them. But as for me, I have heard no tales at all."

"And I, who persuade myself that it must have many! What! Is it a room like any other? Has it no legend—no tradition?"

"None, Madame, that has been told to me."

"You have never heard, then, of a ghost that haunts the Tuileries?"

"Never, never, I assure your Majesty."

"Why, how is this? I have frightened you."

"Not in the least, Madame. At what should I be frightened?"

"But your face looks so pale here, in the glass; and I can feel that your hands tremble. Are you cold?"

"There is a draught of air. I cannot imagine how it has come in. Ah! this door——"

And in fact there has sprung open behind them a small door leading into the central corridor, which on this ground-floor of the palace runs the entire length of the southern wing—a windowless passage between the staircases, lighted day and night by lanterns, but insufficiently, so that the Queen has always avoided it, preferring to make use of a private staircase within her own apartment, communicating directly with the floor above. This accident diverts her thoughts for the moment, and in a tone of annoyance she begs Madame Campan to close the door and to bolt it.

"That dreadful corridor!" she continues, with increasing vexation. "I have a horror of it. What negligence to leave the door unbolted! See! the draught has put out one of the candles—another, too! Pray relight them."

This is done immediately, but in a moment their flames die down again.

"These candles will not burn!" the Queen declares, petulantly. "What does this mean? It seems to me that the others grow dim while I am speaking."

"It means simply that they are of the same make, Madame, nothing more. There was, perhaps, some defect in the mould."

"Then bring fresh ones, my dear Campan, I implore you."

"At once, your Majesty."

And the lady-in-waiting bustles away through the outer rooms, while the Queen remains seated before the glass, eying the flickering lights with indefinable apprehension, as if her whole happiness demands that they shall be kept alive. A movement in the adjoining salon alarms her.

"Who is there?" she calls.

It is only the page, who, in answer, presents himself for orders.

"Maxime, why was this door not bolted? Who has passed out that way?"

"I do not know, your Majesty. I am sure it was not I. I never walk in the corridor after nightfall unless it is absolutely necessary. And even then I shut my eyes."

"What! Are you afraid of the dark?"

"Of the dark, no! It is the man I am afraid of."

"The man—what man?"

"I mean the Man in Red."

"The Man in Red!" she repeats in

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a voice that does not falter. "And who is he?"

The boy's eyes open wide, as if his surprise at this simple question were too great to be contained.

"Does not Madame know? He has lived under the great clock for two whole centuries. So long as he remains there all goes well; but when he comes down and takes his walk at night in the dark corners——"

"Well, what then?"

"They say it is the evil spirit of the palace. He may not come for years, he may come at any moment; and so I shut my eyes, since it is death to one who sees him. They say he comes only in times of danger—of fearful danger to the King."

So, by a child's thoughtless gossip, with scarce an effort upon her part, the secret is suddenly revealed. She knows now what thought stole into Madame Campan's mind to be withheld evasively. She knows why honest Pascal Boucher, out of the rough goodness of his heart, resolved for once to be dishonest. She knows what he imagined that he saw—nay, must have seen. She has not spoken, but the boy is aware of a strange terror in her face which brings terror to his own.

"Oh, Madame, why do you look at me like that? I have done wrong to tell you. Believe me, I have never seen the man. It is only what they say. No one has seen him—no one."

She lays her hand gently upon the boy's shoulder, and the need of reassuring him serves to revive her failing courage.

"Maxime, this is a tale that no one can believe, that must not be repeated. Never speak of it again, for it is false. Now go; find good Madame Campan and send her back. But do not let her know what you have told me."

"What is it, after all?" she murmurs, as the boy hurries off and passes out into the antechamber. "A creature of the fancy—a goblin to make clowns and silly children start at every shadow. The workman knew the story and saw what was in his own mind, no more, no less. I marvel that my wise Campan should tremble at such things. As well might we give heed to this portent of the candles that go out one by one because they were run in the same mould!"

With her eyes and thoughts thus intent upon it, the third flame dwindles to a spark, while at the same moment a prolonged gust of wind wails along the polished floors and rattles all the casements. The hangings are set in motion by it; and through the shadows that surround her she sees in the glass, by the remaining candle's gleam, huge gods and goddesses start from the walls like living things. Then, to her dismay, the bolted door behind her swings slowly open. The fourth and last flame is, in its turn, extinguished; but a pale light from the corridor streams into the room.

Moved by a single impulse the Queen glides toward the door with hand raised to close it. Better darkness than light which comes that way! But a slight sound holds her motionless and almost breathless there to listen; a muffled sound, at short, regular intervals, like the ticking of a clock—or rather, like that other ticking, which heard at night in some old wainscot is held to be a sign of death, and rouses the soundest sleeper to make him start and tremble; it grows louder, more distinct, until the Queen, drawn on by a new motive that she cannot resist, takes another step and looks out along the gallery.

Alone, under the flaring lamps, there advances the figure of a man—a dwarf, bowed with the weight of years. About his neck he wears a ruff, above which his white hair, closely cropped, and his pointed beard shine like silver. Slowly he creeps forward, stealthily and silently, without even a footfall to announce him; but he leans heavily upon a staff which gives the monotonous signal of his coming as it strikes the floor. His half-closed eyes follow its point, and the light of the nearest lantern shows this staff that guides him to be a rusted sword. But it is not that from which the Queen shrinks instinctively. The same flash of the uncertain light has fallen upon the man's dress, and his worn doublet and hose, faded to a brownish tinge, are streaked here and there with traces of a deeper color—red.

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"The evil spirit of the palace!" How will he threaten her? What will he say or do? It is too late now to fly from his warning; she must see and hear and know. He draws nearer; he is here; he passes. Yet his gaunt face betrays no knowledge of her presence; his eyes are still half-closed; his lips are speechless; he has passed on without a sign. Then the Queen, finding all at once a new, unnatural courage, springs after to detain him.

"Speak!" she commands. "Why do you come here? Who are you?" The spectral figure stops, and turning, fixes his eyes upon her. They are the eyes of death, and their grim look seems to take all happiness, all hope away. He lifts his hand and points to a red stain upon his ruff—a blood-stain—and throwing his head back he shows her that his throat is gashed and bleeding. Then with a low chuckle, a leer of hideous delight, he turns again and steals on through the shadows.

Overcome with horror, gasping for breath, the Queen gropes her way into the room, shuts the door, bolts it, and remains there clinging to the wall in the dark until approaching lights and voices bring her back to life. She is found calmly seated at the table. Neither her look nor her manner has excited the smallest wonder or suspicion; but in another moment she has fainted in Madame Campan's arms. The King comes, to learn that she has been seized, inexplicably, with sudden illness. He waits an hour, but she is still unable to think of going out. In spite of her entreaties he will not go without her, and gives up the banquet. Along the lines of light, impatient crowds wait for him to pass. The myriad lamps burn themselves out, and the glittering symbols that they shone upon look dull and tarnished in the gray light of morning. But the King never passes, and his dais stands always vacant at the Feast of Deputies. So it happens that Royalty makes its second serious mistake, and is gravely misjudged by its kind friends the people in the night of this very day of days.

On August 11, 1792, the worthy citizen, Jean Ribaud, was detailed with other patriots to remove the bodies of the slaughtered Swiss Guard, who made, on the preceding day—when the poor King and Queen had left the palace, as it proved, forever—their unavailing but immortal defence of the Tuileries. The faithful soldiers lay as they fell, borne down by the overwhelming mob, in heaps upon the great staircase, under overturned chairs and tables in the outer rooms. Here, in the course of his agreeable task, the excellent Ribaud turned over with his foot a dead man, fallen face downward toward the foe.

"*Tiens!*" said he. "I know that face. It is Pascal Boucher, the Swiss, who went mad for love of Madame Véto and enrolled himself in the Guard to fight for her. How is it that you go down into hell before the Austrian? Eh, comrade, tell me that?"

With a brutal kick, given as if he really hoped the dead hero could rise to answer and be struck down a second time, he has stirred something at the neck—something that slides away and clinks upon the floor.

"A louis d'or!" he cries in astonishment. "By your leave, comrade, since it is worth nothing, not even a drop of water, now, to you!"

And glancing furtively about, to make sure that he is not observed, the worthy citizen, Jean Ribaud, with one wrench of his strong hand tears off the coin and puts it in his pocket.

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THE FRENCH SYMBOLISTS.

By Aline Gorren.

I.

IT is now a few years since Émile Zola, being questioned as to the drift of contemporary literature, expressed himself as seeing the end of the Naturalist school of which he has been the chief apostle. Taking the view that literature is cyclic and corresponds to successive social evolutions, he foresaw the dawning of a new literary standpoint and formula; and, said he, "Symbolism *may* be the literature of the future." This view M. Zola holds now, as he did then; but though he be not yet sure, by any means, that the literature of symbols will succeed the naturalistic child of Positivism whom he has served so doughtily—though his opinion be, indeed, that something better can be found, of which he himself will, as likely as not, be the lusty evangelist—others cherish the conviction as indubitable; and about the conviction have grown up a school of French literature, and a school of French art, that have slowly extended in widening circles. An influence contested, often imperceptible; but an influence.

About the year 1885 that section of the Parisian public that concerns itself with special departments of letters, became conscious of the existence of sundry obscure little reviews, formulating a new æsthetic creed, in a language departing, as far as it was possible to go, from the phrase of Zola, Daudet, Maupassant. In these little reviews was to be found a deeply abstruse verbiage, bristling with neologisms, with obsolete expressions of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, with new terminations to words in common use—which terminations, coined according to individual laws, appeared to desire to note differentiations in meaning that the current word could not define. And this original linguistic, rooting back into Latin and Greek derivatives, cadenced in pompous Latin sonorousness, calling, at every other page, for the aid of a glossary, was the vehicle for trains of thought and literary points of view, quite as unexpected, and quite as unlike anything which had latterly come to express the spirit of the close of the nineteenth century.

The little reviews generally died out, within a period of varying brevity, for lack of readers and funds. But others sprang up in their place, and propogated the new dogmas further. Since the proclaimed cult of the young writers was for the chiselled word, for the research of rare harmonies in the expression, and rarefied subtleties in the sensation; since their attitude was avowedly one of languorous exclusion above the mass of men (two-thirds pose, this attitude, one-third the genuine fruit of actual political and sociological conditions in France), the name of Decadents became quickly and aptly fastened to them. Generally the young men repudiated it. By some it was inferentially allowed.

Je suis l'empire à la fin de la décadence
Qui regarde passer les grands barbares blancs,
En composant des acrostiches indolents
D'un style d'or où la langueur du soleil danse,

wrote Paul Verlaine. And, although the much more comprehensive term Symbolist later supplanted the first designation, to an extent it still endures.

If this movement in French literature had been confined to an innovation in the métrique of verse, to an attempt to eliminate from the French language those "clumsy deposits" which the phraseology of modern science, and still more, the loose jargon of modern journalism, are charged with having washed into it; if it had been simply an effort to enrich the tongue of to-day anew with what M. Jean Moréas calls the "unpolluted vocables" of the golden age of Rabelais, the interest attaching to it could not have spread to any

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distance. So far as French Symbolism is an æsthetic renaissance, a desire to seize, in the color and perfume of words, the undefined affinities we are conscious of in the remotest things, and so to materialize them that the same confused sensations they awaken may be reawakened in the reader—"the same unseizable excitations to revery be artificially reproduced," it is familiar ground to English consideration, a repetition of the creed of Swinburne, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and the rest of the pre-Raphaelites. The analogy imposes itself, indeed, at once. The influence of the cluster of English æsthetes is clearly discernible in the artistic preferences, as well as in the external formulæ of the new French school. There is the love of mediæval *motif;* there is the well-known genuflection before the purity and simplicity of the Primitives. The same sensuously dilettante Catholicism makes its appearance: Virgins, copes, chasubles, censers, mortifications, expiations, damnations; and the same research of that precise moment in time and art when things are seen metaphysically, symbolically; "in the mass," that is, which, as M. Jean Moréas would tell us, "alone is veracious." Now and then the atmosphere is so absolutely congenerous as to produce a momentary confusion. ". . . He knelt before this blessed lady; and never was ecstasy more subdued than the murmur of that love. . . . Frail apparition! In a nimbus of light vapors she seemed as a chant that is very low, as a monotonous litany of the perfection of vain loves, as the attenuated scent of a distant flower, as the sigh of that dim sorrow that is exhaled in a breath. . . ." This might be a page from the delicate moonbeaming of Dante Gabriel Rossetti. Instead, it is a leaf from Maurice Barrès, one of the most personal, and in one sense, positive, of the prose-writers of the Symbolist school. The alluring propagandist of an æsthetically arid philosophy of the Culture of Self, Maurice Barrès has no real mental connection with the English poet. But the technique of their inspiration exhibits a frequent racial likeness.

This familiarity of English readers with the pre-Raphaelite doctrines prevents them from entering into the angry surprise of the Parisian middle-class man, who sees in all this Decadence and Symbolism nothing but an attempt on the part of a few impertinent Bohemians to mystify the public. To them the up-springing of this school is an interesting manifestation of the universality of thought-germs. But the Symbolists, from the first, claimed that they had other things in their minds besides a mediæval revival. It was not with them, they said, the manner of the written phrase only; they had other ideas, and so much have they insisted on these ideas that they have forced an attention, in spite of Sarcey, Anatole France, Brunetière, the whole array of the Paris critics; in spite of Leconte de Lisle's: "*Oh, ces jeunes gens!* . . . *Tous fumistes!*"

M. Zola, upon one occasion, strong in the Comtist and Spencerian support of Naturalism, made a remark to the effect that if Symbolism failed as the literature to come, it would be because of the lack of the philosophic background. Some of us, if conscious that some sort of mystico-idealistic reaction is probably close upon us, are yet doubtful whether the scientific spirit has not become too diffused to permit any school of art arising from a reaction of that kind to attain any degree of true, or permanent, development. Is the latest drift of the scientific spirit, however, antagonistic to the orientation of the French Symbolist school? The Symbolists answer No. They assume precisely the contrary. And here it becomes interesting to follow their assumptions.

II.

In a recent French work on psychology—entirely distinct, it is needless to say, in method and treatment, from the empiric German work in that line, whose severe *Konsequenz* dismisses metaphysics, and the perilous, if fascinating, leaps of the same—the last word of the science at present is summed up in the assertion that we are all evanescent expressions of an eternal unity. It is scarcely a new summing. If French modern metaphysics and

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psychology deny the duality of matter and spirit, and German research on the same path more cautiously admits the probability that both may be differing attributes of one substance, and all forms and phenomena the manifestations of one eternal essence; if M. Fouillée and his compeers, fresh from divings into animal magnetism, assert, with respect to our much-cherished individual identity, that "the illusion of a definitely limited, impenetrable, and absolutely autonomous '*I*'" must be given up; that it is only with the lips we can claim it, while the immense orchestra of things will always answer "We" in our face; if it be borne in upon us daily, from divers sources, that continuity and reciprocity are the great law and the great mystery, and that "nothing is so one that it is not multiple . . . nothing so mine that it is not collective"—the spontaneity with which these conclusions seem to be invested is but another proof of how many times the thoughts that express a world period to itself need to be reiterated, and in how many different keys, before the aggregated atoms composing it become fairly conscious of the currents informing their life. From the picturesque pantheism of Giordano Bruno, and the beautiful idealism of Spinoza, our present descent is clear, to trace the pedigree no farther. The line of succession seems especially lucid just now, because thirty years of science and materialism have swung the pendulum the other way; at least, we begin to think that we feel the oscillation. But the materialism itself belonged to the same philosophic inheritance that has both moulded us, and enunciated us, since the seventeenth century. The only difference was that it remained studiously incurious of that hidden cause back of all. Why inquisitiveness as to what is unknowable? Other things were knowable, and sure, and the Naturalist presently brought out his documents, details, note-books. These things ye can *see*. But the Symbolist—for we have come to him at the other edge of the oscillation—now replies: "Your documents, details, verified facts, are precisely the least worth considering. They are appearances; impalpable shadows of clouds. Nothing ye think to see is what it seems. Nothing outside of our representation exists. All visibilities are symbols. Our business it is to find out what these symbols are. Any book that does not directly concern itself with the hints concealed beneath the diversified masks and aspects of matter is a house built out of a boy's toy-blocks. Science, after promising more things than it could fulfil, has many hypotheses just now that float about one central idea—the existence of one essence, infinite in moods, by reference to which, alone, anything whatsoever can be understood. Those of our creed, only and solely, have a philosophic basis for their art."

One of the propounders, in prose, of the Symbolistic theories, whom it is easiest to follow; one, too, whose literary quality is the most charming, is M. Maurice Barrès. To the novel, as we have come to understand it, the books of M. Barrès bear but scant resemblance. But the author espouses the designation in default of a better. At a first glance you might suppose that M. Barrès's work was of the same order as that of Paul Bourget. But no. Maurice Barrès writes metaphysical, not psychological, novels. In "Sous l'Œil des Barbares," "Un Homme Libre," "Le Jardin de Bérénice," three books which, by logical sequence, form but one, three stages are represented in the metaphysical evolution of the mind of a young man of analytic, contemplative temper. It is a picture of a human life, the only important facts of which take place in that world of sensations and illusions that is engendered by the physical happenings of existence. The point of view is made clear to the eye, from the start, by the typographical arrangement of the chapters. Each division, in "Sous l'Œil des Barbares," is preceded by a concordance, in which the worldly occurrences that befall the chief personage are telegraphically despatched, without more ado. Then follows, in a prose of remarkable fluidity, suppleness, and suggestiveness, the drama, determined by these incidents, in the sphere of psychological experience. You look on as the protago-

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nist's Ego evolves, through various passional phases, æsthetic principles, and philosophies, up to the culminant dogma of Maurice Barrès's individual creed: that the whole office of men is, first, to recognize that they are so many efforts, individually and collectively, of Instinct to realize itself —*je suis un instant d'une chose immortelle*— and secondly, to jealously guard themselves from being untrue to the voice of this Instinct. From all eternity each creature has been formed to play a certain part, to express, to represent a certain phase, a direction. Sincerity to the *Inconscient* is to be secured, in Maurice Barrès's opinion, by rejecting all things that are uncongenial to the *Moi*, and by assimilating all others that would naturally adhere to it, were it left—uninfluenced by the world and the Barbarians, the *grands barbares blancs* of Paul Verlaine, the Philistines—to take its own path. Its brief moment of serving as a representation, a symbol, over, the I returns to the bosom of the *chose immortelle;* the water-drop, after the semblance of an individual career of its own, goes back to the ocean; the monad melts into the Life. Death does not set free a number of personal souls; the fragments of the One Soul break down a temporary barrier, by the process, and pass out of a momentarily dividing sphere, formed by the illusion of identity. In Maurice Barrès's three books, the things and the people that come within the circle of the protagonist's intelligence, deformed and colored according to the transient state of his soul, pass before the reader like a succession of evanescent apparitions. In the last of the three the charm is keenest; the literary art impregnated with the rarest, the most subtle, savor. There are glimpses of a girl, a woman —who has been seen repeatedly, in varying guises, when all three books are read: a "little animal," all of instinct, and exquisite, in spite of—or because of?—that; affiliations, connections, between the "suave eyes" of Bérénice and those of gentle, long-eared young donkeys; these Bérénice loves because they have the misunderstood poetry of oppressed and despised things, of which race she is, this Bérénice, who is as the voice of the inarticulate People. . . . There are evocations (no descriptions) of landscapes: Aigues-Mortes; the plains about it; the purple and crimson of departed sunsets, flushing the damp gleams of the marsh. . . . Certain gowns that Bérénice wears, sombre purple, burnished copper, that answer the sunsets. . . . An unforgetable Museum in a dead town of southern France, small, perfect, provincial, deserted; where a little girl—the "little animal," in childhood—pores, in long, unawakened curiosities, over strange, suggestive things; where relics of early French kings vibrate, in their slow passage dustward, to the step of the custodian, strolling, in the long afternoons, with a jingle of keys, through the little rooms. . . . All this swimming in a luminous haze: the reader shut in by crepuscular indications, hauntings, that beckon to unexplored outlets. If there be a rather stifled feeling, as of a want of an open window, the æsthetic mode harmonizes the more truly with the underlying dogma. It is we who create the universe, says M. Barrès. That universe is but the harmonious *ensemble* of our own thoughts. Thus are we imprisoned in a dream-cage. And this is the impression with which he manages to charge his books.

From Maurice Barrès, and his effort to compress all nature into humanity, one may turn to Francis Poictevin, a prose-writer who has gradually enrolled himself with the Symbolist movement, but who, to express the modern tendencies, has taken an inverse course from Barrès. The analysis of metaphysical experiences, which at one time held Poictevin captive, has ceased to do so; or does so very secondarily. Essential symbols are coming to be more and more widely represented for him by cloud and sea, and the physiognomic aspects of plains, forests, and towns. These are his main lines. As he apprehends the multiform moods, sounds, sights, scents of nature, everything that we are pleased to name voiceless and inanimate, breathes forth the force of a veiled meaning, thrills

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with a hidden life; the nervously conscious attitudes of flowers; the sonorous orchestral harmonies of color in wood and shore; the hushed mystery of lakes and ponds, over whose waters hang the liquid iris-tints of evening skies, that "fugitive, at once, and expectant, in their profound prolongations, hide unavowed desires, already almost deflowered by the very exquisiteness of their intensity, of a charm that grows poignant as it declines. . . ."

All nature is a temple, filled with living pillars, and the pillars have tongues, and speak in confused words, and man walks as through a forest of countless symbols . . . the lines of Beaudelaire, the father, in a kind, of the Symbolists, serve as an epigraph for Francis Poictevin's "Paysages." Poictevin's men and women are subordinate to these wider curves of wave and sky; they come and go, emerging from their setting, briefly, and fading into it again; they have no personality apart from it; and, amid the world-symbols of the heavens in marshalled movement and the thousand-reeded winds, they, in their human symbol, are allowed to seem, as they are, proportionately small. They are possessed, as are clouds, waters, trees, but no more than clouds, waters, trees, of a baffling significance, forever a riddle to itself. They have bowed attitudes; the weight of the mystery they carry on their shoulders. Poictevin's literary style is of the quality to be slowly degustated, with an attention to the spiritual after-flavor. In "Paysages," and notably in "Nouveaux Songes," in which his symbolist tendencies become especially defined, the souls of landscapes, the elusive heart of things, reach one in an essentialized form; they have gone through high dilution first. The homœopathic compression, the endeavor that never shall there be a word too many, may weary the ordinary reader, whose head and stomach are equal to any of the chemical processes. Poictevin's appeal is to the *raffiné*.

A third writer, with whom the symbolic direction of thought takes a distinctly individual shape, is Paul Adam. His is the mystic note; a mysticism adapted, under some of its aspects, to the requirements of Parisian boulevard loungers on the threshold of the twentieth century. With infinitely less literary restraint than Barrès or Poictevin, much less an artist than either, Paul Adam has nevertheless striven, in novels and short tales, to give a body to one of the most interesting of the Symbolist ideas, that of recurrent rhythms in the affairs of men and of the universe, which rhythms art must express (modern music was the first to do it) by clusters of leading themes, running through many modalities. In "Être," a romance of the fifteenth century—a historic moment selected because it saw the trampling down of an epoch the only light of which (Dante thought it a great light) was a spiritual one, under the first magnificent brute struggle for material well-being that resulted in modern civilization—the magician, Mahaud, is a woman tormented by the desire for some such powers as to-day might be coveted by the followers of a Madame Blavatsky. In harmony with the general rhythm, however—which is the foundering of the spiritual life beneath periodic, and imperious, reversions to an insistence on the supreme rights of the flesh and the individual—Paul Adam shows this desire to be thwarted by the Countess's sensuous nature. She is a woman of knowledge and insight far beyond the age in which she lives; as the mistress of a great castle she attains wide ascendancy over her surroundings; she becomes a rallying centre of light in the darkness of confused times. But the struggle of contending forces is too sharp; the equilibrium is lost; the mind goes down, in ruin, in the closing night.

"The science she acquired dies with her," says Gustave Kahn; "the influence she unfolded impels those who lived within its circle to start off, by opposed routes, upon the pursuit of some unknowable which they contain, yet which forever escapes them. The monks absorb themselves in ecstasy; the soldiers throw themselves into the wars; and the rhythm perceived, or initially unrolled, by the Countess Mahaud, is extinguished in death and

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in the elements, having made nought but victims, since, resulting in nothing (because of her own faultiness), it was only agitation." In "En Décor" (a novel of the present day, but not such a one in tone or atmosphere as contemporary novelists have rendered us familiar with), Manuel dreams that in the girl whom he loves—a simple, receptive Margaret for a new Faust—he can "symbolize the treasure of his metaphysical being." Their love is the immortal symbol of the union of generative forces. "Manuel et Louise relurent la patrie première, et s'éblouirent aux communs reflets de soleils originels." They had "an immense joy in recognizing each other as fraternal, after the separation of centuries, and all the disguises of successive individuals in which the germs of their being had slept." The mystico-sensuous phraseology abounds in allusions to the Arcana of the Law; the Splendor of the Mystery; the elliptic flight of the Cherubim, etc. These things may be pardoned to M. Paul Adam, who is only thirty, and who believes firmly that the coming time is to be one in which, "disdaining the solicitation of useless pleasures, man will walk toward the science of things, the contemplation of rhythms and causes. . . ." His work merits attention because it outlines, more clearly than elsewhere has been done, the technical modes which, M. Jean Moréas prophesies, will rule the development of the novel of the future.

First, to use the words of another adherent of the school, we shall have the mode, the technique, which subjectives, in the soul of a single personage, the orchestration of worlds. ". . . Nothing exists outside the sensations of the hero. . . . The elements in the texture of this mode are: the struggle of ideas in the same brain; and the unfolding of the natural selection that determines the order of their succession."

We have seen what M. Maurice Barrès does in this kind. "The second mode of the novel will study the inception, in a philosophic brain, of thoughts calculated to modify a number of inferior brains in its surroundings. It will follow these thoughts in the human forms where the philosophic hero has sown them; and, in the successive avatars of the personalities moved by this rhythm, it will expose the series of its growth, or the reasons for its atrophy. In its third form the novel sets upon its feet as a hero no longer a definite human being, but the scheme of an Essential Idea, that, filtering through a group of human beings, acquires, in each form which it penetrates, such measure of intensity and of development as it can there find; sometimes losing some, or all, of its force, by reason of the superior power of an opposing rhythm; sometimes specialized in souls particularly affected by a preponderant cast of sensations, until it renders those souls all its own. . . ." Here we recognize the methods of Paul Adam.

To these pretexts for poems, which must circumscribe a philosophic or moral dogma, goes on our exponent, divers styles must adapt themselves, harmonious with the subject, the surroundings, the rhythm, the emblems of the human forms chosen. . . . Chipped phrases will be used for expressing a personage continually employed in exploring his own small impressions; wide phrases, with flat tints, will denote the aspect of waste, vegetating lives—the monotony of dead plains. "So that, in the Novel of the third manner, each personage, or each group of personages, only enters the tale accompanied by a particular *motif*, in assorted propositions; which is, or, at least, tends to be, the successor of the musical *motif* of Wagner."

III.

If one speak of these three prose-writers before the high priests and the chief glories of the Symbolist movement—Stéphane Mallarmé, Paul Verlaine, Arthur Rimbaud, Jules Laforgue; even Jean Moréas and Gustave Kahn—it is that their achievements go farther toward popularizing the Symbolist ideas. Such part of the wide public as the Symbolists can reach—and it is a very restricted part, at best—

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must be reached more by such novels (of a kind) as those of Paul Adam and Barrès, than by the rare and delphic utterances of Stéphane Mallarmé, or the verse of Paul Verlaine, however exquisite. Poetry, in this age, is a poor propagandist. Most of all such work as Stéphane Mallarmé's, extremely limited in quantity, in almost private circulation (numbered copies of *éditions de luxe*, illustrated impressionistically by Manet, beyond the purchasing power, and wilfully beyond it, of all but the rich amateur), and presenting its symbols, its abstract conceptions, in language so abstruse that it confronts the reader, who has not been at the pains of acquiring the esoteric taste, with a picket-fence of unintelligibleness, ten feet high, at the outset. The unintelligibleness of Mallarmé has become what one might call his popular emblem. It has been accepted as a convention by those familiar with certain phases of contemporary French literature, as Robert Browning's obscurities were first accepted in England and America. Few have gone farther with Mallarmé, or tried to understand. Yet certain work of his — certain little pieces in verse, certain little poems in prose, ought to have given those fortunate enough to have made their acquaintance the desire to know more. In this essentially modern literary form, the poem in prose — a distilled evocation, in a few lines, of the whole gamut of impressions, suggestions, that the soul of inanimate things can call forth, or a sight, a sound suscitate in the realms of psychological revery—there is nothing comparable to the touch of Mallarmé, in any literature.

Baudelaire, who, after Aloisius Bertrand — of whom Sainte-Beuve wrote that he had "worn away his youth in chiselling, out of rich material, a thousand little cups of infinite delicacy" — was the originator of the poem in prose, never, with such delicious indirectness, imparted the idea through its image; never so produced, by the pervasiveness of an invisible under-current, the spiritual prolongation in the mind of the reader that is the test of the work of art. Oh, the melancholy incantation of "Frisson d'Hiver," the subtile, poignant fragrancy of "Plaintes d'Automne!" By what sorcery, the words being so few, the materials so simple, does "Le Fusain," the sight of a young street Arab singing, resolute, pale, insistent, along the pavements, become metamorphosed into a whole tragic, sociological philosophy? Not a syllable that could be removed from the context in "La Pipe," not one that would bear substitution by another; and how the brown fog of the laborious London mornings creeps in; how the dampness clings to the deck of the Channel steamer, and to the thinly gray-cloaked shoulders of the "pauvre bien-aimée;" the bien-aimée about whose throat is wound the "terrible handkerchief that is waved as one says good-by forever." Surely this is the perfection of that "miracle of poetic prose, musical without rhythm and without rhyme," of which Baudelaire dreamed; and it is much more. Through these poems in prose, each and all, it is, through his translations of Edgar Poe—who, among the French Symbolists, has been given both a throne and a domestic arm-chair such as he never had at home—and through certain pieces of verse, in his earlier manner, that Stéphane Mallarmé must be approached by the profane. In the poems in prose, even though the symbol, once or twice, be rather out of reach, he is clear; clear to any but an obstinate determination to find him otherwise. In his verse, from the beginning, he shows himself, of all these abstractors of dreams, the master-abstractor. Yet, who would not be repaid for entering his sybilline domain, by the finding of such lines as his

SAINTE.

A la fenêtre recélant
Le santal vieux qui se dédore
De sa viole étincelant
Jadis avec flûte ou mandore,

Est la sainte pâle, étalant
Le livre vieux qui se déplie,
Du Magnificat ruisselant
Jadis selon vêpre et complie:

A ce vitrage d'ostensoir
Que frôle une harpe par l'Ange
Formée avec son vol du soir
Pour la délicate phalange

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Du doigt, que, sans le vieux santal
Ni le vieux livre, elle balance
Sur le plumage instrumental,
Musicienne du silence.

That which detaches itself, through distant correspondences, vague analogies, from Mallarmé's verse, say in "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and behind the first difficulties of phrases so constructed that never a word is where, by superficial logic, one would expect to find it, is a perception of veiled harmonies that go vibrating away toward the centre of things. You are not requested to see with Mallarmé, exactly; but it will be your own fault and loss, if you do not hear with him. The hearing once acquired, the Mallarmean devotee becomes filled with a great respect and enchantment; and perhaps with a too-patrician condescension for authors of guesses less cosmic, and of appeals more facile. These remarks chiefly apply to Stéphane Mallarmé's later manner; or, rather, to the later accentuation of those proclivities that announced themselves from the first. That first dates twenty years back, from the time when Mallarmé belonged, as also did Paul Verlaine, to the group of Parnassian poets—Leconte de Lisle, François Coppée, Théodore de Banville, Catulle Mendès. Even then he had a way of seeing things for himself, of expressing them for himself, that brought down his *confrères'* criticism for his "extravagance un peu trop voulue." Nor did thicker jests from outside fail to make a target of him. "In what does Symbolism consist?" asks one, referring to Mallarmé. "Vulgarly speaking, in saying just the opposite of what you wish to say. For example, you wish to say that music, which is the new art, is gradually taking the place of the ancient art, which is poetry. First symbol: a house in which there is a funeral; the mortuary cloths drape the furniture. The house is poetry; poetry is dead. Second symbol: 'Our old *grimoire;*' *grimoire* is parchment, parchment is used for writing, consequently *grimoire* is the symbol of literature, 'whence myriads are exalted.' Myriads of what? Of letters, no doubt! . . ." From the same point of view a "Note de mon Carnet," entitled "La Gloire," a brief page in which the poet touches the supreme comprehension of glory at its apotheosis, runs the risk of eliciting a great deal of airy badinage. For, whence comes this supreme comprehension? From a little excursion to the woods of Fontainebleau, in a prosaic train, filled with the ordinary crowd of omnipresent tourists, one day that the "pompous exceptional October" had rained all its beauty on the "ecstatic torpor" of the forest. The station reached, the poet waits for the train to disappear, like "a puerile chimera," bearing its equally puerile load away with it. For who else could have stolen furtively toward the forest, as he has done, feeling that the year has "d'amers et lumineux sanglots, mainte indécise flottaison d'idée désertant les hasards comme des branches, tel frisson, et ce qui fait penser à un automne sous les cieux?" It is but upon one that the day-watch of the immortal trunks will pour down a flood of superhuman pride; it is but one who may pass that threshold, where torches consume, in austere guardianship, "tous rêves antérieurs à leur éclat, répercutant en pourpre dans la nue l'universel sacre de l'intrus royal qui n'aura eu qu'à venir. . . ." And that one, that royal intruder, is the Poet—expected, awaited, by the trees. ". . . Glory! I only knew her yesterday, irrefragable; and nothing may now interest me called by others so. . . ." There are two ways of considering work of this sort. But, standing under those supreme forest-tops, one has an opportunity to recall the calm assurance of Stéphane Mallarmé's own words, at the close of one of his poems in prose: "I arose, as did the others . . . surprised, this time again, not to have received the same sort of impression as my fellows, yet serene; for my way of seeing, after all, had been superior, and even the only true one. . . ."

No one was apparently ever less affected by ridicule, misapprehension, adverse criticism. It is long now since Mallarmé has withdrawn into a hermitic seclusion of his own, giving very little of his work to publicity, and taking ab-

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solutely no part in the polemics that have raged periodically in the Paris newspapers since that moment, seven or eight years ago, when the young reviews already alluded to announced the new birth. It was with "L'Après-midi d'un Faune," and with Paul Verlaine's "Romances sans Paroles," that the movement seemed definitely to have taken shape. Mallarmé at once became the master, the initiator of the new band of writers. Nor has he ever lost his Olympian ascendancy. Charles Morice, in his "Littérature de Tout-à-l'heure," defines his position when he says that, to the poets and prose-writers who, in the fresh departure of suggestive symbolism, are "seeking unexplored kingdoms for themselves," Mallarmé remains the absolute, the symbolic figure of the Poet. Much of this is due to his personal character, that appears, with a singular felicity, to correspond to his exalted ideals of art. Outwardly his life flows in the quietest and most commonplace channels. His house has been in a retired street of Paris for many years. His literary independence he secures by teaching in a college. His extreme scruples against publishing his work, that, to him, is never definite enough, ready enough, increase with the lapse of time; and the one great book, long anticipated, on which he has been understood to be engaged, and which is to be the climax of his life, say his friends, seems to come no nearer.

Two characteristic notes: Stéphane Mallarmé is a special lover of the organ, and of the ballet, that initial form of all art; and strangely enough, he is a copious and delightful *causeur*.

A very different figure is Paul Verlaine, a prince of Bohemians, most of whose winters, for several years, have been passed in one or another of the Paris hospitals. Here is "the one member of the Decadent and Symbolist school whose name will live," say the people who have an antagonism to all that school. With Mallarmé, he is considered the twin-corner-stone of the edifice. But no one could be more brusquely indifferent to the importance of being the initiator of any formula whatever than this modern Villon, reckless, generous of impulse, rude of manner, atrocious, and lovable to his friends somehow through all—moral fall, disaster, endless trouble of his own brewing. He has no theories, and very few conscious precepts. Such as he have are summed in the winged advice of his "Art Poétique."

Que ton vers soit la bonne aventure
Éparse au vent crispé du matin
Qui va fleurant la menthe et le thym. . . .

No partisan disquisitions could be expected from the propounder of that lovely, that easy axiom, so wise, so difficult in its facility, and of its summary corollary,

Take eloquence and wring its neck!

Paul Verlaine is personal, first, and last, and wholly. It is hard to think of any poet equally so, to point to one who, by the side of his perfect singleness, has not at some time the air of a pose, an artifice, and a consciousness. From the moment in which he emancipated himself from the Parnassian traditions, everything he wrote was autobiographical. That Parnassian connection was illustrated by "Les Fêtes Galantes" (a transcription of the scenes and people that Watteau painted, a series of little biscuit figures, with powder and patch, living out, in fugitive coquetries, a dreamy comedy of loves and hates), still quoted, for the enchantment of its liquid measures, while that which comes later is overlooked by the general public, or forgotten.

Votre âme est un paysage choisi
Que vont charmant masques et bergamasques,
Jouant du luth, et dansant, et quasi
Tristes sous leurs déguisements fantasques.

Tout en chantant sur le mode mineur
L'amour vainqueur et la vie opportune,
Ils n'ont pas l'air de croire à leur bonheur,
Et leur chanson se mêle au clair de lune,

Au calme clair de lune triste et beau
Qui fait rêver les oiseaux dans les arbres,
Et sangloter d'extase les jets d'eau,
Les grands jets d'eau sveltes parmi les arbres.

All that follows this period, "Romances san Paroles," "Sagesse," "Amour,"

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"Jadis et Naguère," "Parallèlement," is but a day-book, as it were, of the various phases of an agitated life, of the moral fluctuations of a character in which the mystic and the sensual impulses are equally strong. This battle of the flesh and the soul, heightened by peculiarities of temperament to an extraordinary pitch of intensity, is the eternal theme of Verlaine. He sings no other. But this he sings with that infusion of the modern spirit, so difficult to define, that converts the particular case into the symbol of the universal law. "What the profound truth may be concerning the sensations of modern man," writes Charles Morice, "in what precise sort mysticism and sensuality to-day divide the modern soul, *which the horizons of pure thought have not yet definitely conquered*, these are questions to which Paul Verlaine alone will have answered." One may carp at the "alone." But the italicised line is the gist of the quotation. To the Symbolists Paul Verlaine synthesises the last desperate struggle before the coming of that spiritual period to which they all—some more, some less vaguely—appear to look forward. Aside from this, he has given a powerful impetus to the pet Symbolist desire to revise the rules of French versification. He has done more than anyone else to restore the suppleness of mediæval French metres; he has taken adorable liberties with the cast-iron verse of Boileau; he has invented new rhythms; but all this less from any æsthetic resolution, one suspects, than from the necessities of his artistic being—a thing of caprice, irregularity, arbitrariness; yet with a sure method in its madness, an instinct that, touch what he may, charms the line into beauty in his hand. Others have not always escaped the grotesque in their desire for the new; Paul Verlaine is a juggler by the grace of God. And, finally, he has the Baudelairian quality of suggestiveness infinitely beyond Baudelaire. So high he prizes it that he exclaims,

And all the rest is but literature!

What spell more undefinable, in this kind, than that of the three verses following?

Je devine à travers un murmure
Le contour subtil des voix anciennes,
Et parmi les lueurs musiciennes,
Amour pâle, une aurore future.

Et mon âme et mon cœur en délires
Ne sont plus qu'une espèce d'œil double
Où tremblote, à travers un jour trouble,
L'ariette, hélas! de toutes lyres!

O mourir de cette mort seulette
Qui s'en vont, cher amour qui t'épeures,
Balançant jeunes et vieilles heures!
O mourir de cette escarpolette!

"They reprove," again to quote Charles Morice, "these adorable, these unique lines, all commentaries which would be equally useless both to the poets, who do not need them, and to the others, who would not understand."

It is impossible to conclude without appending three further and different verses, that give, with a might and a beauty almost appalling, the note of that ever-renewed spiritual conflict stamping every page. They are taken from "Sagesse," the most mystic, the most curiously and passionately sincere, of Verlaine's collections of later poems.

Les faux beaux jours ont lui tout le jour, ma pauvre âme,
Et les voici vibrer aux cuivres du couchant.
Ferme les yeux, pauvre âme, et rentre sur-le-champ:
Une tentation des pires: fuis l'infâme.

Ils ont lui tout le jour en longs grêlons de flamme,
Battant toute vendange aux collines, couchant
Toute moisson de la vallée, et ravageant
Le ciel tout bleu, le ciel chanteur qui te réclame.

O pâlis, et va-t'-en, lente et joignant les mains!
Si ces hiers allaient manger nos beaux demains?
Si la vieille folie était encore en route?

Ces souvenirs, va-t-il falloir les retuer?
Un assaut furieux, le suprême sans doute!
O va prier contre l'orage, va prier.

It is certain that this is not the voice of a poet who can justly continue unknown, outside of a limited circle, save for an indefinite legend of general, semi-satanic disreputableness.

The "Romances sans Paroles" were written during an especially stormy phase of Verlaine's career, in Flanders, and in England. His companion along the high-roads, then, and *in the tents . . . of jovial drinkers* . . . was

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a boy (it was in the early seventies; the boy was not yet twenty), who had already written a number of short poems, and, at that period, published a brief volume of fragments in prose. This shock-headed boy was Arthur Rimbaud, who, in the last half decade, has been made the object of a special cult by the votaries of the new ideas. Those two or three years of intermittent poetic production ended with Rimbaud in a wild career of journeyings over the half of Europe, diversified by occasional police arrests for disorderly conduct, then in a total disappearance in the East, whence shadowy reports of death, mythical kingship among obscure tribes, and the like, have reached his few personal friends from time to time. Some of those first poems, in manuscript, were meanwhile being rescued from a threatening oblivion by the tenacious friendship of Paul Verlaine. "Illuminations"—the prose fragments aforesaid—were gradually coming to be regarded by the Symbolists as, in the words of one of them, "the condensation in a miraculous prose of all known philosophies, sciences, and literatures, with their concordances and rhythms. . . . The most extraordinary cosmogony the human soul has ever conceived . . . only to be compared to the poems of the Chaldeo-Semitic tradition, the book of Thot, and the poetic fragments of the Hindu gospels."

This prose of Arthur Rimbaud is one of which translation fails to give the "diamantine quality."

AFTER THE DELUGE.

So soon as the Idea of the Deluge had sunk back into its place, a rabbit halted amid the sainfoin and the small swinging bells, and said its prayer to the rainbow, through the spider's web.

Oh! the precious stones in hiding, the flowers already looking out.

In the main street of the town wares were being outspread and boats were dragged toward the sea, mounting up and up in the distance, as you see it in engravings.

Blood flowed, in the house of Bluebeard, in the slaughter-houses, in the circus. . . . Blood flowed, and milk.

Beavers builded. Smoke rose from the taverns.

In the great mansion, behind window-panes still drenched, children in mourning looked at marvellous picture-books.

A door slammed, and, in the hamlet square, a child spun its arms around, understood of the weather-vanes and all church-steeple-cocks everywhere, in the explosive wind-gust.

Madame . . . established a piano in the Alps. The mass and first communions were celebrated at the hundred thousand altars of the See.

The caravans started. And the Splendid Hotel was erected upon the chaos of ice and night of the Pole.

The moon, then, heard the jackals whimpering through the deserts of thyme—and eclogues in wooden shoes grunting in the fruit-garden. Then, in the violet forest, all a-bourgeon, Eucharis said to me, It is spring.

Swell, lake; foam, roll over the bridge, and pass above the woods; sable draperies and organs, lightnings and thunder, mount and roll; waters and melancholies mount and raise the deluges again.

For since they have been quelled—oh, the precious stones in hiding, and the open flowers!—all is ennui! And the Queen, the Sorceress, who lights her live coals in the earthen pot, will nevermore deign to tell us what she knows, and what we ignore.

From the "Illuminations" also the following:

Let them lease me, at last, that tomb, white-washed, and with the lines of the cement in relief upon it. I rest my elbows on the table, the lamp lights vividly these newspapers that I am idiot enough to read over, lights these books that have no interest.

At an enormous distance above my subterranean drawing-room houses strike root, the mists gather. The mud is red, or black. Monstrous town, night without end!

Less high are the sewers. On both sides, nothing but the thickness of the globe. Perhaps the abysses of azure, and wells of fire? It is perchance on these planes that moons and comets meet, and seas and fables.

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In hours of bitterness I imagine balls of sapphire, of metal. I am master of the silence. Why should the semblance of a vent-hole seem to pale up there, at the corner of the vault?

That attempt to use poetry and prose conjointly in the treatment of one theme, passing from one to the other as the moods of the subject dictate, which stands as a continuous challenge before many of the Symbolists—the right thing to be done, a literary form some time to be popularized—led Rimbaud later on to some experiments more curious than happy. Some of his earliest poems, those fortunately saved to the world by the efforts of Paul Verlaine, and appearing, for the first time, in the latter's "Poètes Maudits," "Les Assis," "Les Chercheuses de Poux," "Les Effarés," are marvels of geniality of vision, and of a grace and force before which Paul Verlaine sinks down in adoration. For a youth two or three years from twenty, they have a perfection of maturity almost uncanny in its suggestion of early decay. But they have the conventional moulds. Rimbaud just then took any form that happened, ready-made, to his hand. Later, his literary conscience becoming sophisticated, he began to work, says his friend, in "the naïf, the very and the too simple, using only assonances, vague words, childish or popular phrases." Verlaine himself, with all his sapient richness, has this extreme research of simplicity in the diction and the handling of a theme; he grew into a Primitive early. But the fastidiousness of Rimbaud, his too exclusive rejection of "effects," go extraordinarily far toward the last.

J'ai tant fait patience
Qu'à jamais j'oublie.
Craintes et souffrances
Aux cieux sont parties.

. . . . .

Ainsi la prairie
À l'oubli livrée;
Grandie et fleurie
D'encens et d'ivraies;
Au bourdon farouche
De cent sales mouches.

. . . . .

Rimbaud doubtless preferred his

Elle est retrouvée!
Quoi?—L'Éternité.
C'est la mer mêlée
Au soleil,

to the "Bateau Ivre" of his initial manner, which all the poets of the younger generation are said to know by heart, and to those matchless "Effarés," of which one can never say enough, those brown Murillo boys, a-gape in the snow about the red-hot breath of a baker's oven, so intent, spite of the cold searching their tatters,

. . . qu' ils crèvent leur culotte
Et que leur chemise tremblotte
Au vent d' hiver.

This love of the barest rhythmic notation, and of that unseizable distinction that lurks in folk-songs and popular legends, tempted Jules Laforgue as well—Jules Laforgue, charming and *charmeur*, who died at the age of twenty-seven, delicate, well-bred wizard who was like no one ever but himself.

He also tried the mixing of prose and verse. His verse was always of the sort that the Symbolists approve; its harmonies and its unity were "psychic rather than syllabic." He had all audacities as to feet and accent. His poetry indeed seems little else than rhythmic prose divided, typographically, into separate lines. His prose, on the other hand, has poetical cadences, returns upon itself that give the effect of a refrain, vague reminiscences of rhymes, and of those sub-rhymes, in a minor key, that are formed by assonances. In his prose tales, the unique "Moralités Légendaires," he breaks into verse whenever the thought seems to sing itself into the lyric shape. Those two leading qualities, which the Symbolist work always, in some measure, possesses (or seeks to possess), an abiding sense of the absolute retained in treating of the most fugitive accidents and appearances, and a penetration of the hidden analogies existent in phenomena the most divergent, are developed in Laforgue to a degree of keenness the more striking because of his determined touching of things by their lightest, their almost frivolous, side. He tends

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back to the centres continually; always he gives the feeling of the affinities behind the veil; and the operation is the more pungent that it is invested with his peculiar humor, a half sentimental, wholly tasteful spirit of mockery, that, in exactly the same mixture of ingredients, belongs to no other Frenchman. The "Moralités Légendaires" handle six myths, old as the world, in new guise. Laforgue's Hamlet is a very contemporaneous young man, his Lohengrin a modern Pantheist, not devoid of priggishness, his John the Baptist a nineteenth century socialist, preaching that "the times are near." The anachronism never degenerates into parody, being always saved by the poetic sense, and by that unfailing distinction that is the great Laforguian characteristic. It is perhaps by reason of this distinction that he, alone of all the younger French writers — of all the French writers at all, indeed — has been able to create the "Jeune Fille," without her stultifying ignorance, full of intuitive discrimination, ingeniously and properly conscious of her power and enchantment as *the other sex . . . the little Eve, advancing, ravished with her rôle. . . . her eyes hymeneally illumined . . . all her hair upon her shoulders . . . in the wholesome rising sun.* . . . Elsa, Andromeda, and the naiad beloved of the great god Pan, how exquisite are they all! And Salomé: "'Oh,' exulted all hearts, 'how simple must be the fragrance of her skirt! How long is art, how short is life! Oh, to talk to her in a corner, near a fountain-jet, and to die . . . to die, that is, unless——'"

Jules Laforgue's way of seeing is always personal. In the Arcadian country where Pan pursues his nymph, "the sun makes his adieux, or, rather, says *au revoir*, quite without hypertrophic miens. (Those were the good old times!) The landscapes begin to thrill, and grow languid in late tendernesses. The poplar trembles; a distinguished tree that chooses its hour. And the weeping-willow weeps over the reasonless darkening of the mirror of its waters. The hills and the distances grow sombre with anxious solitude. The little tree-frogs will soon begin to sing, and the stars will not be long in coming out. Nothing is missing but the Angélus. (Other times, other manners.) But, O twilight! Innocence and fraternity, *à la grâce de Dieu!* O altars, not so? Let the Unknown remain at home; and peace be on earth to couples of good-will." Or it is the lonely island-home of Andromeda: "O, monotonous and undeserved home! . . . The sea! From whatever side you survey her, hour after hour, at whatever moment you surprise her, always herself, never at fault, always alone, empire of the unsociable, great history in the process of making, ill-digested cataclysm; as if the liquid state in which we see her were aught but a state of degeneracy! And the days when she prepares to shake up that state (liquid!). And those, more intolerable still, when she assumes the ravaged air of one who has no glance it can consider its peer in which to reflect itself! The sea, always the sea, without an instant's weakness! In brief, not the stuff of which friends are made. (Oh, truly! renounce that idea, and even the hope of sharing her rancors after her confidences, no matter how long you may have lived in *tête-à-tête* with her.) . . . O monotonous and undeserved country! When will all this end? And what! For all infinity: space, monopolized by that indifferently limitless sea; time, expressed by those skies traversed by indifferent seasons! And what are we to understand of it all? What can we do in the face of all this confused and ineffable moroseness? As well die at once, then, having received a good, sentimental heart at birth. . . ." Or, again, it is Hamlet with the skull of Yorick. ". . . Alas, poor Yorick! As one seems to hear, in one little shell, all the multitudinous roar of the ocean, so I here seem to perceive the whole quenchless symphony of the universal soul, of whose echoes this box was as the cross-roads. There's a solid idea. And do you imagine a human race that would look no further, that would abide by this vaguely immortal sound, that one hears in a hollow skull, by way of explanation of death, that is to say, by

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way of religion? . . . They also had their time, all these small folk of History; learning to read, paring their nails, lighting a dirty lamp every night, in love, gormandizing, vain, crazy for compliments, handshakes, kisses, living off of gossip and parochial twaddle, saying: 'What kind of weather will it be to-morrow? Winter is coming. . . . We have had no prunes this year.' Ah! All is well that has no end. And you, Silence, forgive the Earth; the little fool does not know what she is about. When comes the day of the great reckoning of Conscience before the Ideal, she will be labelled with a piteous idem in the column of the immature evolutions of the Unique Evolution, in the column of negligeable quantities. . . . But yet—no longer to be, no longer to be in it, no longer to be of it! Not even to be able to strain against one's human heart, any afternoon in the week, the melancholy of centuries compressed into one little chord upon the piano! . . ."

IV.

To follow the work of some of the other writers who, by nearer, or more remote, beliefs and sympathies, belong to the Symbolist school, would lead too far. There are those who refuse the designation altogether, and prefer to call themselves "Romans," as Jean Moréas does now; or "Magnifiques," as does St.-Pol-Roux; or "Mages," as does the extraordinary person known in Paris as the *Sâr* Josèphin Péladan. These minor groups escape the general view, which must concern itself with the main tendencies of the present literary stirrings. Whatever may be the sectarian or personal bias of some of the *Jeunes*, they all describe ellipses about the symbolic idea. If one or another should take a meteoric flight into an ether of his own, the same tangential point of departure nevertheless exists. Between the mystifying vacuities of René Ghil and his "Coloration and Instrumentation of Vowels" at the one pole, and the work of Gustave Kahn—who, more logically than any of his brethren, has carried into effect some advanced theories as to the evolutionary technique of the poem of the future—at the other, there is a wide space, strewn with a variety of æsthetic manifestations, almost all of which may be of the nature of *tâtonnements*, but few of which fail of some element of originality, or interest, or courage, at least. As to Gustave Kahn, he is altogether not to be overlooked. Naturalism having marked a phase in human history given up to the collecting of facts, and the time being now for "reducing the greatest multiplicity of facts to the smallest number of principles," he is imbued with the conviction that to give voice to this metaphysical, this symbolic synthesis, only a species of prose-verse is adequate; nothing but a medium as lyric, yet, at the same time, as elastic—as capable of unbarriered expansion, as the universal "rhythms" to be expressed—can be equal to the enterprise. And so he offers a simple musical notation, swelling or contracting as the feeling rises or subsides; a line of seventeen syllables bearing on a tide of meaning, a short one of two marking a return of thought upon itself. No artificial divisions and boundaries to impede the flux and reflux, the undulation of emotion and perception; no capitals at the beginning of each line to cut them up into idle sections to the eye; no punctuation to distract the latter by detail. Thus, for instance, "Une Nuit sur La Lande:"

> Dans l'attente de ton sourire
> les matins paraient les villages;
> en l'attente de ton visage
> les côteaux vêtaient des courbes de sourires.
>
> Et devant ta beauté sachant qu'il faut souffrir
> les automnes sacraient leurs forêts de douceur
> près des sources, en miroir de douceur.
>
> Et pour sauver les âmes des passants,
> les âmes et les sens qui vont à la ferveur
> les hivers avaient des calmes annonciateurs
> que parfois ta beauté passerait calme et sans sourire.
>
> . . . . . .

And again:

> L'ombre s'amoncelle aux pâleurs sur les terrasses
> et fait éclore plus doux les flambeaux près des vasques

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où rient comme un réveil de sa voix
les panaches vivants des fontaines ;
la ronde des fées et des masques ;
d'opales génies s'accoudent à ses terrasses,
des ballets dansent sur ses dalles.

Impossible, once the strangeness passed, not to recognize that Gustave Kahn, with this species of recitative, based on assonances and discreetly balanced values of words and syllables, obtains some very striking effects, harmonious, subtle, and wave-like. Impossible, also, not to feel again the analogies between all such attempts and the leading spirit in modern music. Profoundly to analyze emotion in its constituent elements, in order, then, to synthetize it by the melodic line, the thread of dominant themes, was the object of Wagner. In Gustave Kahn's "Palais Nomades"—as a sub-title for which he gives "Wandering Voices"—vague suggestions, accents, arise on every side, which now separate, now answer each other, and meet in synthetic accord. And it is not difficult to find a correspondence between the ebb and flow of the Wagnerian orchestra and this rocking measure, whose chanting and complex flexibility gives very finely the feeling of immensity. Indeed, it has of late been remarked that the negligent Symbolist rhythms and rhymes seemed to be especially fitted for the operatic libretto, so close is the marriage between certain of these literary tendencies and the sister-art, as it has grown to be since that greatest of moderns, Richard Wagner. That painting is travelling a parallel road as well, the Symbolists do not omit to point out. There a large class agree in thinking that, as Jean Moréas declares, art can never find in the objective anything but an extremely restricted starting-point; and make one of their aims the striving after the abstract of a consensus of facts, sensations, actions, the looking for the absolute in any representation of human life. A few writers on art who, adopting the Symbolistic theories, have become attached to the skirmishing outposts of the movement, have endeavored to make clear the ultimate ends, and corresponding technical methods, of some of the new painters; to outline the similarity, for instance, that exists between these theories and the work of Puvis de Chavannes, who seeks to harmoniously "inscribe" his pictures in the frame of causes, instead of making them simply copies of some odd corner of life or nature begun, and limited, without reason; and the almost hieratic expression of whose personages is always enclosed in a unification of tonality that purposes to be, and is, symbolic. They likewise turn to Eugène Carrière, one of the modern French painters who has been most systematically maltreated by popular judgments, and who, in his portraiture of the human countenance, retreats as much as possible from his subject, that he may gain that particular *justesse* of vision in the treatment of it which symbolizes, in the domain of form, the justice brought about by time in the consideration of events. The details of the human face appear to escape in his portraits, drowned in a luminous white-and-gray mist; what is there is something like the ghost of the sitter; in reality his true, psychological self; his spirit's likeness; suggested, indicated, not explained; the likeness of a soul obviously not bowed down to a particular Now and Here, but having affinities with the wider scheme of things, with the eternities. Idealistic, synthetic, symbolic, in their aims and methods, all the achievements of the neo-impressionists, following Manet's initial direction: Pissarro, Raffaelli, Renoir, Degas, Seurat, Signac; always that interest in the mass that alone is veracious; always the system of large spots; of shadows formed by complementary colors; always the effort to obtain the *ensemble*, and by means of the greatest simplicity of treatment.

V.

It is the complaint of the adversaries of all this exotic literature in France, that a large number of those who practise and propagate it, and take liberties so unprecedented with the French tongue, are not of French origin. And it is a rather noteworthy fact that this should be true. Jean Moréas, whose "Pélerin Passionné" has won repute

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outside the Symbolist ranks, is, by birth, a Greek; Charles Vignier is a Swiss; Maurice Maeterlinck, the author of several dramas of a very remarkable power, a talent and personality among the most interesting and sympathetic of this group, is a Belgian; the extravagances of René Ghil hail from Belgium also; and Francis Viélé-Griffin, and Stuart Merrill—the former the author of the "Cygnes," and editor of one of the Symbolist reviews, the latter a young poet held in much esteem by the new writers—are of American parentage. It might be possible, perhaps, to believe, on the strength of this variety of nationalities, in something more than a local manifestation; but, whether or no the main ideas for which the Symbolists are doing battle at present have their foundation in a wider-spread instinct of impending changes, for the moment this esoteric band suffers no danger from an excess of popularity. The Symbolists have no ready-made clientèle to hamper their inspiration, by exacting a repetition of what has once perhaps had the fortune to please. Their wares having no mercantile value, they are not tempted to inartistic overproduction. Latterly the Paris press has ceased to occupy itself with them in that temper of a time ago. We are told that they are working in silence. And though this silence be somewhat too frequently broken by a belaboring of heads on technical and other grounds, to be majestic, it seems agreed that of such is the atmosphere propitious to the incubation of momentous things. Better contumely than the easy breath of success aureoling the mediocre bald spot on the middle-aged pate of the divinities of the day.

And as to these momentous things? As to the future of Symbolism?

"You will never go to the great public," said one of the Naturalist celebrities to Jean Moréas. How satisfactorily to answer that objection, that an art can never move the social strata which, with so exclusive an attitude, appeals only to a mental aristocracy—is not clear. Evasively, the reply was that the Symbolists must go to the great public, in time, but, by another road. And, calmly, a Symbolist manifesto, penned by Jean Moréas, thus concluded: "All those who have suffered the revilings of contemporaries may console themselves by meditating upon the end of a letter addressed by Alfred de Vigny to Lord . . . at the time of the first performance of his translation of Othello. In it he compares society to a large clock having three hands. One, the largest, advances so slowly that one could believe it motionless; it is the mass of men. The other, somewhat lighter and swifter of movement, progresses rapidly enough to permit the eye, with a little attention, to perceive its progress: this is the mass of enlightened men. But, above these two hands there is another, incomparably more agile, and whose bounds one follows but with difficulty; sixty times it has seen the space before it ere the second hand has progressed, and the first dragged itself, thus far. 'Never, no, never, have I looked at this third hand, this little dart, so restless, so bold, so emotional, springing forward, quivering, as it were, with the sense of its own audacity, or with the pleasure of its conquest over time—never have I looked at it without thinking that the poet has ever had—ever should have—this rapid advance march in the centuries; this advance upon the general spirit of his nation, even upon that of its most enlightened part.'"

In his present advance march the Symbolist poet is perhaps handicapped by some of the luggage he carries. When the slower portion of the world reaches the spot where now he stands, he may be found to have dropped some of it on the way, or mayhap himself to have vanished into air. But he should be the first to feel this small matter, if the spirit that was in him help to form the threads that will weave the texture of future things.

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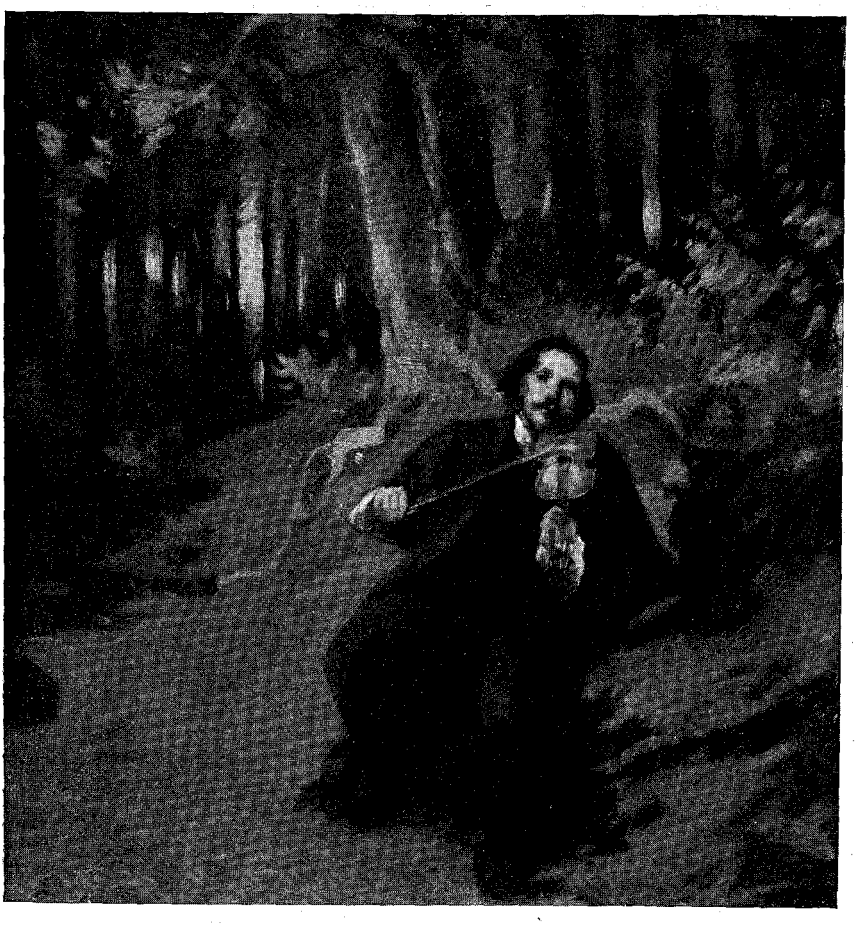

THE VIOLIN.

By Harriet Prescott Spofford.

Viva fui in sylvis,
Dum vixi tacui,
Mortua dulce cano.

All the leaves were rustling in the forest,
All the springs were bubbling in the moss;
What light laughter where the brooks were spilling,
What lament I heard the branches toss,
Ah, what pipings gave me thrill on thrill!
All the world was wild with broken music—
I alone was silent, I was still.

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White the moonbeam wove its weird about me,
Starshine clad my boughs with streaming flame,
Mighty winds caressed me out of heaven,
Storm-clouds in a fleece upon me came,
Earth's deep juices fed me all my fill—
Strains swept through me fit for sovran singing—
I, alas, was silent, I was still.

I was still, though callow buds were swarming,
Still, though sylvan life throughout me stirred.
Embassy though mine of praise and passion,
Melancholy waiting on my word,
Inarticulate those murmurs stole!
What without the rhythmic thrall were transport?
What were longing? Silent was the soul.

When the sleeting rains fled far on tempest,
With the eyry rocking under me,
Part of the great planet flying northward,
Star among the stars I fain would be.
Wide upon the gale I spread my plume—
Oh, not mine to burst in clamorous chanting,
Syllabling some eager song of doom!

I remember me of gladsome mornings
Where the sun swept in a quickening flash
Down long lanes to pass in glooms of verdure,
While it gave my stem a golden plash.
Happy outcry made the hollows ring.
I had sung then with the singing children—
Woe is me, there was no voice to sing.

I remember me of summer twilights—
Red the brand burned in the smouldering west,
While two lovers leaned on me together,
And I felt their tremor through my breast.
Softly, softly sighed the lonely thrush
Till the heart swooned in a joy of sorrow—
I could only listen through the hush.

When the wanderer spent his soul with weeping
Deep in the long bracken at my base,
Low my shade bent round him as a covert,
Wearying to whisper words of grace.
Bitterly with grief acquainted then
All his sadness passed into my being,
Sadness that would never forth again.

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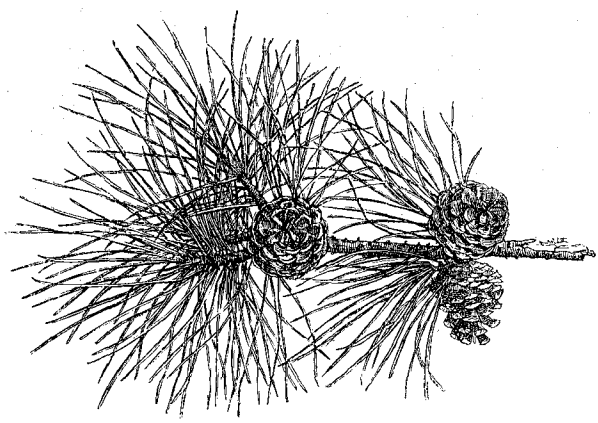
Came the woodsman with his stroke and felled me;
  Strong suns sucked the life from every cell;
Bending, purfling, hearing unsung warbles,
  Came the craftsman with his cunning spell,
    Gave me flowing lines beloved of men.
As old kings in strange gums swathed and vested
  I lay dead. What mattered singing then?

Came the Master—drew his hand across me—
  Oh, what shocked me, what great throb of bliss
Wakened me to pulse on pulse of rapture—
  Soul my soul, I never dreamed of this!
    Breath of horn and silver fret of flute,
Compass of all nature's various voices,
  I was singing—I who once was mute!

Winding waters, silken breezes blowing,
  Fragrances of morning, filled my tune,
Glimpses of the land where dreams are mantled,
  East o' the sun and rearward of the moon,
    Songs from music's ever-swelling tide,
Music beating up the walls of heaven—
  I had never sung had I not died!



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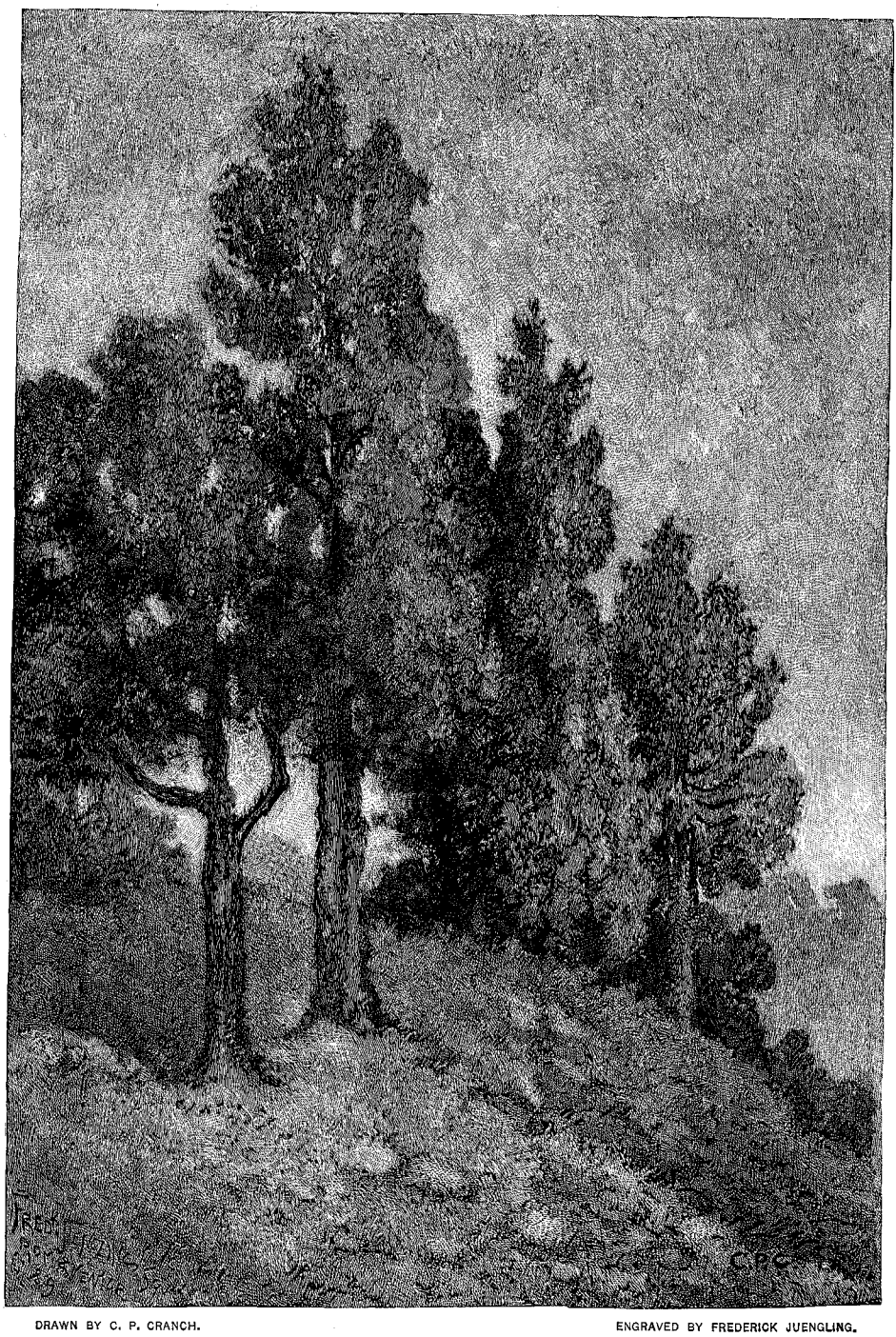

DRAWN BY C. P. CRANCH. ENGRAVED BY FREDERICK JUENGLING.

The Cedars.

—See *Point of View*, page 396.

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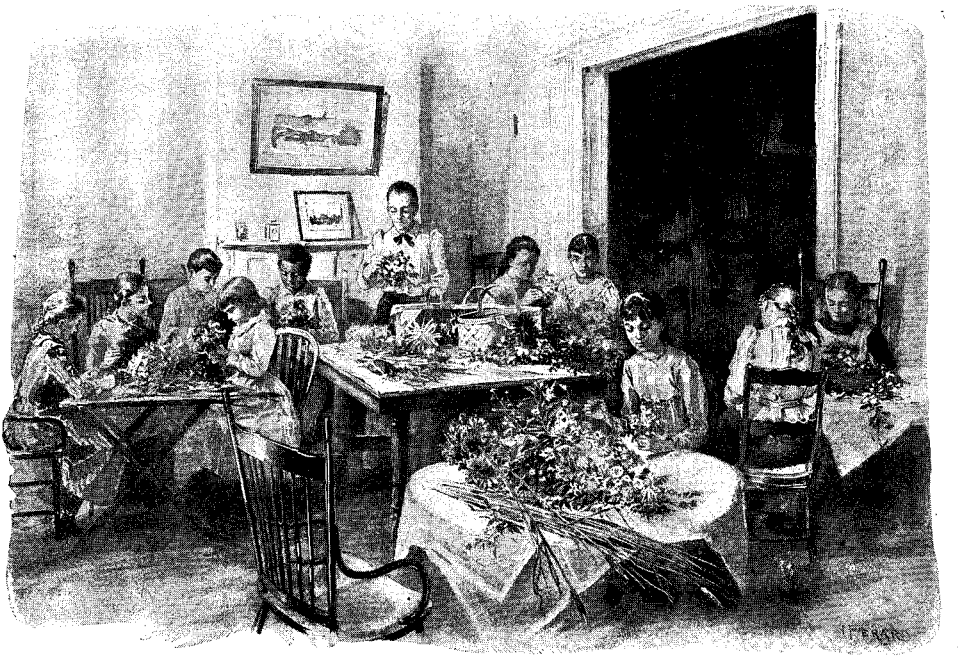

Flower Meeting in Back Parlor of Andover House.

THE WORK OF THE ANDOVER HOUSE IN BOSTON.

By William Jewett Tucker.

WITH SKETCHES AMONG BOSTON INSTITUTIONS AND THE BOSTON POOR, BY WALTER SHIRLAW AND FROM PHOTOGRAPHS.

THE distinction is now recognized, though not as yet very clearly defined in the public mind, between what is known as the lower and the higher philanthropy. The lower philanthropy meant the attempt "to put right what social conditions had put wrong." The higher philanthropy means the attempt "to put right the social conditions themselves."

Of course, no moral significance attaches to the use of the term "higher" as applied to philanthropy. The term, like the phrase, "the higher criticism," is entirely free from assumption. Nothing could have been nobler in motive or in practice than that first simple charity which went out to meet the early poverty of the cities, and which was always ready to run upon its errands of mercy without stopping to ask too many questions. It developed characters of rare sensitiveness. Charity became one of the fine arts, creating personal types of moral beauty. Men saw that it must be blessed to give, whatever it might be to receive. And when the problem of suffering grew weighty and urgent, with the growth of the city, this same spirit of charity grew strong, watchful, and inventive. It proved to be able to deal with classes, as before it had dealt with individuals. It was quick to follow out every hint and suggestion of unrelieved want and distress. Charities multiplied as the objects of charity were detected. The relief of the poor brought to light the child of poverty, the child of poverty led the way to his crippled brother, the diseased child pointed to the suffering mother; and when the region of disease was once really discovered, it was quickly occupied with every variety of institutional relief.

I recall a characteristic example of the spirit and method of the old charity in the person of a well-known philanthro-

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pist of New York, who for more than half a century followed with an unerring instinct the subtle progress of distress and misery. When I knew him he had passed his three score and ten years. Yet each year seemed to add to the eagerness and intensity of his search. An incident, associated with his greatest personal bereavement, revealed to me the whole spirit of his life. As I called upon him in his sorrow, he took me, after a little, into the presence of his dead, and there talked, as only the voice of age and love could speak. Suddenly he stopped, put his hand into his pocket, and took out a check. "There," said he, "is a check for $25,000 from Mrs. Stewart for my woman's hospital." Then, resuming the conversation as if there had been no interruption—there really had been none—he covered the face of his dead and withdrew, to take up again in its time his now solitary, but joyous, work. My honored friend was the embodiment of that charity, to the credit of which must be placed the countless organizations and institutions which are the most conspicuous signs of a living Christianity.

Andover House, 6 Rollins Street, Boston.

But with the extraordinary multiplication and extension of charities, consequent upon the growth of poverty, disease, and vice, the question began to arise in some earnest minds, may there not be, after all, something better than charity, or, at least, may there not be a larger and better charity? Grant that the progress of Christianity has been marked by the relieving agencies and institutions which line its path, may not its progress be still more clearly marked by the relative decrease of these very agencies and institutions? May not Christianity be applied wisely, vigorously, and with better results at the *sources* of suffering? The serious asking of these questions gradually brought in the higher philanthropy, whose aim, as I have said, is not so much "to put right what social conditions have put wrong," as to "put right the social conditions themselves." The new philanthropy does not attempt to supersede entirely the old charity; it does offer itself as a much-needed helper and ally.

The intermediate step from the lower to the higher philanthropy was taken

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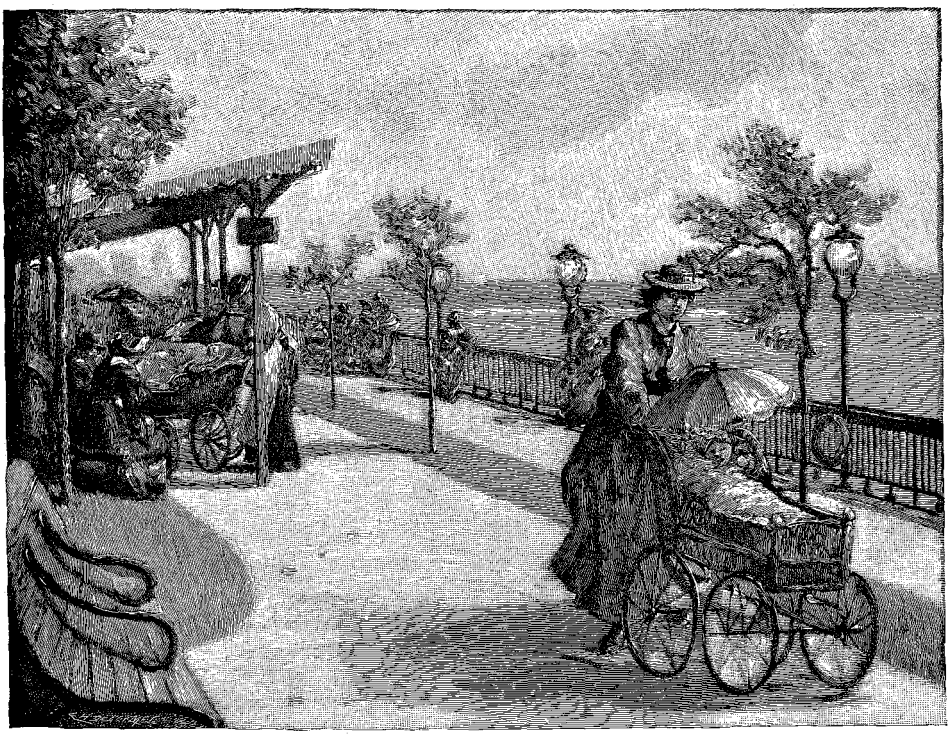
through the charity organization movement, the motive of which was to economize charity. The moral as well as financial waste of the current charity had become appalling. It was estimated that the "pauper, the impostor, and the fraud of every description, carried off at least one-half of all charity, public and private." The poor man, who preferred to work rather than to beg, was supplanted by the pauper, who preferred to beg rather than to work. It was a comparatively easy matter for a professional pauper to utilize the charity of several different societies, especially those which were religious, for the support of himself or his family; while shrewd knaves, who saw the market value of an infirmity or a deformity, organized an army of cripples of every sort, whom they stationed at the corners of the streets, or through whom they invaded the homes of the compassionate. The demoralizing effect of this traffic in charity was so evident that decisive measures were taken to break it up through reforms in the method of administration. In 1869 a society was organized in London under the title, "The Society for Organized Charitable Relief, and for Repressing Mendicity," an organization which was quickly copied in the larger towns of the provinces. The first move in the same direction, in this country, was made in 1877, in the city of Buffalo, through the establishment of a like organization, which has since been adopted in most of the cities of the country under the name of the "Associated Charities." Naturally these societies began their work as a crusade against indiscriminate charity. They brought together, as far as practicable, all the benevolent agencies which were at work in a given community, they introduced the scientific and systematic visitation of the poor, they sought out and exposed the iniquitous frauds which had been fostered by neglect, and in various ways decreased the growing



Charlesbank Gardens.

The New Park on the Shore of Charles River, with Public Baths and Appliances for Exercise.

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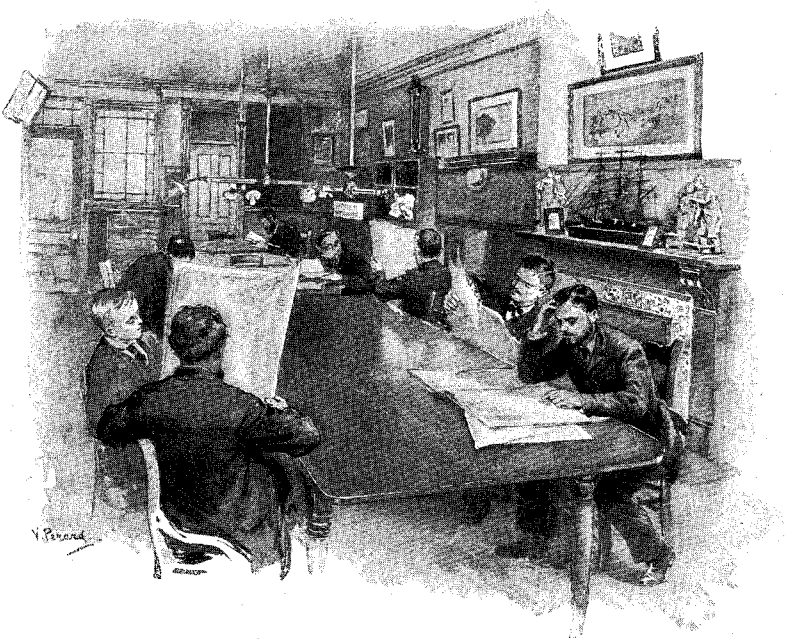
volume of pauperism. And the work of the "Associated Charities" necessarily led to the study of social conditions. It was impossible to deal with pauperism in any scientific way without investigating the sources of it. Still the inherited object of the "Associated Charities" was charity—the relief of suffering—the special occasion for its action being the need of seeing to it that charity reached the actual sufferer, and only in the right way. It belonged by origin, and in part by method, to the agencies which were trying "to put right what social conditions had put wrong." It was evident that a new type of philanthropy was needed, with the one distinct object of trying "to put right the social conditions themselves."



Reading-room at the Wells Memorial.
A Club-house and Savings Institution for Workingmen.

The Andover House has its place and does its work within the sphere of this new philanthropy. It is one of the agencies which represent, in a simple and unostentatious way, the principles and methods through which the new philanthropy is beginning to make itself felt in society. While in sympathy with all charitable movements, and having representatives upon the boards of "Associated Charities" in its vicinity, it is not another charitable organization or institution. It has no moneys to disburse. As far as appears to a transient visitor, the House is simply a home where a group of educated young men—chiefly, but not necessarily, those who have had a theological training—live, study, and work. But the House is organized upon an idea, which the group is constantly working out, each man in harmony with his fellow. Evidently the great requisite in any attempt to modify wrong social conditions is the perfect understanding of those conditions. And the knowledge of any such conditions is best gained by practically subjecting one's self to them, at least to the extent of making them the daily environment of his life. Residence is the key to the situation in any locality. It is wonderful how many things come to one, in the way of the daily intercourse with his neighbors, which would entirely evade the most careful search from without. It is the unsought information which tells best the story of a neighborhood. And far

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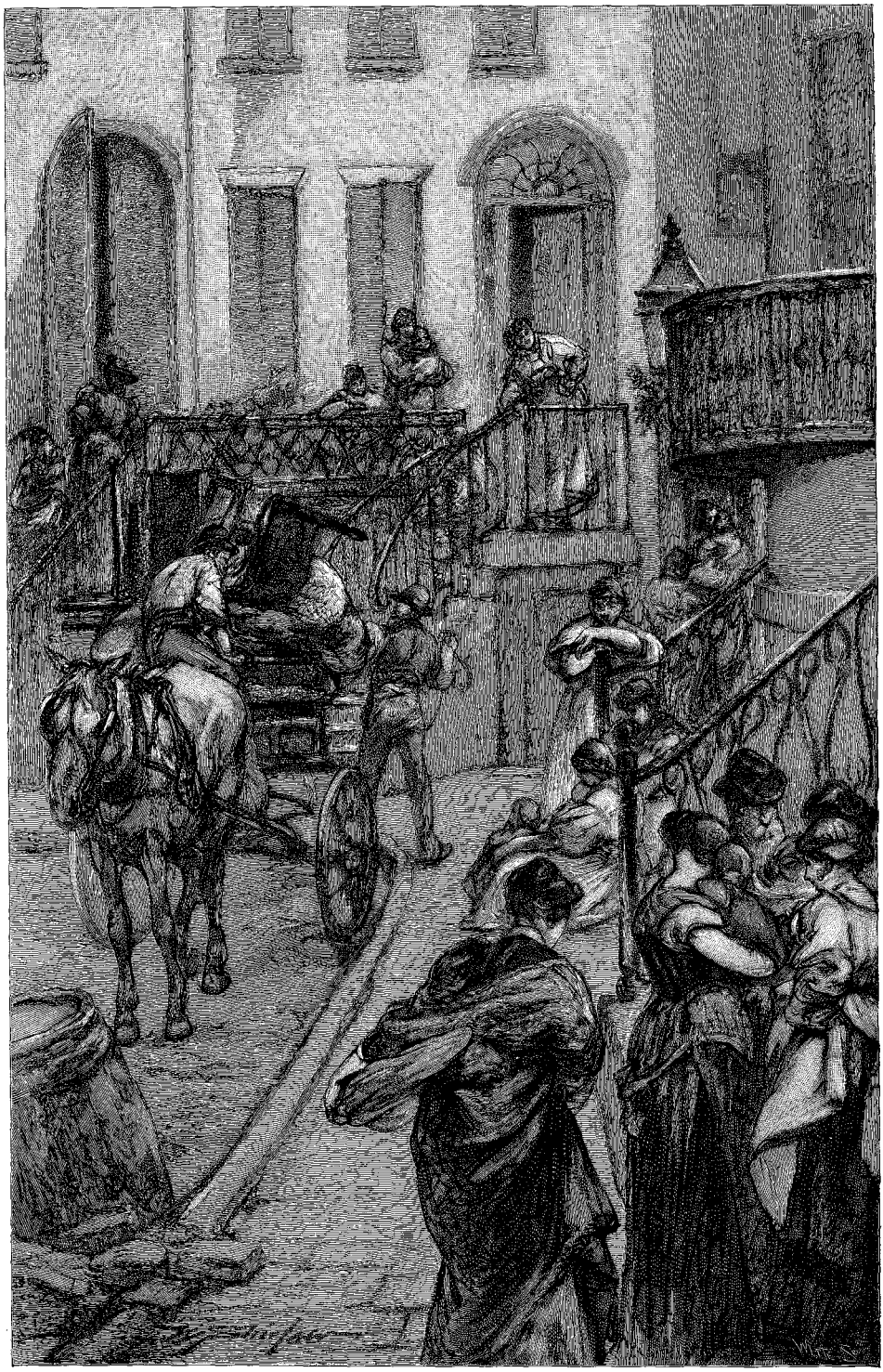

DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW. ENGRAVED BY W. B. WITTE.

The Ejectment—Commerce Street, a Section of *By-gone Boston.*

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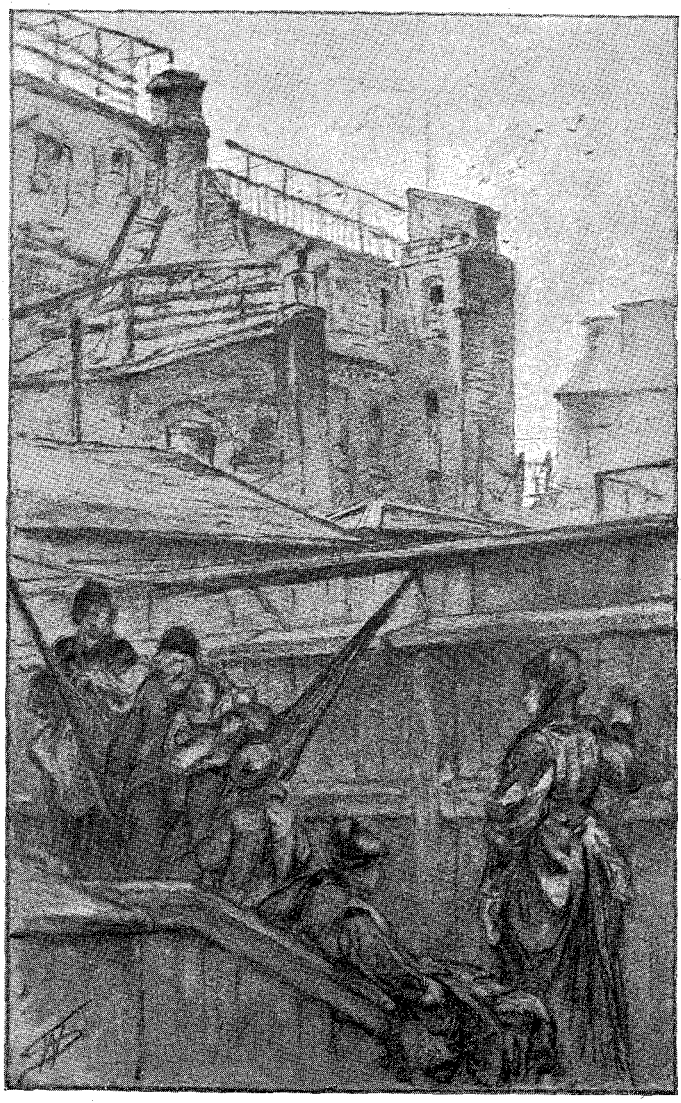
beyond any gain in the way of knowledge is the sense of identification with others which comes through residence among them. One is conscious of significance of living under wrong social conditions. I doubt if one person can well bear the strain. It is the group which saves the individual to



Jew Quarters—a Rear Section of Salem Street.

breathing the same social atmosphere, and though he may retreat from the more disheartening surroundings of his work into the shelter and cheer of the group, yet the scenes in the midst of which he lives are in mind by day and by night. The constant strain upon the sympathies is the test of the real his work, and supplies that fund of good cheer which is indispensable to it.

This resident group is made up of educated men, of men, that is, trained to think upon social problems. It represents the contribution of thought rather than of money toward their solution. Doubtless some of the theories

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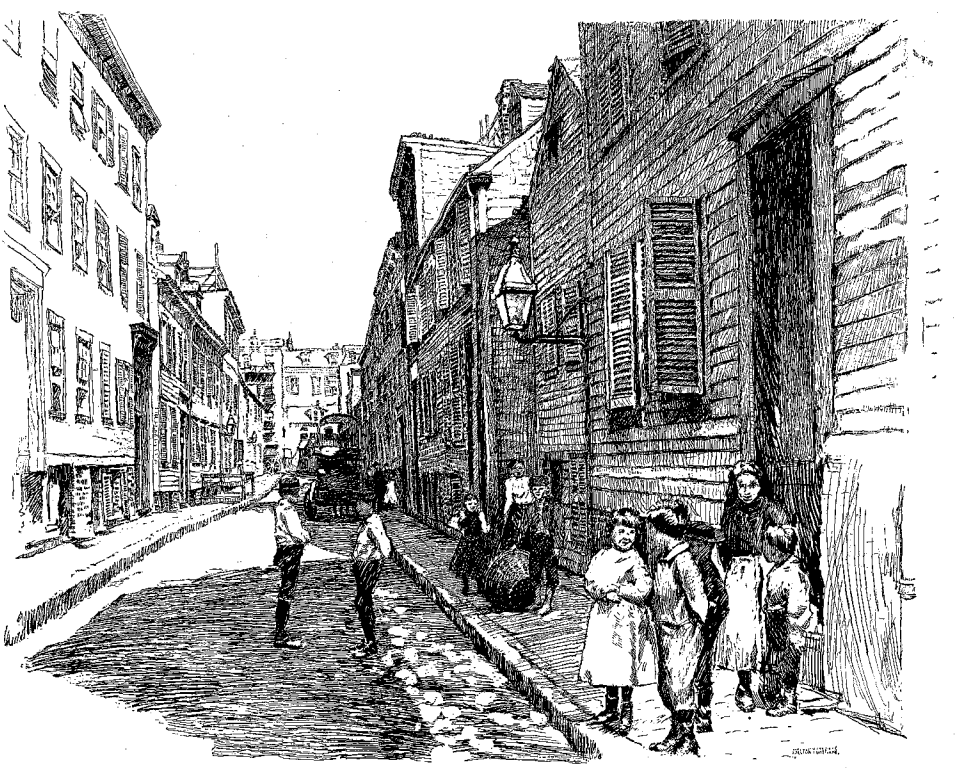
held, though learned in the best schools, are found to need essential modification when tested by the actual fact. But they give intelligent approach to studies from life. And it should be said that much of the knowledge within recent books is based upon direct investigation, as with Charles Booth's "Labor and Life of the People," or is the result of reasoning upon ascertained facts. To call the present training of the schools in Sociology purely theoretical is a misnomer. It is in reality but one degree removed from life.

Further, the group represents the idea of special consecration on the part of its members. The work of the House proceeds from the religious motive. It is carried on without compensation, except in cases where expenses are met by fellowships. Some residents propose to make work of the nature there carried on their life-work. Others will take the spirit of it into their after-duties, whatever may be their special character. I doubt if there is any field which calls more clearly for the true missionary disposition and temper than resident work among the poor in the great cities.

The Andover House took its name from its origin. As might be supposed, a large number of the graduates of Andover Theological Seminary (about twenty miles from Boston) are in service in and around Boston. In October of 1891 a personal invitation was extended through these graduates, to all who were interested in establishing a settlement for social work in Boston, to form an association for that purpose. The invitation met with a quick and generous response, and an Association was at once formed which now numbers about three hundred members. This Association is made up of persons who are interested in this special type of work. No other qualification is asked for. Of course, the principles upon which the work is to be carried on are clearly stated in



Hamburg Street, from Harrison Avenue, near Andover House.

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the constitution which was adopted by the Association. As has been stated, the religious motive pervades the whole movement, but it is in no sense sectarian. It is not even inter-denominational. No regard is paid to denominational distinctions. The Council, which is the administrative body in the Association, is made up of persons of various religious faiths, and this has come about not at all by design, but naturally according to personal interest. The work is supported partly by membership fees, and partly by annual subscriptions. The past year a considerable additional expense was incurred in the furnishing of the house, a task which was graciously fulfilled by a committee of ladies from the Association.

Centre of Portuguese and Italian Quarters, North Street—The Sailors' District.

The House is located at No. 6 Rollins Street, a short street between Washington Street and Harrison Avenue, in Ward XVII., at the south end of the city. The street itself is quite exceptional in its appearance, being made up of two blocks of entirely respectable looking dwelling-houses. Some of the houses still remain in the possession of the original owners. The general section covered by the House is a narrow strip of about half a mile in length, lying on the south side of Washington Street, and falling away toward what is known as the South Cove. The social lines in Boston run north and south. With the exception of the "north end" the social movement is away from the south and east. Each street toward the west increases the social standing of its residents.

The population of the neighborhood is not the most picturesque in its poverty in the city. The most recent immigration — the Arab, the Russian Jew, and even the Italian—has not as yet really invaded the district, though it has made its appearance at the lower end. That stage of overcrowding has not been reached which discriminates in favor of the lowest and most degraded. And yet the population embraces some of the worst types to be found in the city. It is by no means homogeneous. Nearly all nationalities and races are represented in it. There is no social unity. The largest social unit is a group. Extreme social conditions are found in close contiguity. The visitor who passes from street into alley and court will quickly notice, but will not be apt to measure, the contrasts. The neighborhood is overshadowed by vice, though not as yet overwhelmed by it. The social evil is a more serious menace than drunkenness or gambling. In a word, the neighborhood is in precisely the condition in which some one section of a great city

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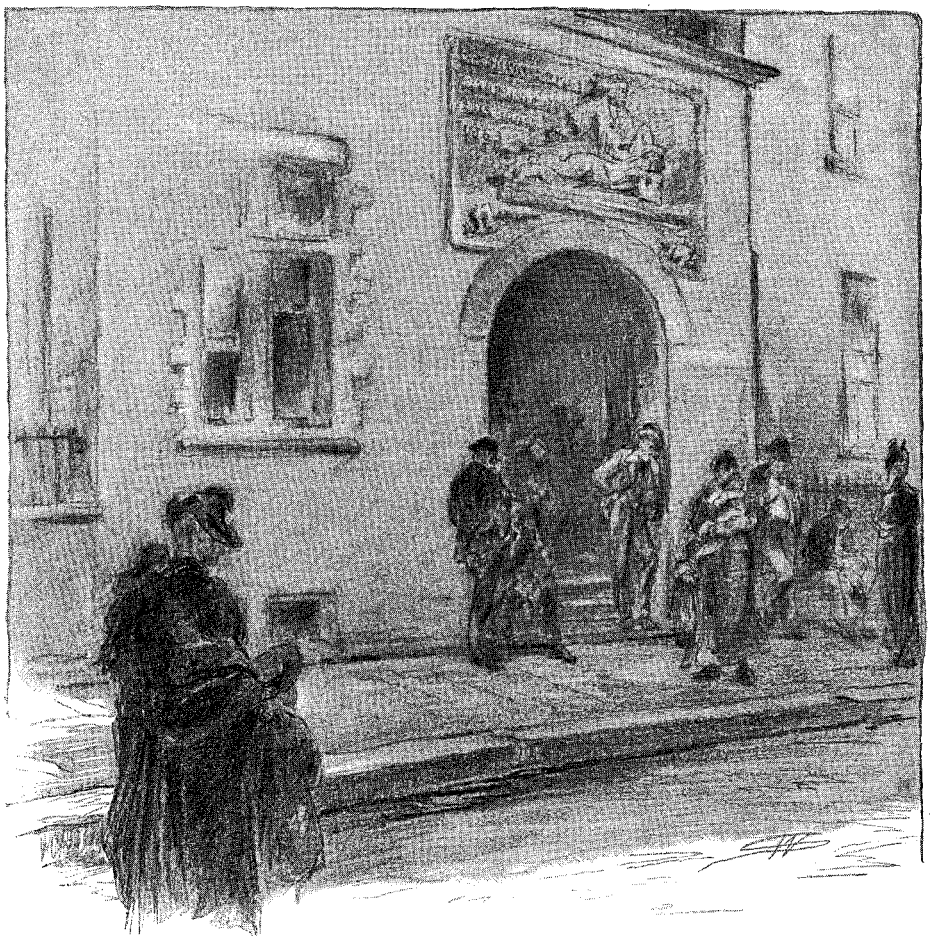

The Boston Dispensary, Established 1796.
The Present House Built in 1883, Corner of Ash and Hollis Streets.

is always to be found, which has been left to take the chance of the future, with little or nothing to expect from business or social movements, and without the advantage of any kind of unity.

This general section of Boston was chosen with the purpose of attempting to stay the tide of poverty and vice which is flowing in upon it, and of arresting the social disintegration which has already begun. While the section represents in some parts a family life of intelligence and purity, it represents in other parts most sorely the need of the three-fold work of development, recovery, and rescue.

The house accommodates at present six men, and is in charge of a most competent housekeeper, who, in addition to her care of the home, renders valuable service in the general work. The head of the House—Mr. Robert A. Woods—is a graduate of Andover, a former resident of Toynbee Hall, and now well known through his lectures upon social questions, and his book upon "English Social Movements." With him are associated five men, graduates of different colleges and seminaries, who give their entire time to the work. The "spare time" of men who are engaged in regular pursuits is not sufficient for the work in hand. Business life in this country is so intense, that all which can be asked of those in regular business is a certain amount of volunteer aid in special departments. No resident is received for less than six months, and

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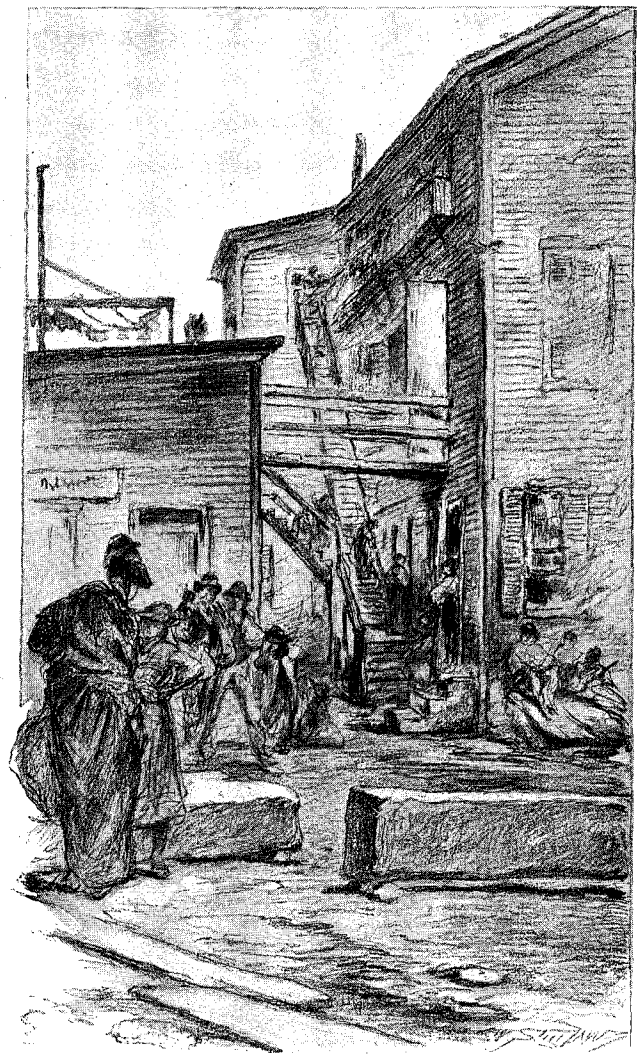
the average term of service is more than a year. Naturally, the longer the time in residence the greater the results which may be expected. A certain element of comparative permanence among the residents is absolutely necessary to any success. And next to permanence among the residents is regularity among the associate workers. A very efficient staff of associates has already been organized of those who give one or two evenings of each week. Among these, at present, are some of the younger journalists, architects, and scientific and literary men of the city, some ladies of thorough interest and experience in work among girls and young women, and a large force from the New England Conservatory of Music.



How the Poor Live in the Suburban Districts—"Little Canada," an Outer Section of Lowell.

The local work of the Andover House rests upon certain well-defined principles, which it may be well at this point to carefully enumerate. The first principle is that the work is altogether personal, and in no sense institutional. None of the ordinary institutional re-

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sults are to be expected. A thorough and consistent plan has been formulated, but no programme. The work of next year may not be that of this year. The one constant quantity is personal influence, personal invention, personal sympathy and courage, the individual and united purpose to increase the moral valuation of the neighborhood.

A second principle is that nothing should be done by the House which can be, or ought to be, done through existing organizations. All duplication of work is to be avoided. With this end in view, a careful estimate has been made of the various forces which are already in operation within the neighborhood, whether religious, moral, educational, or charitable. The aim is co-operation. Members of the House are identified with many of the organizations located in the vicinity. They serve on their committees, and are their agents and visitors. They report facts coming within their province, make suggestions, and in every way seek to increase their efficiency and usefulness. The Andover House does not crave notoriety in matters of reform, but it is intent upon securing such results affecting the public morals as may from time to time seem legitimate and practicable. It has already initiated some plans which have had a successful issue, but the work has been done through others. The object of the House is influence, not power.

A third principle, resolutely adhered to, is the avoidance of proselyting, not in appearance only, but in reality. The motive of the work, as I have said, is profoundly religious, admitting a consecration as deep as that attending any missionary enterprise, but the results arrived at are not specifically religious. Members of the House have the perfect freedom of their personal religious affiliations, and are encouraged to co-operate in every practicable way with the churches with which they may be identified. And at the proper time and in the proper way, there will be no hesitancy in holding meetings conducted in the true evangelistic spirit, in behalf of the people who are not otherwise reached religiously. But the attempt to change the religious faith of those whom the residents may visit in their houses is not for a moment considered; and this, not as a matter of policy, but of principle. The one end and aim of the House is to create a true social unity, to which all may contribute who have anything of value to offer. Its chief object is not that of the churches. The religious motive permeates and informs its methods, but it does not seek chiefly religious results. Religion in and of itself, as illustrated in the various communions, will never give the social unity, in any community, which is now the most essential element in the change of social conditions.

A fourth principle is the development of the neighborhood from within rather than from without. The personal acknowledgment of this principle is through residence. That, however, is only the easy beginning of its application. The neighborhood must be in every way awakened, encouraged, and stimulated to work for itself. Perhaps

Frank's Court, back of Andover House.

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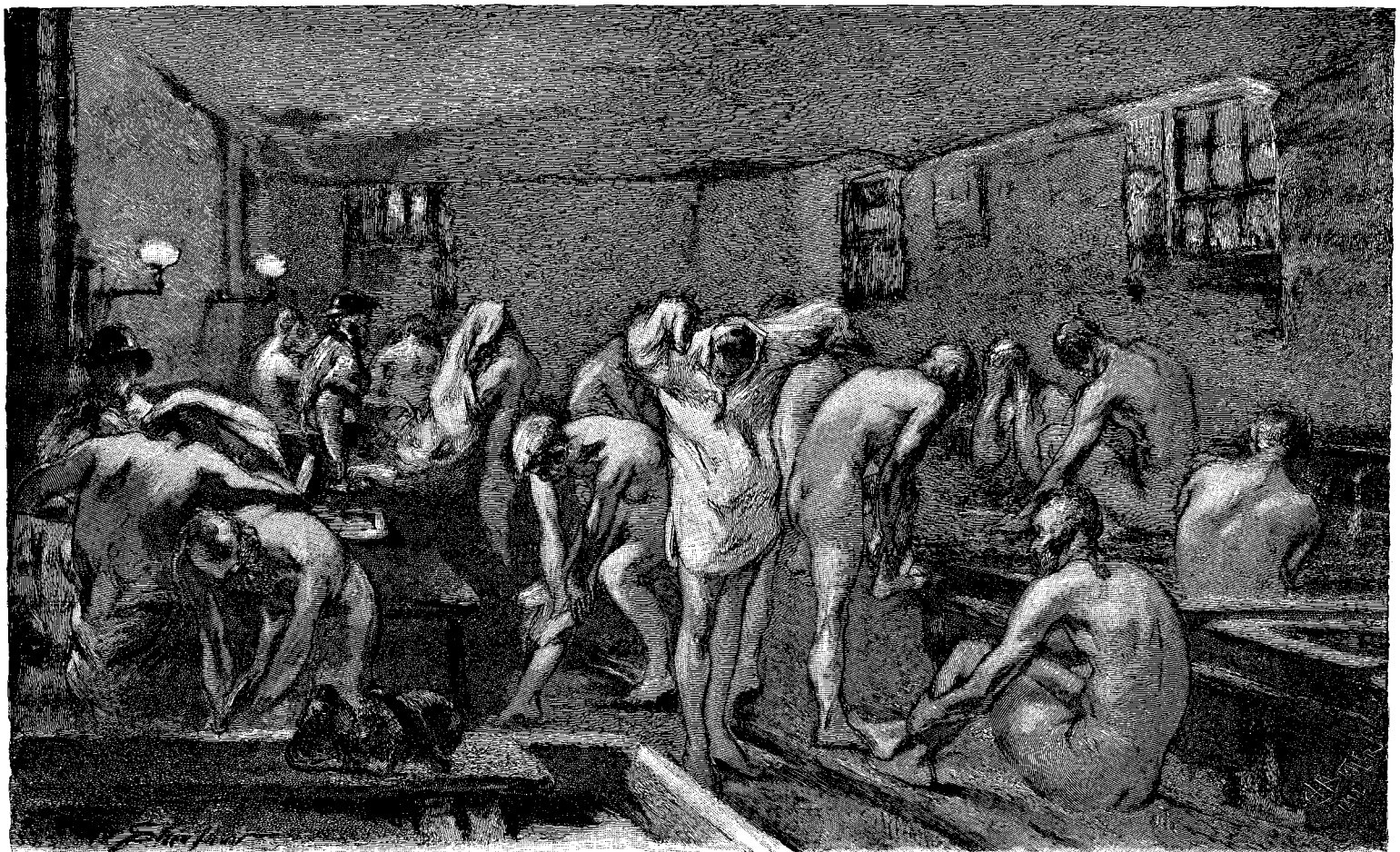

DRAWN BY WALTER SHIRLAW. ENGRAVED BY C. I. BUTLER.

Tramps at Wayfarer's Lodge, Hawkins Street.

[Established in 1879 by the Overseers of the Poor. The rooms contain two hundred beds. Each man must take a warm bath on entering the Lodge, and receives a wholesome supper and breakfast. In return he cuts or saws wood for one or two hours. The wood is used in public buildings, or sold to the public, or given to the poor.]

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the quickest appeal can be made through the needs of the children. Later, the appeals from more general needs can be made, needs which the neighborhood can fitly ask the city to satisfy, and the final outcome may be the development of a commendable pride, as true as that which sometimes shows itself in village communities. But the constant method is improvement through self-help, not by patronage. I cannot overestimate the advantage of co-operation between adjacent classes in society. To bring together the extremes, as in ordinary mission work, is not a sufficient result. It is the coming together of those who are separated by the slighter differences in conditions—which are often the greater barriers—the mutual helpfulness of those whose lives really touch, that constitutes the permanent hope of any neighborhood. It is the acknowledgment of neighborship which realizes that fine social ideal—the community.

Acting upon these principles, the residents of the House began their work about a year ago. It should be noted that for the first six months there were but four in residence, and two of these could give only a part of their time. Naturally, the first object sought was a general knowledge of the resources of the neighborhood, and then acquaintance with the people, as far as possible, through visitation in their homes. But access to one's neighbors in a city is not an altogether easy matter, whatever may be the intent. Fortunately, the small boy proved to be a natural medium of communication with the families whom the residents wished most to reach. As soon as the boys in the vicinage heard of the House, they began at once to investigate its possibilities. And as they came in increasing numbers, they were organized into clubs, till every night in the week, except Sunday, was given up to groups as large as could be accommodated.

A library of the best boys' books was generously provided by one of the Council for circulation, and the residents taxed their invention to provide interesting and profitable entertainment. The boy, thus become a friend, opened the door of the home, and the heart of the parent. Access to a considerable part of the neighborhood became simple and natural. Visitation, as far as there have been time and opportunity for it, has been conducive to the best results. Friendly relations have been established, which are simple and sincere. One of the more mature and experienced of the residents has gained a place in the confidence and affection of the families in an adjacent court, which any man might envy. He is known and trusted as their friend, to whom they turn in their temptations and trials, which are neither few nor light. And through him they are beginning to find themselves at home at the House.

After visitation came organization—so much, at least, as seemed necessary for the best development of those who had been reached. I have referred to the boys' clubs. These were transferred early in the autumn from the house to a hall near by, partly to allow the use of the house for the organization of other groups, and partly in accordance with the principle, which I have enunciated, that whatever can be done through other agencies should be done through them. Work among the boys is now carried on in connection with the Boys' Institute of Industry, which has established a branch in this part of the city. The place of the boys' clubs in the house has been taken by clubs and classes of young men and young women, and by groups of girls and of children—these last under the care of special teachers. The residents and their associates still take the entire charge of the work among boys, and devote much time to it. The theory of work is to be lavish with personal influence, to put a great deal of one's self into the thing which one undertakes, whatever it may be. From four to six residents and associates are present on each evening with each group of boys. To the ordinary exercises and drills of such clubs are added regular exhibitions through the microscope, instruction in drawing and carpentry, talks on electrical science, and a plentiful supply of good music. The clubs of young men and young women are furnished with fit objects of entertainment and study. One class in current

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events is under the charge of an accomplished journalist. The following schedule of evenings illustrates this kind of work:

Monday.—Boys' Club (thirty boys under eleven years of age), at hall.

Tuesday.—Boys' Club (twenty boys over twelve years of age), at hall.

Wednesday.—Boys' Club (twenty-five boys from eleven to twelve years of age), at hall; Young Women's Class (fifteen young women), at house.

Thursday.—Monday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall.

Friday.—Tuesday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall; Children's Club (thirty children), 3 P.M., at house; Young Men's Class (fifteen young men), 8 P.M., at house.

Saturday.—Wednesday night Boys' Club repeated, at hall; Girls' Club (thirty girls), 2.30 P.M., at house; Young Men's Club (ten young men), 8 P.M., at house.

Sunday.—8.30 P.M., music hour, at house.

At the present time organization has not advanced beyond these limits, but it will be extended among older persons if it seems the natural method of procedure; otherwise some other means of mutual aid will be devised. It may prove to be better to establish entirely different relations with the working-men of the district. The residents have been cordially welcomed in their intercourse with the leaders of labor organizations, and it is hoped that there may soon be a conference between some representatives of these organizations and the members of the Council.

The house is frequently used for receptions, sometimes for the association, sometimes for workers in the various societies, temperance or charitable, in the ward, and sometimes for the families in different parts of the neighborhood. It is becoming more and more a true social centre. The table is found to be a fitting place where the residents may discuss with guests all questions of order or progress affecting the community. Much more is accomplished by the social than by merely official intercourse with those who may in various ways represent the political, or educational, or philanthropic affairs of the neighborhood.

While these more personal methods have been in operation, attention has been steadily directed toward the opportunity for material improvement, where it seemed to be necessary to moral development. I have said that the last stage of overcrowding has not been reached in the district. But the tenement-house question presents here, as everywhere where it exists, the dilemma, how to improve the tenement and keep the tenant. Little is gained morally by the erection of new and better buildings, if the old dwellers are driven out into even lower surroundings. Doubtless the beginning must be made in the elevation of the tenant through a certain amount of improvement in the tenement; but after a little the process must be reversed and the further improvement of the tenement effected through the elevation of the tenant. It has seemed, therefore, to some of the business men on the Council, that it is necessary that control, by rental or purchase, should be gained of some of the worst tenements in the district, that the work of internal and external improvement may be carried on together. There is reason to hope that the methods of tenement-house reform developed by Miss Octavia Hill may be applied at no distant day to some one house, at least, as an object-lesson.

Without entering further into the local work of the House, which from the nature of the case cannot be fully forecast or even described in detail, I will refer to its more general scientific work. One object of the House is the study by the residents of social conditions. There are three sources of this study—observation in the field, conversation with experts, and books. The residents bring to their work a certain amount of attainment in the theoretical study of Sociology. Through the generosity of a friend of the House, residing in another State, a sociological library has been begun, which will enable the residents to continue their economic studies.

There are unusual opportunities in Boston for conference with experts on social questions. The value of the services of the Hon. Carroll D. Wright, as Chief of the Bureau of Statistics of Labor in Massachusetts, was recognized by

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his appointment as United States Commissioner of Labor, and the work which he inaugurated has been vigorously maintained by his successor, the Hon. Horace G. Wadlin. The city has in its employ experts skilled in educational and economic affairs, and sanitation. The same remark applies to several of the educational and charitable institutions in and around Boston. And not a few private citizens, who have consecrated their leisure as well as their wealth to the service of humanity, have become authorities upon many questions of social urgency.

The field of observation open to the residents of the House is far wider than the limits of their actual work. Subjects reaching quite outside these limits are already before them for individual study and investigation. I am confident that no *general* field is so inviting to the student of questions which are partly social and partly political, as that of municipal politics. For the present, more questions of this sort await solution from the municipality than from the State. Boston has now reached that stage in its municipal growth when the most interesting and vital problems are pressing for solution. The Greater Boston, which Mr. Sylvester Baxter has described in his intelligent study, comprising the adjacent towns and cities, is nearly double the population of the city proper. But this greater city is already a fact in some particulars, especially as so recognized by the general Government in the postal service, and by the State in the system of sewerage. It is fast becoming a question, how long interests which are so closely related can be kept apart by political boundaries. An absorption of territory by Boston, corresponding to that already accomplished by Philadelphia and Chicago, would precipitate many moral and social issues which are to-day held in uncertainty. The time is opportune, whether changes are imminent or not, for the student of municipal questions to inquire into the social and political life of Boston.

Little reference has been made to the Andover House Association, which supports the House. Thus far its chief business has been the support of the House. The main return from the House to the Association has been in the bulletins, which from time to time show the progress of the work. Something has been done in the way of lectures, delivered at the house for the benefit of all the members. These lectures were furnished altogether from the Association itself. A course of six lectures is inserted to show the nature of the subjects treated by the lecturers, and afterward in general discussion: 1. "The Housing of the People," by Hon. Robert Treat Paine. 2. "Sanitary Improvement," by Professor Dwight Porter. 3. "The Temperance Problem in Massachusetts," by Rev. William E. Wolcott. 4. "Women's College Settlements," by Miss Vida D. Scudder. 5. "Working Girls' Clubs," by Miss O. M. E. Rowe. 6. "The Child Problem," by Mr. C. W. Birtwell.

The House serves, through its residents and library, the much-needed purpose of a bureau of information on social questions. Preparations are also being made for lectures to be given, as desired, in the neighboring towns, according to the methods of University extension. Social clubs are being organized in many towns, some in connection with churches and some independently, for serious investigation and discussion. Eastern Massachusetts, with its large urban and suburban population, with its manufacturing centres, representing various and changing nationalities, and with its small village communities retaining still something of the original type of the early settlement, offers rare facilities for social study. More than this, it makes its appeal to the new philanthropy. The social problem of New England is as grave as that of any part of the country. Charity certainly cannot solve it. Something as true in spirit, but far broader and deeper in method, is necessary to effect safely the transfer from the old individualism to the future state of social unity.

The work of the Andover House has been set forth in this paper as an illustration of certain principles and methods which characterize a new type of philanthropy. The general features of the type are unmistakable. Details

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vary according to the agencies employed. Some of the agencies are purely scientific and express little or no sentiment. But all depend in part for their scientific value upon the sympathy which attends their working. There are facts in social life which will not yield their entire content except under the sympathetic approach. Science, which is unsympathetic, does not find what it is searching after. Sentiment may be lacking, but not sympathy. Still the fact remains that the new philanthropy is making its strongest appeal to young men and young women, especially to those who have the best intellectual and moral training. It is impossible to overestimate the seriousness and the enthusiasm with which the incoming generation is attacking what it believes to be the problem of its time. There is a fervor about this consecration to the work of social Christianity like that which characterized the work of Christian missions at the beginning of the century. It may well be so, for the only cry in our time which compares in intensity with that which caught the ear of Carey and Mills, is the cry from the Christian cities. We are beginning to understand how much the apparently simple command of Christ meant, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor." The perfect obedience has not yet been rendered, but enough has been attempted to show that it requires careful study, invention, patience, sympathy, and practical heroism. Resident work "among the poor in great cities" has its reliefs, like missionary work in foreign lands, chief of which is the fact that it is work in a group. Like that, too, it has its grateful surprises, or perhaps one should better say, its grateful certainties, in individual results. The outcome is always found in some lives rescued, recovered, enlarged, with the possibility that one, at least, may be reached who may prove a greater blessing to his kind than all his benefactors. And the social result, while more undefined, is still appreciable to those who, as they work, can see in it the promise of the future society.

The growth of the movement represented by the Andover House is quite as rapid as its best interests allow. Three houses are already established in Boston working upon the same principles; one connected with Boston University, made up of graduate students and their wives; a branch of the Women's College Settlement; and Dorothy Hall, named after Miss Dorothea Dix, and composed of unmarried women; and there are two others in immediate prospect. Similar work in other cities has already been described in the pages of this Magazine. The general movement is a remarkable illustration of the value of the contribution of the personal element, when fully trained and consecrated, to a noble cause.

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THE TALE OF A GOBLIN HORSE.

By Charles C. Nott.

HORSES are like babies—chiefly interesting to their owners. Occasionally they emerge from the enclosure of home life, and become interesting to other people. One in a billion may find his way into print. But most rare are the horses whose *characters* are worthy of record. The one of which I write comes a step nearer to humanity in this, that a shadow of mystery falls upon his life and end.

He belonged to the Fremont Hussars; but how he came into the regiment, no man could tell. It was in September, 1861, and the regiment, not yet completed, was in camp near St. Louis. Newly built sheds for horses and newly pitched tents for men lay in parallel lines, and around the encampment ran the high fence of the "Abbey Race Track." In this, the first flush of war, recruits poured in, a daily stream; and another stream, the troopers' horses, came flowing from the Government corrals. These two streams, however, did not flow in evenly together; sometimes the men were in excess, sometimes the horses. But whenever there was a surplus of the latter, although the mass would remain the same, there would be a strange disintegration of the particles. Sixty horses the officer in charge would leave under guard at nightfall, and sixty horses would be found under guard at day-break; yet how changed! So many sick! so many lame! such a noticeable decrease in size and spirit! For the Fremont Hussars consisted largely of German veterans who knew a thing or two of soldiering and horses, and who held that the best of troopers would be useless to the cause of freedom unless he were well mounted. Wherefore, as the "reserved mounts" grew nightly worse, the six mounted companies appeared daily better. Such fine horses they rode; all so healthy and sound. "Vhy are our horses so goot? Vhy, pecause ve take so goot care of tem." One could not help liking these kind-hearted Dutchmen.

But when the seventh company came to be mounted out of the "reserve mounts," then there was awful swearing to be heard in the land—storms of harsh consonants—cataracts of Dutch oaths. And then the men already mounted, like disinterested patriots seeking to throw oil on the troubled waters, would address the to-be-mounted in calm and soothing words which pointed toward future arrivals of horses for future recruits, and intimated that at such fortunate epochs it could be made "all richt." Whereupon, the exasperated, with glances thrown toward the distant Government corral, and an ominous Germanic jerk of the head expressive of much inward resolve, would say to all concerned, "Never mindt, never mindt."

In this state of equine affairs, a newly mustered captain of the regiment await-

*** The story here printed is not fiction, although, as the reader will perceive, it is as improbable a story of a horse as was ever written. All of the facts actually occurred; the most improbable event in the narrative was duly substantiated by legal evidence at the time, and this evidence has been submitted to the editor. The author is one of the seniors of our Federal judges; the commanding officer of the regiment first referred to was Colonel George E. Waring, the well-known sanitary engineer; and another witness of the incidents narrated was Colonel James F. Dwight, recently one of the assignees in bankruptcy and a well-known member of the New York bar.

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ing the arrival of his own private horses, and needing a temporary mount, looked despondingly through the reserve, and found no horse which it would become "an officer and gentleman" to ride. As he stood negotiating the purchase of a cheap animal from a brother officer, a sergeant came up, and said that there was a well-appearing horse in the ninth shed, a horse that no one seemed to own. The party walked around to the shed, and at one end of it, with three or four of the rejected "rats" of the regiment, found a large chestnut sorrel, in appearance much above the average of troopers' horses. How so good-looking an animal came to be standing there, instead of in some of the six companies' stables, was the first question. The sergeant had observed him standing there for three days past; one man believed he had been rejected by a Prussian veteran as too rough a trotter; another that he had thrown his rider; but no one really knew anything about him. The inspecting officers of the regiment chanced to be lounging near, and they averred that they had never inspected the horse. But he bore the regimental brand and stood in the regimental stables.

As the party approached the horse, the captain was struck with his breadth of forehead and dark, sinister eye. The sergeant also noticed the latter, for he immediately said, "That's a wicked eye he has." The horse quickly turned his head toward the sergeant and looked at him steadily with a mild, contemplative expression; the remainder of the party said they saw nothing wicked about him. As they waited for a saddle to be brought, the horse yawned, stretching his deep mouth wide, and disclosing a tongue that had been half cut off, *i.e.*, about mid-way in the tongue were the remains of a deep gash which had nearly severed it in two, and now left the lower half of a peninsula connected only by a narrow isthmus with the main continent.

The saddle came and an Austrian officer mounted. He was a noble of the "blue blood," on leave of absence, and a captain of the Hussars. He rode with the stiff, straight leg of a Continental cavalry officer, erect and commanding above the saddle; awkward and unbecoming below—an unyielding seat, exacting and wearisome to man and beast. But like all of the Prussian and Austrian officers, he understood his business thoroughly, and when a trooper could not manage his horse on drill, it was his way to order the man to dismount and ride the refractory animal for him. Under his easy hand, the horse he was now trying appeared much better than when in the stable, moving off in a free, bold trot, with head and ears erect, like those hunters which English painters love to sketch trotting to the "meet," the red coat bending forward and rising in the stirrups with every stride. His trot was, indeed, a trifle too high and rough for a McClellan saddle and a "hard-riding" seat; but nothing to reject a good horse for; and there was a superior gallop with long and steady stride and hoof-beats falling regular as clock-work. There was no shying, starting, or stumbling; he was neither restive nor lazy; he moved quietly and freely; he was just the horse that an officer would choose for the daily drill; and the only objection that appeared was that he was not an easy horse "to ride hard."

"To ride hard" doubtless means to many an American, to ride furiously. In fact, it is the distinguishing term between the rising and falling, easy seat of the English gentleman, and the fixed, immovable seat of the English officer. When the Duke of Wellington was asked: "How long is a man fit to be a general?" he answered: "As long as he is able to see to everything himself and ride hard." In this topsy-turvy world of ours, there is a wonderful compliance of things to their conditions. All men have "builded better than they knew," if they have but built at all. It may be laid down as a general law of transportation, that whenever good carriage-ways are built the horseman dismounts. He mounts again for parade or pleasure, for exercise or excitement; but his transportation business he evermore will do on wheels. The English are an exception to the rule. They travel in the saddle, they ride to market, to Parliament, to their counting-houses, to their hunting meets. They ride twenty miles to lunch, and twenty back to dinner; and they

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ride upon hard highways and smooth macadam roads. Generations of experience have taught them that the steady trot and shifting seat are the movements of the united horse and man, which yield to both, upon solid stone roads, the largest amount of ease with the least degree of strain. The trooper with his sabre, and the cow-boy with his lasso, cannot surrender the free activity of body and arm. They must always be in the saddle. In the deep prairie grass the trotter loses his feet, and the cow-boy rides upon an easy lope. The trooper must ride at all gaits, and hence he must "ride hard."

The Austrian dismounted and spoke well of the horse. So did the small crowd of horse-critics, officers and men, that gathered round him. For your horse is a leveller in society; and in the stable gentlemen and jockey grow familiar, without contempt, in a common enthusiasm; and in the cavalry camp, officers and men mingle around the leveller, whose best judge, for the time, is the best man—the authority of highest rank. So this horse, which had been dozing for days amid six hundred sharp-eyed horsemen—each in want of a better horse than he had—seemed suddenly to awake and arouse the interest of all who saw him.

The horse had not been bitted; he was not "bridle-wise," and knew but one meaning in his rider's spur. And there was no time to train him, for the "Department of the West" was a beehive then, without drones. The untaught officers from civil life's quiet ignorance had not time to train themselves. There was drilling of men, inspecting of horses, beseeching ordnance officers for arms, imploring quartermasters for clothing. Matchless was the zeal and the industry that reigned in every camp during "Fremont's hundred days." Yet in the turmoil of the time, this horse seemed to learn by looking on, and, at the end of a week, to know everything. The slightest touch of the rein upon his neck, the mere motion of the rider's hand, the gentlest pressure of the leg, would wheel him without the use of bit or bridle. So imperceptible were the means employed, that some who watched him thought that he understood the commands, and made his "right wheel" or "left turn" at the mere word.

It was observed that this horse seemed to delight in drilling—in drilling, not being drilled. It was as the captain's horse, out of the ranks and viewing the unhappy condition of his kind, that he was happy. For, as the "coach" of a boat's crew is properly on the outside of the boat, so the instructor of cavalry is always on the outside of his squad. He moves but little, and the men in their evolutions revolve around him. Occasionally he changes his position, but then halts to command, and explain, and criticise. When the captain thus halted, and the reins were dropped, and the new horses in the ranks were crowding and kicking, and fretting, and sweating, then would this one's sinister eye glow with Satanic joy. When the squadron passed before him on the gallop, and dull horses were being pricked up by spurs, and fiery colts wrenched back by curbs, then would he stand placid as the Indian summer sky, and plant his fore-feet well in front and stretch his legs, and body, and long neck, and deep jaws, with such exquisite enjoyment as the sight of misery might give the animal with the cloven hoof and tail, from the stable below. If it were regimental drill, and he was denied the sweets of contemplation, then would he take his place in front of the line or beside the column, and move with the regularity of a machine, indifferent to the existence of all other horses. He never became excited; he never showed the ineradicable desire of his kind to race; he led down deep descents with no increase of speed, and up sharp acclivities without "losing distance;" he did not swerve a hair's breadth for a huge heap of broken stones, but mounted and traversed it at his measured trot. But when the hours of drill were over, and sounding bugles, and shouting drill-officers, and charging squadrons were gone, and the prairie was deserted and still, and any other horse would look toward the stable and seek to follow his mates, then a wild excitement would sometimes fall upon this one, and he would rear, and plunge, and kick, and gallop around and around like an escaping colt.

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The horse was not long in acquiring a name. At first, he was known as "The Drill Sergeant," but there was soon a new development of character in which, as has been the case with many notable characters, he succeeded in making a name for himself. The afternoon drill was over, the October sun was sinking through the golden haze, and the captain, with his friend D., was sauntering from the drill ground to their quarters. It chanced that they came upon a young officer trying to force his newly bought horse up to some bloody hides that hung upon a fence beside the road. They volunteered a precept or two as they passed; but precepts are mere blank cartridges, worth nothing without the projectile of example. The young officer understood the fact, if not the philosophy, and he intimated a wish that the "Drill Sergeant" might be ridden up to the fence, and he and his colt be shown, not told, how to do it. D. had dismounted then and sent his horse to the stable, but he applauded the lieutenant's sentiment, and said that it was perfectly fair; nothing, he thought, could be more reasonable, and he really hoped it would not be passed by unnoticed. The captain touched the "Drill Sergeant's" neck slightly with the rein, who with veteran-like gravity, turned and advanced toward the fence. The captain was sitting loungingly in the saddle, with an air of easy listlessness, one foot playing with the stirrup, the reins hanging loose upon the pommel. He was thinking that the "Drill Sergeant" would march on until his breast touched the fence, and he was intending to say that if young officers would train their colts first, and acquire a moral control over them, they might ride them up to bloody hides also. He was indeed just turning in his saddle to give utterance to the precept, when there was a bolt which seemed to him a small earthquake—a bolt rearward, roundward, upward, downward, and he found himself some thirty feet distant, and the "Drill Sergeant" standing placidly again in the middle of the road. The rider was not unhorsed, as he confessed he deserved to have been. Without knowing how, he had kept himself on the "Drill Sergeant's" back, who was now, as has been said, standing placidly in the road. The young officer promptly seized his opportunity and said, sarcastically, that he had expected to be shown how to do it—he added seriously that the captain had better not try it again, for that horse was a wicked one, and the "rock road" with its loose, broken stone, a bad place for a fall. D. blandly interposed, and thought differently. He thought the captain *had* better try it again—when surprised, he had not been thrown, and now that he was on his guard, there could be no danger. D. added that there was nothing more delightful than to witness a contest between the intelligence of man and the power of a brute. It did him good, he said. Besides, we cavalry officers should not mind a fall; we must get used to them.

The captain righted himself in the saddle and gathered up the reins. He had been preaching that with horses things should be done slowly and persistently: but as mutiny in officers is worse than mutiny in privates, even so, bolting by a trained and sedate horse is worse than bolting by an impulsive colt, and must be dealt with summarily. The captain turned the "Drill Sergeant" again toward the fence; again he advanced freely, and again, before the rider could find time or excuse for driving the spurs into him, there was the same rearward, roundward bolt, and they were standing in the middle of the road. D. applauded highly and said that, if desired, he would "certify on honor" that no horse ever did turn around so quickly in this world. He added that he honestly thought that the captain had better try it again; it was so very entertaining.

The captain and the horse, externally, were calm; but their two wills had crossed. As the horse turned for the third time toward the fence, a philosopher looking on would have asked whether in that brute body there was not some predeterminate resolve; whether the mouth with the bit in it was not more tightly shut, and the mane-covered forehead was not contracted and knit; whether the angry light that began to break from the eyes was not radiant from some angry soul

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within. But here the cunning of the human intellect appeared and took its part in the game—that cunning which, when applied to the movements of contending armies, we call strategy—that covert ally which the brute did not possess. As the horse moved forward to the fence, but ere the bolting point was reached, the rider's spurs came biting fiercely upon his flanks, driving him forward, and the reins held him face to face with the spectre on the fence whither he would not go. Then the horse became a fury, and his dark, sinister eyes turned bloody red. The rider's knees gripped the saddle more closely, and his arms grew stronger to bend the strong neck of the animal and to rein around his defiant head; but as the fight grew hot, his cunning ally fled the field and the contest became more equal—strategy no longer took a part in the struggle; it was skill and strength against strength and skill—the sharp sting of the spurs, the iron hoofs beating on rocks and stones—each creature intuitively knowing and resisting every act of the other, neither of them gaining or losing an inch—the one no nearer his goal, the other unable to fling off his warring burden.

But it was a battle without result; the bugle sounded the "retreat;" the king of the tournament dropped his warder; the heralds proclaimed a truce. D. said it was delightful, charming, but that we must go to the roll-call and get ready for dinner, and have it out in the morning.

That evening, at the mess dinner-table, the battle was discussed. D. was glowing in his description and declared that the "Drill Sergeant" should be named "Tarquinius Superbus." The majority thought differently and named him "Animus Furiosus," and after that they called him "Animus" for short.

The following morning promised to be fateful, but the battle was not renewed. It is the unexpected that happens in war. On the one hand, the hides were gone; on the other, Animus walked serenely up to the fence, rested his neck upon it, looked blandly over with ears inquiringly erect and eyes, for the moment, as innocent as a dove's.

Innocent he continued to appear, obliging, sensible, and grave, but in his heart of hearts was brewing a storm of resentment and revenge. A week or two passed in peace, and then came a day whereon the company to which Animus belonged was to be mustered into the service of the United States. Animus led the column to the mustering officer's official abode, he (and the mustering officer) alone unruffled, unexcited. His rider proud and exultant whenever he glanced back at the ninety splendid young fellows who rode behind. A splendid company it was, splendidly mounted, and as the tramping hoofs resounded through the streets of St. Louis, the two sets of hearts beat faster, and troopers and steeds seemed equally elate. There is an earthly satisfaction in the human breast that none but the trooper knows; when the cavalry cap works itself jauntily over, inclining toward the right ear with a saucy pitch forward toward the right eye, requiring the head to be held a little back, and the chin to be drawn a little in, and the chest to be thrown a little out; when the clattering scabbard, the jingling spurs, the champed bit, unite forces with the prancing, sympathetic vanity of the horse; when the eyes that won't stay "front," but "right" and "left" up at second-story windows, not in rude civilian stares, but in gay, half-audacious, half-deferential glances! Oh, reader, when you see the troopers in Washington swaggering about the Army headquarters, envy them, for you know not (unless you have been a trooper) "how good" that swagger makes them feel.

Through the streets of St. Louis, Animus led, profoundly indifferent to the citizens around him; coolly disdainful of the ninety fretting, fuming steeds behind. The "fours" formed platoons, and the platoons wheeled into line, with a precision that must have made the calloused mustering officer think himself back at West Point. And then there came two girls, pretty and young, with smiling, sympathetic loyal faces, in whom the trooper's saucy airs took the form of pretty timidity; and they stopped and hesitated, and almost came forward, and partly turned back, and seemed to say that their important business did really

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require them to go immediately straight onward down the street, but that they positively could never dare to pass so near to so many men and such terrible horses; and then the captain of the company—as became the captain of such a company—sought to move himself a trifle farther from the sidewalk and throw a chivalrous yard or two of safety to the timorous damsels; and then Animus flared up.

He had a crooked, Roman nose, had Animus, and a forehead that receded and rounded toward the ears; he was good-looking in a horseman's, and not in a lady's, sense of the term; and when his eyes turned red and his lips opened and showed white frothy teeth, I have no doubt but that this head of his looked much like a wild eagle's head on a horse's body. The two girls screamed and beat a retreat without any more pretty hesitation, and the rider's blood boiled up at the excuseless conduct, and he rowelled the horse with his burnished spurs and beat him with the flat of his polished sabre.

The horse seemed frantic; he dashed against the brick walls of the houses; he knocked the alignment of the company to pieces in a trice; he banged against front-steps and lamp-posts, and sent an aged cobbler fleeing through the back door of his poor, little shop; and he plunged and beat his hoofs upon the cellar door as if he meant immediately to go by that route to the place below. Then he stopped—suddenly—instantaneously—not quenched or quailing, but as if the fight then and there were but ammunition wasted, and he had better save the captain for a better opportunity. And after the affair was over, there came a strong conviction in the rider's mind that the horse might have done more, but would not; and friends began to advise that he should not keep that beast for service; for, they said, if one of his wild moods should come in action, it would be certain death to the man who rode him.

Again Animus lapsed into quiet working ways, biding his time to throw contempt at men and things. An opportunity came one fine Sunday, when there was a grand review at Benton Barracks. It was the first time the young soldiers had seen a field of thousands, and to them the pageant seemed magnificent. If now, when artillery was thundering, and infantry presenting arms, and a dozen regimental bands were playing their loudest, this horse should rear and pitch as half the horses in the line were doing, it would not be unreasonable, and indeed would be attributed to commendable high spirit. The captain was thinking more of his company than of his horse, and indeed gave him no thought, till the general and his staff came down the line. Then, as the important moment approached when each individual volunteer knew that he must look his best, and all eyes were "to the front," and every man sitting erect, then he glanced down to see how Animus would take it, and in his astonishment whispered to D. (who was next on the officers' line), and nodded at the horse. D. looked out of the corners of his eyes (his nose being straight to the front, his head erect, and his sabre at a carry), and then he turned red as though he were choking, and shook with laughter as if he might fall off his horse; for then, as the gorgeous staff swept by, and the regimental bands blew their loudest blasts, and everybody was all excitement and other horses were well-nigh crazed—then Animus had composedly crossed his fore-legs like the legs of a saw-buck, and had dropped his ears back upon his neck like the ears of a rabbit, and had calmly shut his eyes and serenely sunk into counterfeit slumber.

But malice still reigned in the heart of Animus, and while he did his work with a gravity above horses, he never let slip an opportunity to do damage. One gloomy morning after the company had been moved from the Abbey Track into Benton Barracks, when rain had been falling and freezing all night and none but a sharp-shod horse could keep his feet, Animus was brought up to the quarters. The orderly had not dared to bring both horses together over the slippery ground, and when he went back, he hitched Animus to a post of the piazza. Animus did not mind being hitched; he had been hitched to that post a hundred times, where he would shut his eyes and doze by the hour. Around the corner of another range of

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barracks stood an infantry regiment in line, and the sergeants could be heard calling their rolls. Nothing disturbed the horse, for nobody was stirring that morning, but the instant the orderly was out of sight, he began to pull violently at the halter. The red eyes were upon him, and the piazza post to which he was hitched was a contending foe. It gave way at the roof and broke off at the floor. It was a stout 4 by 5 inch joist, twelve feet long, and as an anchor would have brought an ordinary horse round "head to the wind;" and an ordinary horse breaking loose on a cold rainy day, if he had made off with it in tow, would have headed for his stable. Animus turned in an opposite direction and, holding his head on one side and his nose near to the ground, scoured off as fast as he could go, the joist skimming like a sled over the icy glare. He headed for the barracks, behind which was the infantry regiment, and all who saw him prayed devoutly that when he should turn the corner he would lose his footing, and fall and break his infernal neck. He did not, and as the heavy joist swung from centrifugal force almost up to an alignment with the horse, everyone thought that the infernal machine, like a Roman chariot with scythes on the axles, must mow down at least twenty men. But the infantry, when the tornado of horse and timber came rushing around the corner, broke ranks faster than the "double quick," and the joist merely grazed a number of heroic shins. Then Animus, seeing that he had failed in his diabolical, or rebel design, halted, was caught and brought back, looking both innocent and unconcerned.

But we must omit some of the incidents of his life and pass to his mysterious taking off. In the dreariness of winter and of barrack-life among strangers and sick and home-sick men, the greatest of blessings was a day's escape from the camp. It came occasionally in the guise of some duty to be done in the city, and one lucky morning, a coveted "pass" reached the captain's quarters. The orderly brought up the horses, and his happening to be lame, he rode Animus. A merry, active, light-hearted German boy was the orderly; familiar, yet never presumptuous; scrupulous and rigid in the punctilious respect he always paid to his captain. None but a German could unite so much familiar ease with so much ceremonious deference. Unbidden, he held bit and stirrup as the officer mounted; untaught he "took distance" behind him and never varied from his respectful place. If the captain's horse trotted, his trotted; if the captain's galloped, his galloped; and never had the captain given the orderly command or hint. He had been quick to find out from old Prussian soldiers the respect which he should ceremoniously pay his officer, and was proud to pay it. But suddenly there came from the orderly a blast of Dutch execration; he was almost out of the saddle, and Animus about to finish the job. The captain sung out sharply to the horse, who stopped instantly, and the orderly climbed back and recovered his seat. For more than three months had the orderly taken care of Animus, and more than three hundred times had he ridden him bare-back to water. He could not account for this freak now. "Tee horse go quiet—I no do anything, and then he throw me off most;" and there came mingling terms of indignation and reproach addressed privately to Animus in smothered German.

The city, after the camp, seemed civilization, cleanliness, decency, comfort; a warm bath and an arm-chair luxuries too great for times of war. The captain entered Barnum's Hotel with such a loving feeling as no hotel can kindle again. And the cheery proprietors, Messrs. Barnum and Fogg—many a wounded and home-sick officer's blessing rests upon them—they seemed angels in disguise, with the difference that instead of seeking entertainment, they entertained.

The captain found a friend at the hotel and they dined together in the ladies' ordinary; and the ladies appeared divinely graceful after one had seen, for weeks, nothing but men in stiff Quaker coats, dyed blue, with a row of brass buttons down the front. And after dinner the two friends smoked and talked, and felt so at ease, by their two selves, with no dense throng around them; but part they must, for the lieutenant had been ill—lucky dog—and had a week's

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leave, and was not to go back to the barracks that night.

When eight o'clock came the captain pulled on his overcoat, bade good-night, and with slow, reluctant steps, went down into the street. The orderly, true to a minute, was coming with the horses, riding the captain's mare, to keep the saddle dry; for the weather had changed and the cold north wind was blowing a gale and snow beating fiercely down. The captain pulled up his coat-collar and mounted; the orderly swung himself into his own saddle, and off they went through deserted streets, and dark, bleak suburbs.

But as they passed from the lights of the town into the gloom beyond, Animus again made one of his savage bolts, and again the orderly was half out of the saddle and clinging by the mane. The captain sung out to the horse as before, and the horse, as before, obeyed and stopped. They rode fast, they rode slowly, but again and again and again this performance was repeated; the orderly never quite unhorsed, the horse always stopping the instant he was commanded.

At length they reached the camp. As the captain dismounted at his quarters, he gave a reluctant, a delicate intimation to the orderly that it would be wise to dismount and lead the horses to the stable. The orderly, who was well-nigh in tears at Animus's ungrateful conduct, regarded the proposition as extraordinary, which it was; and he pleaded, with German vehemence, that the whole company would laugh at him and "the boys" would shout whenever they saw him: "Where's the man who couldn't ride his own horse to the barn?" which they would. He also urged that he could ride any horse in the world, and that no horse in the world would "cut up" at the end of a day's work, when his accustomed groom was taking him to his accustomed stable. The last argument seemed reasonable, and indeed the original suggestion began to appear absurd. The captain, in unspoken words, yielded the point; the orderly wheeled the horses and moved off, riding the one and leading the other. A shadowy sense of coming catastrophe kept the captain at his door, watching them until he saw horses and horseman turn the corner of the barracks and disappear. Then he unpadlocked the door and lighted his candle. A small room roughly boarded off from the men's quarters, an army cot covered with a couple of rough army blankets, a "mess-chest table," a camp chair, a spare saddle, and horse-trappings, a fireless stove, an atmosphere laden with the dust and noise and stale tobacco-smoke of the men's quarters. The captain and his company were then the victims of a combination between unscrupulous political selfishness, on the one side, and arbitrary military power, on the other—a doubly dangerous union; for military power is bad enough alone, and needs to be restrained and guided by honor and impartiality. The company had been stolen from the regiment in which all had enlisted, and been taken to help make up a new command for somebody's son-in-law. Hence, at this time, the captain was friendless and alone.

He did not unbutton his overcoat nor kindle his fire, but paced up and down the narrow room, thinking at first of the horse, and then of Barnum's, and then of home. He thought and walked and walked and thought until, unexpectedly, the door opened and the orderly appeared. Pain and mortification and truthful resolve struggled in the lines of his face. "Cap-e-tan, tee horse trow me; he run away in the fair grounds, he jump over a pile of wood. I hav look-ed and look-ed, and can no find him."

What infernal imp had possessed this strange animal? The orderly was a good rider, a good groom, possessed of great power over horses. Others would follow him without bridles, like dogs. Why had this brute flung him off on the instant that he turned toward his own stable, and then galloped off into the darkness and the storm? When the orderly shot out of the saddle, the captain's mare had gone straight to her own stall in the stable.

The orderly got a lantern and led the way to the place where he was unhorsed, at the end of the barracks—thence and across the wide expanse of the parade, and into the Fair Grounds and to a pile of corded wood, five feet at least in

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height and four in thickness. What horse would choose to rush at such a leap on a dark night and with slippery, snowy footing—at such a needless leap? But by the light of the lantern could be seen a horse's trail which led up to the wood-pile, broke off, and reappeared on the other side. They resumed the search. The trail led through the grove of the Fair Grounds, and at last was lost in the deepening snow. As the searchers stopped, the storm roared through the swaying branches above them as if the powers of the air were on the blast, and the horse had gone to meet them. The captain and the orderly came back into the encampment, where a soldier, plodding through the snow, told them that he had just seen a horse near by. They resumed their quest, and soon found Animus standing within the shelter of an empty tent. But on the snowy floor beneath him was a small red pool, and on his right flank, between the body and the leg, was a frightful gash — the gash you cut in carving the leg of a fowl — a "clean cut," and large enough for one to lay in it his hand, wide-spread. Animus looked morose and stern—not sad or repentant.

He was led to his stable and the regimental farrier came, who brought other regimental farriers in consultation, just as humanity's farriers come and consult over human victims. "Extraordinary," they all pronounced the wound, and without a precedent; and they all vouchsafed theories, but agreed on none; and finally they all concluded that nothing could be done—the patient must be abandoned to nature and cooling washes, and his "chances."

A fortnight later, when the wound was at its worst, and the horse was standing, day and night, upon three legs, great news came roaring, and yelling, and hurrahing through Camp Benton—news of victory—of the first decisive victory of the war; that Foote had taken Fort Henry with his "Tin-Clads," that the river was open, and the stars and stripes flying in Tennessee. An hour later came more significant news for some—"The Fifth Iowa Cavalry will march instantly."

It takes a new regiment in barracks at least twelve hours to "march instantly." Rations to be cooked, tents to be overhauled (the guys gnawed by suspected mice, the pegs burnt by unsuspected criminals), men swearing that their horses must be shod, blacksmiths swearing that their forges must be packed, mules seditiously kicking the harness to pieces the moment they hear that they are to be put to some practical purpose; every man suddenly discovering that somebody has jayhawked his boots or his blanket; and the quarter-sergeant discovering that the boots are packed and loaded, and the blankets too few to go round; lieutenants and sergeants, corporals and men excitedly rushing to their captain in their individual perplexity; the captain for a time the unhappy mother of a distracted family, that wants everything and doesn't know what it doesn't want; finally, the sergeant-major of the regiment, coming round every hour to say to every company that every other company in the regiment is ready and waiting for this one, and that the colonel wants to know how much longer they must wait, etc.

The turmoil lasted during the night, but as the sun came up o'er the smoky city, the column moved; and the hoof-beats on the frozen ground and rumbling baggage wagons rolled out a farewell to Benton Barracks. The captain, then a member of a court-martial sitting at the Barracks, could not march with his men, and had to remain until the formal order should come dissolving the court. With an impatient heart he stood watching the long-drawn column wind around the parade and pass through the gateway of the camp, and saw, last of all, the orderly disappear leading his own blanketed horses. Then he turned and handed a "pass" to his servant, and gave him directions to lead Animus slowly to the "sick stable."

The "company stable" was but a stone's throw distant from where they stood, and only a few minutes had passed since "Boots and Saddles" had sounded and the company horses had been led out, leaving the wounded horse the only tenant of the long shed. Moodily he had continued to gaze at his

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manger, giving to his departing mates barely a glance, but neither whinny nor regret. The man took the "pass" and went directly to the shed. In the first moment, when all eyes were withdrawn, Animus had disappeared.

"Disappeared but not lost," everyone said; for barracks and stables were enclosed by a wooden wall, twelve feet high and guarded by sentinels, and through the only exit no one could go without a "pass," and the guards at the gate were notified to stop him, thief and all. Moreover, the horse had not set his lame leg to the ground for a fortnight, and it was doubted whether he could hobble on three to the sick stable. Besides, who would want a disabled animal, not fit for service now, nor for months to come; and was not a man leading a desperately lame horse in broad daylight a noticeable object, that a thousand men would see and remember? The camp was searched—searched for two days through every stable, tent, and shed that could hold a horse. The case was stated to every cavalry commander and his word of honor pledged that, if the horse were "hidden away" by any one of "his boys," no matter what their genius for hiding horses away might be, he should nevertheless be found and given up. A reward was offered, and Animus was described by his peculiar regimental brand and tongue and wound; and the advertisement was posted in every quarter-master office and corral, and livery-stable. Finally a shrewd, quiet man was set at work as detective; and, six months later, the captain, piqued by all his failures, went back to St. Louis and himself tried to find a clue to the mystery. No clue was found. Animus had disappeared; that was what was said at first, and all that could be said at last; he had disappeared. Indeed, it might be sung of him as of Thomas the Rhymer,

> "And ne'er in haunts of living men
> Again was Thomas seen."

At this point, doubtless, there will be expected an explanation such as comes at the end of a novel. But the tale is true. The mysteries of truth are often lacking in the explanations of fiction. The case was laid before D., who had been a United States District Attorney before he became a captain of volunteers, and was versed in the ways of "working up a case" against counterfeiters on land or pirates at sea. He wrote back a letter—a beautiful letter—expressing in charming terms his regret, his very great regret, that so interesting a character as his friend Animus should have withdrawn from the sphere of human observation; but when he came to the explanation, his professional experience and legal acumen were futile; and he had to fall back (evasively) upon the supernatural; Animus was clearly a fiend—an emissary of the Devil or J. Davis (it made very little difference which, he said), who had marked the captain for his peculiar prey. On the day of his wound (which need not be accounted for), fearing that he was to become the orderly's horse and that the captain would thereby escape his toils, he resorted to strategy; and, like all fiends resorting to strategy, overacted his part; whereby vice is defeated and virtue escapes. Finding his schemes subverted and his efforts brought to nought, and disbelieving that he was to be the object of humanitarian care or Christian charity—the latter, moreover, being justly offensive to him—he seized upon the first moment when unseen by mortal or equine eye to vanish in a puff of smoke.

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EZRA HARDMAN, M.A.

By Schuyler Shelton.

HARDMAN told his wife that they would need at least a week to get fairly settled in their new quarters at the university, and Mrs. Hardman regretfully subtracted that amount of time from the days she was so covetously hoarding. When the hour of their departure actually arrived, and she had watched the expressman take away their few trunks and boxes, and had tied the children's hats securely under their firm, round chins, her forced composure deserted her, and she sobbed as if her heart would break.

Hardman stood looking down at her with masculine perplexity. There was no time to lose, and several of his colleagues were already waiting at the station to bid him Godspeed. He wanted to go away smiling, and to be whirled off in triumph from the admiring and envious glances of his friends. He could not understand his wife's tears; why should she cry when they were coming back again after he had obtained his degree of doctor of philosophy? They would be absent for only two years, and the time would soon be over. It was an occasion for rejoicing rather than tears. There were few men who enjoyed his opportunities. Ever since he had received his sheepskin from the small college in southern Wisconsin, he had served as tutor at that institution, and had climbed slowly to the rank of professor of history. It had seemed to him if only he might secure a doctorate from some Eastern college there was nothing he might not become. He was impatient to get out in the world, and to try his wings, and he had finally selected Maxwell University, at Fairview, N. Y., as affording him the finest facilities for his purpose. He considered it one of the leading Eastern universities, and would have been surprised and shocked to learn that Yale and Harvard regarded it as decidedly Western, and spoke of it scornfully as a fresh-water university.

Mrs. Hardman dried her eyes, and taking the younger child in her arms prepared to follow the fortunes of her lord and master. A kitten which they had presented to a neighbor the previous day refused to adopt its new home, and ran mewing after her. She tried to drive it back, but the child cried so hard for it that she was forced to pick it up and restore it to the baby's arms.

The professor had preceded her by several blocks. He held a bird-cage partly covered by a newspaper in one hand, and to the other clung tightly his older son, a boy of four years.

He was very happy as he walked down the village street in the bright sunlight of that pleasant September morning. He sang softly to himself in the joyousness of his heart, and his little boy in childish imitation danced at his side and sang also.

Hardman's breast swelled with pride when he found that many of the faculty had honored him by appearing at the

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station to bid him farewell; the president of the college himself had called upon him, and given him a hearty handshake and his best wishes for success. He felt that he was a very lucky fellow indeed.

The succeeding days passed like a rose-colored dream to him. He did not notice the fatigue of travelling augmented by the alternate boisterous mischief and fretfulness of the children. Even when they had reached Fairview, and after a dreary search for rooms convenient to the campus, and within reach of their pathetically slender purse, had begun to move into a couple of small, desolate apartments, Hardman's cheerful courage did not fail him. He sang gayly as he put up the rickety old stove in the room which was to serve at once for parlor, dining-room, and kitchen, and when their few belongings were carefully bestowed, he glanced about with an air of contented pride.

The birds were singing as sweetly from their cage in the window as ever they had done at Wayback. The kitten was purring softly on the rug before the stove, and above the battered chimney-piece hung the faded bit of sheepskin announcing to this new world that Ezra Hardman had been admitted to the degree of bachelor of arts, in 1877, by Wayback College, Wayback, Wis.

The Hardmans, at best, were not seriously hampered with this world's goods, and of their scanty supply they had brought only the barest necessaries. A faded "God Bless Our Home," worked in variegated crewels by Mrs. Hardman, when she was Minnie Smith, was the sole adornment they permitted themselves. They had contrived some seats from the packing-boxes, and these, with a couple of chairs, a table, and a stove, completed the furniture of the living-room. A few worn text-books lay piled in a corner.

The bedroom was furnished with even greater simplicity. Besides the bed and a small cot for the children it contained only a washstand with a tin basin and a cracked water-pitcher. It was not magnificent, but it satisfied Hardman, and as one of the students remarked later, "it didn't so much matter about Hardman's environment since his smile was luxurious enough to furnish a palace."

He had not been a conspicuous figure in his native village, but becoming transplanted to a campus so thoroughly cosmopolitan as was that of Maxwell University, he stood out with alarming distinctness. Fortunately for his peace of mind he did not comprehend this fact, being one of those persons destined to go through life totally ignorant of the impression they make on others. He would never correctly interpret the curious looks and sly smiles and backward glances that accompanied his appearance on the campus.

He impressed the casual observer as at once ludicrous and pathetic. His legs were long and very much bent at the knee even when he stood at his straightest, and were encased in trousers of a whity-brown hue of that length familiarly known as "high-water." They supported a body at once so bulky and rotund as to give him the effect of an exaggerated Brownie. One felt sure Nature had framed his anatomy in some wildly sportive humor. His head was large and well-shaped, and lighted by a pair of honest, friendly, blue eyes. A snub nose and a large, smiling mouth, shaded by an extensive, reddish mustache, exactly matched by his curly hair, completed his description.

He settled down to work with a tremendous enthusiasm after having squandered some time in learning the routine of the institution, for Maxwell University had among its faculty ardent admirers of the system pursued at foreign universities. A conservative professor was wont to ask with sarcastic significance if anyone knew why the university had adopted the seminary method of instruction, and why candidates for advanced degrees were compelled to endure a final oral examination of three hours' length? On being answered in the negative he would reply: "Because they do in Germany."

The graduate students at Maxwell were expected to select some subject in which they were specially interested, and which afforded scope for original investigation, and to prepare weekly reports on their work throughout the semester. The sessions at which these

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reports were presented were strictly private, and were presided over by a professor who, together with the members of the seminary, openly criticised the reports.

Hardman made his *début* in Professor Butler's seminary with his accustomed buoyancy. It was an utterly novel method to him, as he had never deviated from the straight and narrow path of question and answer, having been used to the old-fashioned system of laboriously memorizing useful information from a text-book. But after a time he "got the hang of the pesky thing," as he expressed it, and went to work on the subject of slavery. He thought it timely to preface his initial report in the seminary by some appropriate remarks of his own on the nature of slavery, but the professor cut him short, and reminded him that the seminary concerned itself with facts not opinions, however valuable these might be. This fell upon Hardman like lightning from a clear sky, for he had spent a week of solid work on the report, and felt that it was good; however, he accepted what he considered the harmless idiosyncrasy of a superior in good part and began again. But this time he made the mistake of taking his facts from secondary authorities, and so lost another week before he set out in the right direction. Privately, he considered the professor greatly in the wrong, and told himself he should never require one of his students laboriously to fish up facts from original sources when great men like Macaulay and Bancroft had gone over the ground so thoroughly themselves.

The head of the department of American history under whom Hardman was reading was Professor Butler, a scholar of high authority, and a cultured and elegant man of the world. He possessed a keen sense of humor, caustic rather than kindly, and he handled Hardman with the skill of the scientist rather than of the philanthropist. The young Westerner was in decided contrast to the courteous professor, and the seminary began to look ahead for sport when Hardman offered his report.

It had been an unusually benignant day in early October, and students and professors alike were taking advantage of the mild air and warm sunlight. The campus was thronged with promenaders; in the distance on the broad, blue river flashed numberless white oars. From the clock-tower sounded four strokes, and simultaneously Professor Butler's seminary students emerged from the library. Hardman and a fellow-student, Markham, walked down the campus together. The usually cheerful face of the former wore a look of hopeless perplexity.

"They kinder seem t' set on me," he remarked, sadly.

"What have they done now?" asked Markham, sympathetically.

"Well, you heard him lay out my report," replied Hardman, "an' I guess he's tryin' t' lay me out too. He's give me some more French books t' read for examination."

"Well, French is easy," said Markham, consolingly.

"'Taint very easy for me," sighed Hardman. "They didn't use t' make much of it to Wayback where I was learnt, and it comes like drawing teeth t' me now."

When Hardman reached home he found his wife and sons preparing to set out for a stroll.

"Oh, Ezra," cried Mrs. Hardman, as her husband's figure entered the door, "I'm so glad you come; we're goin' to walk, an' we want you should come too."

"I can't go," said Hardman, gloomily; "they've just give me some more work, and I dunno as I can stop for meals."

The children, divining with their unerring instinct that something troubled their parent, set up a prolonged howl, and were sent outside by their mother. They played the part of Greek chorus to Hardman, and faithfully reflected his moods by smiles or tears.

As soon as they were alone Mrs. Hardman put a work-roughened hand caressingly on her husband's worn coat-sleeve.

"Ezra," she said, sadly, "let's give it up. They're not like us here somehow—they're different, an' it's wearing you out. Let's give it up, an' go home, Ezra."

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Her tired blue eyes were full of unshed tears as she lifted them to his face.

Hardman's cheerfulness, which never deserted him for long, returned. He smiled and took his wife in his strong arms.

"Why, Minnie," he answered, gayly, "you wouldn't make any kind of a soldier if you run away at the first shot. Doctor Hardman intends to earn his degree, ma'am."

She broke down and sobbed bitterly.

"We don't see nothin' of you now, Ezra, I an' the children, an' we used t' be so happy together at Wayback. Seems as if we shouldn't never get back there again. An' you ain't happy neither, Ezra, I can see that well 'nough. Nobody can't be happy here—all a-studying till their poor eyes gives out, an' they have t' wear specs, an' some here that ain't no more'n boys, readin' till they look like old men. I tell ye, Ezra, it ain't right. It wa'n't intended should be so."

Ezra laughed, kissed his wife, and told her "he couldn't spare no more time from his work."

She dried her eyes submissively, and said meekly: "Well, I'll go right along now with the children. We ain't ben out to-day; but I tell ye, Ezra, this college ain't no better'n a big, old spider-web made a-purpose to ketch flies an' kill 'em, an' the professors ain't far off from bein' spiders neither. Some day, Ezra, we'll be dreadful provoked an' sorry we come."

As Hardman had assured his wife on leaving Wayback, the two years at Fairview were not long in passing. It was now just before Commencement. He had labored faithfully over his thesis, and in accordance with the rules of the university had had it type-written and bound. He gazed at the fresh, printed pages, and read the gilt inscription on the outside cover announcing that the volume concerned

"Slavery,
A
Thesis
Presented for the Degree of Ph.D.,
by
Ezra Hardman,
Maxwell University,"

with an air of triumphant pride. He grudged sending it to Professor Butler for criticism, it graced the little home so well, and he enjoyed reading especially fine bits from it to his wife. He felt that now the struggle was happily concluded, and he could afford to take a well-earned rest. To be sure his oral examinations were scheduled to take place on the following day, but he did not greatly fear them, although a student had warned him they were "stiff," and also that Professor Butler was a "holy terror." "You just take your life in your hand at a final under him," he had said. "He has flunked more men to the square inch than any professor in Maxwell. You'd better spend the night in fasting and prayer."

But Hardman had no such intention of investing his time. He romped with the children until their bedtime, and after they were safely tucked away in the cot, he invited his wife to take a walk with him, and he astonished her by bringing up at the village pharmacy and treating her to a glass of soda-water.

"We'd ought t' celebrate to-morrow night instead," she said, looking fondly and admiringly at her big, uncouth husband. She was very proud of him, and believed him to be an intellectual giant as well as a very handsome man.

"We may not get the chance to-morrow," he jested, in the happy consciousness that only a day separated him from his title.

He went up to his examination the next morning with a stout heart. There were three professors composing his committee, and he greeted them all with his broad, suave smile.

The contest was pathetically unequal. Against the crude immaturity of the Western man were arrayed the keen, well-trained intellects of recognized specialists, who understood, perhaps too well, that they held the honor of the university in their keeping. Under such circumstances but one result could be reached. Hardman met his Waterloo, but he himself never knew it. He went out from that august presence without the slightest idea that he had failed to take the degree.

At the official consultation that fol-

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lowed, the professors were decidedly embarrassed.

"You should have warned the poor fellow, Butler," said Professor Morton. "You might have saved him this."

"I did give him some pretty broad hints," replied he, "but he does not seem to have understood. Of course the case is extremely regrettable, but since it has gone so far why not give him the degree?"

"Is the university a charitable institution?" asked Professor Pierce.

"You know he has a family to support," added Butler.

"If he had appeared at the examination with a little son under each arm, and said nothing, it would have been the most effective thing he could possibly have done," remarked Professor Morton.

"Of course we all know very well that he is an applicant for the highest degree the university confers," said Professor Pierce, "are we satisfied to allow him to represent the university under the circumstances?"

"I must say frankly that I cannot consent to recommending him for the degree," said Professor Morton.

"Nor can I," said Professor Pierce.

"Suppose we compromise by giving him an honorary A.M.," suggested Professor Butler. "I know this will be to him something like asking for bread and getting a stone, but no better solution of the problem occurs to me now."

Having agreed to this proposition they separated, and Professor Butler went down to Hardman's rooms to announce the decision.

"It was one of the most painful experiences I have ever known," he told his colleagues later. "I couldn't get him to realize it at first, but after he did, it was terrible. They took it as they would take a funeral."

After Professor Butler's departure Hardman wearily began to pack away the humble household belongings he had so joyously disposed about the rooms only two years before. Mrs. Hardman silently assisted him. She could not trust herself to speak. Outside on the stone door-step the two children sat stroking the cat who purred contentedly between them in happy ignorance of the crushing blow that had descended upon the family. Nor did the children realize the full extent of the misfortune which had befallen their father; but they knew that something awful had happened, and their little faces, so photographic of Hardman, wore an expression of childish despair.

Hardman took down the rusty stove-pipe, and gazed at it critically.

"I don't bleeve it's wuth carryin' home, Minnie," he remarked.

She shook her head in affectionate assent.

"I dunno but it's ez wuthy of goin' back ez I be," he went on, in sad meditation. "I dunno but it's done it's work ez well."

Mrs. Hardman paused in the act of folding a worn little dress belonging to one of the children.

"You sha'n't say that, Ezra," she said, with a suspicious break in her voice. "You done your work good an' faithful here, an' nobody can't make me bleeve you didn't. Ef they won't give the degree when you earned it fair, it's just because they're jealous."

Hardman was too hopeless to assent to this encouraging and comforting view of the case. He flung the rejected stove-pipe far out of the open window, and watched it become a magnificent ruin on the ash-heap at the foot of the garden. Above his head the canaries twittered apprehensively. It seemed as if the peaceful landscape before him was mocking him derisively. The distant blue river winked knowingly at him. He heard the silver-tongued university chimes chronicling his disgrace across the campus. Even the trees appeared to be whispering together about him.

He wondered how he would be received at Wayback. He had taught there to the best of his ability for the last ten years. Would they permit him to return, dishonored as he was, and take up again the sweet, accustomed life? He felt that he could not blame them if they refused, and demanded his resignation, and what institution could he hope to find willing to welcome a person thus doubly reproached?

He experienced a curious dislike for

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himself, a strange sense of a dual identity as if he were at once some poor, hunted miscreant, and a member of a righteously indignant public judging him. He turned away from the window with a sudden darkness before his eyes and a queer ringing in his ears, and from out the darkness he felt a pair of warm and loving arms about his neck, and heard a tremulous voice say: "Oh, Ezra, I can't bear to see you suffer so; it breaks my heart. It don't make no difference t' me 'bout the old degree, Ezra, because, you know, *I* know you deserved it, an' I *love* you, Ezra."

Two days later the Hardmans' rooms were vacant, and they were speeding away to the friends at Wayback who were eagerly waiting to welcome the new-made doctor with his distinguished honors.

. . . . . .

A year after Hardman's departure as Professor Butler was glancing over the *Maxwell Herald* at breakfast, his eye was caught by the following paragraph: "It gives us pleasure to announce that Professor Ezra Hardman, who holds the chair of Modern History at Wayback College, Wayback, Wis., has accepted the presidency of that institution, and will enter upon his new duties immediately. President Hardman received the honorary degree of Master of Arts from Maxwell University last June."

WOOD SONGS.*

By Arthur Sherburne Hardy.

III.

Ask me not why—I only *know.*
It were thy loss if I could show
Thee cause as for a lesser thing.
Remember how we searched the spring,
But found no source—so clear the sky
Within its earth-bound depths did lie.
Give to thy joy its wings,
Unto thy heart its song, nor try
With questionings
The throbbing throat that sings.

For in thy clear and steadfast eyes
Thine own self-wonder deepest lies,
Nor any words that lips can teach
Are sweeter than their wonder-speech;
And when thou givest them to me,
Through dawns of tenderness I see,
As in the water-sky,
The sun of certainty appear.
So—*ask* me why,
For then thou knowest, dear.

* See Scribner's Magazine, October, 1892, for "Wood Songs" I. and II.

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HISTORIC MOMENTS: THE DEATH OF JOHN QUINCY ADAMS IN THE CAPITOL.

By Robert C. Winthrop.

THE death of the venerable ex-President, John Quincy Adams, in the Capitol, at Washington, forty-five years ago, having been selected by the editor as one of the "Historic Moments" for SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, he has requested me to furnish him with some account of a scene of which, as he truly says, I am one of the very few surviving eye-witnesses.* He is right in thinking that I was the Speaker of the United States House of Representatives at the time, and that Mr. Adams's chair being very near the Speaker's desk, I was in the way of seeing clearly all that occurred. He is right, too, in thinking that my relations to Mr. Adams, during the whole seven years of our association as members of Congress from Massachusetts, had been peculiarly intimate, and even affectionate, and that the occurrence must have been one of intense interest to me. He had voted for me as Speaker, not many weeks before, under peculiar circumstances, and had administered to me the Speaker's Oath; and I, in my turn, as Speaker, had administered the oath of membership to him. But such formalities are hardly worth mentioning in view of the frequent interchange of hospitalities and friendly offices which marked our intercourse from first to last, and of which I have many interesting reminiscences. Let me proceed, however, without further preamble, to the scene which I have been requested to describe.

I had attended a large reception at Mr. Adams's house, on Saturday evening, February 19, 1848, when he was apparently in the best of health and spirits, though well advanced in his eighty-first year, and when he seemed particularly kind and cordial in greeting his friends. A Sunday intervened, of which he was by no means unobservant. He was present at the religious services held in the Capitol at noon, and in the afternoon he again attended public worship at St. John's Church. At nine o'clock in the evening his wife read to him in his library—as we are told in Mr. Everett's Eulogy—"a sermon by Bishop Wilberforce on *Time* — hovering, as he was, on the verge of eternity."

On Monday morning, the 20th, he was in his seat at the House, with his proverbial punctuality. Prayers had been offered by the chaplain. The Yeas and Nays had been called by the clerk, and I was proceeding to make some announcement or to put some formal question, when Mr. Adams rose impulsively—I had almost said impetuously—with a paper in his outstretched hand, exclaiming, with more than his usual earnestness and emphasis:

"Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!"

The reiteration rings again in my ears as I write these words. But before he

* One of these very few, my friend, the Hon. Henry W. Hilliard, of Atlanta, Ga., has passed away since I began this article, in his eighty-fifth year.

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could explain his object, or add another syllable, his hand fell to his side, and he sank upon the arm of his chair, only saved from dropping to the floor by being caught by the member nearest to him. An exclamation was almost instantly heard—"Mr. Adams is dying." Business was at once suspended, and the excitement and confusion which ensued can be imagined better than described. More than two hundred Representatives, in all parts of the Hall and from all parts of the country, were seen rising from their seats and pressing forward toward their beloved and revered associate, almost as if it were in their power to reverse the will of God and rescue him from the power of the great destroyer.

Few persons of equal eminence — or of any eminence — have been distinguished by such a presence at their death-scene. Fortunately there were several physicians among the members of the House. Dr. William A. Newell, afterward the Governor of New Jersey, had the seat immediately in front of Mr. Adams, and took the lead in repressing the throng, securing air for the sufferer, and rendering all the medical aid which was possible. He cooperated with others in removing Mr. Adams on a sofa into the Rotunda, and thence, with but little delay, at my urgent instigation, into the Speaker's official chamber.

"This is the end of earth," was heard from his lips, as he fell, or when he was placed on the little couch which was hastily prepared for him, with the addition, as was alleged, "I am composed," or "I am content." But all signs of consciousness soon ceased, and he lingered, entirely insensible, until a quarter past seven on Wednesday evening, the 23d.

I was with him during a large part of this time, and, in company with my colleagues from Massachusetts and a few others, was at his side when he ceased to breathe. Neither the House nor the Senate transacted any business during the three days, but adjourned from morning to morning, until the end came. The anniversary of Washington's birthday was one of the intervening days, but it was recognized with few, if any, of the customary festivities. The impending death of Mr. Adams cast a gloom over the whole city.

At the meeting of the House of Representatives on the morning of the 24th, the full attendance of the members, and the crowd which thronged the galleries, evinced the deep interest with which the formal announcement of the death was anticipated. As soon as the House was called to order, the Speaker addressed the House as follows:

"Gentlemen of the House of Representatives of the United States:

"It has been thought fit that the Chair should announce officially to the House an event already known to the members individually, and which has filled all our hearts with sadness.

"A seat on this floor has been vacated, toward which all eyes have been accustomed to turn with no common interest.

"A voice has been hushed forever in this hall, to which all ears have been wont to listen with profound reverence.

"A venerable form has faded from our sight, around which we have daily clustered with an affectionate regard.

"A name has been stricken from the roll of the living statesmen of our land, which has been associated, for more than half a century, with the highest civil service and the loftiest civil renown.

"On Monday, the 21st instant, John Quincy Adams sank in his seat, in presence of us all, owing to a sudden illness from which he never recovered; and he died in the Speaker's room at a quarter past seven o'clock last evening, with the officers of the House and the delegation of his own Massachusetts around him.

"Whatsoever advanced age, long experience, great ability, vast learning, accumulated public honors, a spotless private character, and a firm religious faith could do, to render anyone an object of interest, respect, and admiration, they had done for this distinguished person; and interest, respect, and admiration are but feeble terms to express the feelings with which the members of this House and the people of the country have long regarded him.

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"After a life of eighty years, devoted from its earliest maturity to the public service, he has at length gone to his rest. He has been privileged to die at his post; to expire beneath the roof of the Capitol; and to have his last scene associated forever in history with the birthday of that illustrious patriot, whose just discernment brought him first into the service of his country.

"The close of such a life, under such circumstances, is not an event for unmingled emotions. We cannot find it in our hearts to regret that he has died as he has died. He, himself, could have desired no other end. 'This is the end of earth,' were his last words, uttered on the day on which he fell. But we might almost hear him exclaiming as he left us—in a language hardly less familiar to him than his native tongue—'Hoc est, nimirum, magis feliciter de vitâ migrare, quam mori.'

"It is for others to suggest what honors shall be paid to his memory. No acts of ours are necessary to his fame. But it may be due to ourselves and to the country, that the national sense of his character and services should be fitly commemorated."

The Speaker was followed by the Hon. Charles Hudson, of Massachusetts, by the Hon. Isaac E. Holmes, of South Carolina, by the Hon. Samuel F. Vinton, of Ohio, and by ex-Governor James McDowell, of Virginia, who successively paid eloquent tributes to Mr. Adams's career and character.

Mr. Hudson spoke of him as "one whose public services are coeval with the establishment of our Government;" as "one who has come down to us from past generations, and of whom it might almost be said that he was living in the midst of posterity."

Mr. Holmes said of him, that "there was no incident in the birth, the life, the death, of Mr. Adams not intimately interwoven with the history of the land." "How often," added he, "have we crowded into that aisle, and clustered around that now vacant desk, to listen to the counsels of wisdom, as they fell from the lips of the venerable sage!"

Mr. Vinton declared, that "no man has heretofore died, while a member of this body, who will fill so large a space in his country's history, or who has stamped so deeply his impress on her institutions."

"Such," said the eloquent Governor McDowell, of Virginia, "such for half a century has been the eminent position of Mr. Adams in the eyes of his countrymen; such the veneration and almost uniform homage entertained for his intellect and virtues; and such in all respects his great relations to this entire Union, and to the daily thought of its growing millions, that on this sad occasion the language of all its parts will be the language of lamentation. It is not for Massachusetts to mourn alone over a solitary and exclusive bereavement. No! Her sister Commonwealths gather to her side in this hour of her affliction, and intertwining their arms with hers, they bend together over the bier of her illustrious son—feeling as she feels, and weeping as she weeps, over a sage, a patriot, and a statesman gone!

"There he sat, with his intense eye upon everything that passed, the picturesque and rare old man; unapproachable by all others in the unity of his character and in the thousand-fold anxieties which centred upon him. No human being ever entered this hall without turning habitually and with heartfelt deference first to him; and few ever left it without pausing as they went to pour out their blessings upon that spirit of consecration to the country which brought and which kept him here."

A committee of thirty members was thereupon appointed to arrange and superintend the funeral of Mr. Adams, and it was voted that his chair remain unoccupied for thirty days, and that the hall of the House be clothed with symbols of mourning during the same period. The Speaker's Address was directed to be entered on the Journal, and he was ordered to appoint a member from each State and Territory of the Union to accompany Mr. Adams's remains to the place designated by his family for his interment.

A message was sent to the Senate officially communicating the event, and Senators John Davis, of Massachusetts

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— commonly known at that time as "Honest John Davis"—and Thomas H. Benton, of Missouri, then "the father of the Senate," paid eloquent tributes to one who had been a Senator himself half a century before.

The funeral services were held in the hall of the House of Representatives on Saturday, February 26th. A sermon was delivered by the Rev. R. R. Gurley, the Chaplain of the House. "How blest the righteous when he dies" was exquisitely sung from the galleries. Abraham Lincoln, then a member of the House, was one of the Committee of Arrangements. Senators John C. Calhoun and Thomas H. Benton, Commodore Charles Morris, Mr. Justice McLean, and Mr. Justice Wayne, of the Supreme Court, were among the pall-bearers. Every State in the Union was represented on the committee which attended the remains of Mr. Adams to their final resting place in Quincy, Mass., and honors were paid to them in every city along the road.

That, certainly, was an "Historic Moment," which witnessed so many of our most eminent statesmen laying aside all sectional, political, and personal prejudices, and uniting in such consummate honors to one whom not a few of them had so often warmly opposed. Henry Clay, who had been Secretary of State to Mr. Adams during his presidency, was not at Washington to take part in the tributes, having withdrawn from the Senate for a time; and Webster was kept away by tidings of distressing domestic bereavement; but their hearts were not wanting to the occasion, as I had abundant opportunity of knowing. I was in consultation with Webster at his own house, on the morning on which Mr. Adams's death was announced, and witnessed — I might rather say shared—his emotion.

An engraved portrait of Mr. Adams was at once subscribed for by the members of the House, and a marble bust of him was procured to mark the place where he died, in what was then the Speaker's room, where it may still be seen. Meanwhile Mr. Arthur J. Stansbury, the veteran reporter of the *National Intelligencer*, had made a most vivid and accurate sketch of the dying statesman, of which I am glad to have preserved a copy. Nothing could be more exact or more impressive. More recently the spot on which he fell, in what was then the Representatives' Hall, but which is now the Hall of Sculpture, has been carefully marked on the floor. But other memorials of that "Historic Moment" and of that illustrious man are still wanting. There is, I believe, no statue of John Quincy Adams at Washington, or even in Massachusetts. Nor has any artist portrayed upon canvas the scene which you have called upon me to describe. Copley immortalized himself by painting the death of Lord Chatham. But Chatham's death was not more august than Adams's. A brilliant eulogy was pronounced upon Adams by the prince of occasional orators at that day, Edward Everett, at the invitation of the Legislature of Massachusetts; but the statue or the historical picture, one or both, remain to be ordered and executed.

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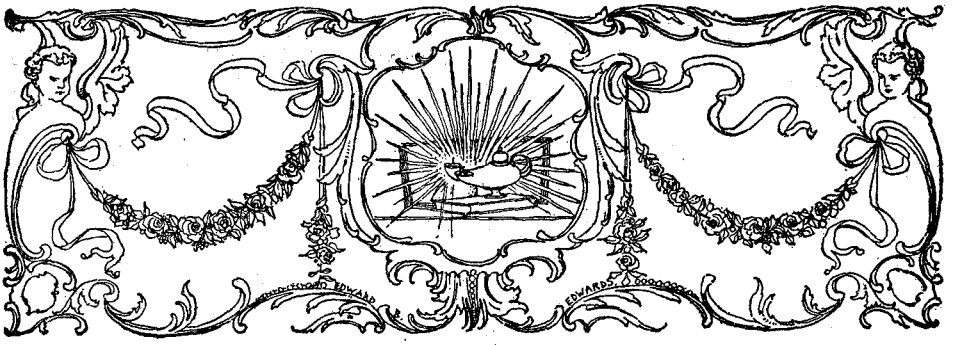

THE POINT OF VIEW.

THROUGH a growing frankness respecting their private affairs, the men of letters are in danger of dissipating a popular illusion that has yielded them hitherto no little reverence. In the general judgment there is scant discrimination between authorship and scholarship; and it has been commonly supposed that the authors were, of necessity, a very learned company, reading all or most that had ever been written, remembering whatever they read, and writing always from minds fairly bursting with information. Yet, to the hazard of this flattering supposition, and in a fine burst of conscientiousness, Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson ventured, a few years ago, to warn the public in a preface that he was not as learned as he might seem in the succeeding book. He has even repeated the warning since, though in terms not quite so direct. A few months ago, under a similar impulse of uncalculating honesty, Mr. Andrew Lang confided to the world, in these very pages, the fact that he was no scholar. The true scholar, he said, was one whom he respected to the point of envy; but he himself was not of the race. The force of the confidence was broken a little, however, by a closing caution that "people who really care for books" (and we know that one of these, at least, Mr. Lang is) "read them all!" The man who reads all the books will, perhaps, come as near meeting the general impression respecting the erudition of men of letters as though he were a scholar out and out.

Following Mr. Lang and Mr. Stevenson has come, within these few days, Mr. Herbert Spencer, with the disclosure that of "a number of the most distinguished English authors, past and present," if his opinion were asked, he should have to reply that he had never opened their books; and that, throughout life, his time "has been chiefly spent in observing and thinking, not in reading."

And these are not the only instances in point by a good many. Besides them there is, for one, that lately published confession of some friend of Victor Hugo's, that Hugo himself did not gather the information for his historical works, and that a man who could write like Hugo couldn't afford to spend his time in study.

The popular fancy which such confessions tend to disturb is a natural enough one, because there can be no especial skill developed in writing without a considerable amount of careful reading. But there is, nevertheless, somewhat of a conflict between the reading and the writing habit. While a certain fixity in the one may be necessary to prosperity in the other, they easily develop into rival interests; and many a man has found himself brought by this rivalry into all the embarrassments usual to the attempt to serve two masters. Professor Lounsbury, in his "Studies in Chaucer," says that "the order of intelligence which enables a man to become a great scholar is something more than different in degree from that which enables him to become a great poet." We might with truth put "writer" for "poet," and say that the man of letters in any sort is swayed by a bent entirely different from

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the scholar's. It must have been under some fretting sense of this that Emerson declared, "If you elect writing for your task in life, I believe you must renounce all pretensions to reading."

Though qualified by an "I believe," Emerson's statement is somewhat too absolute; his own career in part discredits it. Yet no less than it says has been, fitfully at least, the thought of many a man whose pleasure was to read, but whose ambition was to write. The history of literature furnishes a number of instances of the literary impulse arrested by the scholastic. An eminent one is the case of Gray, the smallness of whose production has been often lamented and much disputed over. Gray himself had some fine words about "inspiration" in explanation of it; but the immediate cause was the final overmastery of the writing by the reading habit. Amiel, whose morbid, mystical "Journal Intime" attracted so much notice a while back, is another instance. A "soul petrified by the sentiment of the infinite," or some such thing, is what he thought was his affection. And Mark Pattison, suffering from the same disorder, adopted this euphuistic account of it and wrote to the editor of the "Journal" to disclose that there was "in existence at least one soul which" had "lived through the same struggles, mental and moral, as Amiel." The trouble, in plain words, was that both wanted to write, but loved too well to read. In theirs and in the case of Gray there is a touch of pathos, because at bottom they discover a grave weakness of will. This is happily absent from the cases of Matthew Arnold and Lowell, who may also be cited, I think, as examples of the scholastic bent developing somewhat at the expense of the literary. Neither ceased to produce while life lasted, but, under the dominance of their studies, one resigned poetry to criticism entirely, and the other partially.

Considered opinion has at present swung so far from Dickens that it is not likely to stay where it is, and its point of final rest probably lies somewhere between the coolness over which it is now quivering and the unconditional admiration to which it flew at first. Possibly, though, the present coolness is a few degrees nearer the truth of the matter than the unconditional admiration was, and the final judgment will be rather farther from the first than from the present one. At any rate, the truth of the matter seems not to be quite apprehended by Mr. Charles Dickens, the younger, when he says, as he takes occasion to say in an introduction to a new edition of "Old Curiosity Shop:" "It would be well, I think, if a certain class of critics, great and small, who are so fond of using certain conventional cant phrases about Charles Dickens's pathos being exaggerated and forced and overstrained, and all the rest of it, would reflect for a moment that in such a case as this, for instance [the death of 'Little Nell'], what he gave to the public was simply what he felt himself."

No great writer has failed, in any of the significant parts of his work, to be in some sort himself, and to write with a considerable measure of feeling; and a great writer no one has yet sought, we believe, to deny that Dickens was. But the quality of feeling varies from man to man. In one it is deep and hardly stirred; in another, it is shallow and always in motion. It is nearer normal—or, at any rate, the prevailing belief among strong and well-governed men is that it is nearer normal—when it is deep and slow than when it is quick and shallow. When of the latter quality it stirs in most people a sense of unreality. Thus an abiding note of depreciation has crept into the phrases by which it is usually designated. Whoever would have an entirely respectful interpretation put upon his use of such phrases as "a man of feeling," "a man of sensibility," "a man of sentiment," must carefully declare his wish beforehand. To cooler apprehensions the man of feeling, of sensibility, of sentiment wants sincerity. With emotions so affluent it is not seen how he can be genuine. In truth, he need not be ungenuine. His emotions may fall short of absolute reality in this, that they are less keen and significant than he is apt to account them; but they are entirely real to him, and the first deception they work is on himself.

Now, the judgment against Dickens is, not that he lacked feeling, but that he was superabundant in it; that his free and ready emotions sometimes overmastered him and got portrayed in his writings, as in his own

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consciousness, in terms too high-wrought and emphatic. That he was a man of warm and generous disposition, a kindly man through and through, no one at all acquainted with either his works or his life should wish to dispute. But the very fact that he was this is suggestive of that emotional temperament which, the contention is, he could not always keep under due control. Intemperance of the sort imputed to him is not uncommon in literature, and in literature of a very high order. It makes what we call the sentimentalists, of whom Mr. Lowell ventures to decide that even Burke was one. Men seemingly the least prone to it by nature have lapsed into it for moments, especially when writing under insufficient inspiration, as all who ever write sometimes do write.

Dickens was a great humorist, and with our conception of the humorist, we are wont to associate a particularly keen sense of reality. In the faculty of seeing things as they are, and of keeping himself free of illusions, seems to lie his peculiar strength. Of course the last test is the gentleness and grace of heart and hand with which this strength is exercised; but these, without a sense of the fine force of insight under them, would yield very little pleasure. "The humorist, if he be analyzed to the end," says Scherer, "is a sceptic;" and, if care is taken not to lay too narrow and harsh a meaning on the word sceptic, it is extremely well said. The last man, therefore, one should think, to fall into self-deceptions and take his own emotions too seriously—to become, in short, a sentimentalist—would be the humorist. But precisely this has happened more than once. Sterne, in whom humor is so characteristic a quality that he has been said to "have been useful in fixing the sense of the word," is as typical of the sentimentalist as is Rousseau, who had no spark of humor in him. The two characters mingle in some measure in Carlyle. It would be a study worth someone's while to discover the points of harmony between such seeming incongruities as the sentimental and the humorous temperament.

"And between the lines of them," says Mr. Henry James in exposition of M. de Maupassant's short tales, "we seem to read of that partly pleasant and wholly modern invention, a roving existence in which, for art, no impression is wasted. M. de Maupassant," Mr. James adds, "travels, explores, navigates, shoots, goes up in balloons, and writes. He treats of the north and of the south, evidently makes 'copy' of everything that happens to him, and, in the interest of such copy and such happenings, ranges from Etretat to the depths of Algeria."

For M. de Maupassant even to the depths of Algeria is not so far from home as might be; and it is to be noted that, in the main, only by glimpses from between the lines do we catch sight in him of the exercise of that "wholly modern invention," a roving existence in search of artistic impressions. The most admirable of his tales are admirable in themselves and quite apart from any foreignness of scene or of people. But there is a body of imaginative writers who, if stripped of their foreignness, would be left well-nigh naked; and yet so resounding a triumph has crowned their excursions into the uttermost parts of the earth that one might almost infer that the only sure proof of original genius in a novel or a poem is that it gets from home at least as far as Kurdistan.

It would be absurd to deny the cleverness with which many of these writers do their work. They would be noteworthy for their enterprise and industry alone. It is no small matter, even with our present speed and comfort of travel, to run half round the earth in search of materials for a tale. It is no small matter to find them, however far one goes. And, finally, it is no small matter, but, on the contrary, a very great matter, a matter only rarely compassed, to use them effectively, wherever found. Nevertheless, there is in the prevailing fashion for novelty and remoteness an excess, and a blindness to what constitutes true artistic creation, that give token of its proving one of the most transient of literary fashions.

If it do not prove a transient fashion, where is it going to end? A limit is more than conceivable to the discovery of new lands and new peoples. With travellers pure and simple, historians, scientists, philosophers, merchants, missionaries, all working at it, as well as novelists and poets, the

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freshness must get rubbed off of every foot of the globe by a day not inconsiderably remote. Within the last three or four years it has got pretty well removed from Japan, upper India, southern Africa, and the islands of the South Sea. If, then, novelties in geography and ethnology are to continue a high concern of imaginative literature, what is to become of the novelist and the poet of the end of the next century? Or, if by the closest picking they manage to make the earth still yield them sustenance for their crafts, how will fare the novelist and the poet of the century following? They, surely, must go empty; unless, perchance, Mars be opened up.

However, whether the fashion itself prove transient or not, most of the works produced under it must, I think, prove so. The masterpieces in literature, the productions whose durability is no longer open to question, depend for their effect remarkably little on mere strangeness of character or of scene. It is their great value that they portray people so nearly akin to ourselves, and in perplexities and crises so suggestive of our own. They have been, for the most part, emphatically national and have kept near home. And this has had much to do with establishing them in the fond regard of readers of their own race; for, however readers may enjoy being whisked hither and thither for a momentary sensation and change, their hearts' solid contentment is drawn, in the long run, most surely from familiar scenes. But while national, the literary masterpieces have been national even only in a large way, and might have been laid one place almost as well as another. They suggest, in comparison with the literature that is always straining after the passing novelty, the familiar criticism of John Aubrey on Shakespeare. "His comœdies," said Aubrey, "will remaine witt as long as the English tongue is understood, for that he handles *mores hominum;* now our present writers reflect so much upon particular persons and coxcombeities, that 20 years hence they will not be understood."

True, the fashion here in question is not precisely the one deprecated by Aubrey in the dramatists of the Restoration. But the two are identical in that under them both the author's attention is engrossed by small outer particulars that must soon change, or pass entirely away, and which will then lose most of their interest.

THE picture on page 356 of this month's issue of the Magazine, by an interesting though a sad coincidence, unites the last work, as far as we know, of two artists each in his kind. "The Cedars" was the last drawing presented to SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, and we think to any periodical, by Mr. Christopher Pearse Cranch, the poet and painter; and with it he had intended to publish some lines of verse which had not reached the Magazine at the time of his last illness. The engraving of this picture was, as far as is known, the last finished work of importance of Frederick Juengling, one of the foremost of American engravers, who began it during a visit to Europe made for the benefit of health which unfortunately never was restored. The picture increases this curious interest by the fact that, although drawn by the venerable poet after most of his active work had ceased, and engraved when Juengling was already ill, it represents the powers of both men at their best.

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DRAWN BY A. B. WENZELL.

A CENTURY AGO.

—See *The Arts Relating to Women.*

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